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TWIN-LOVE.

WHEN John Vincent, after waiting twelve years, married Phebe Etheridge, the whole neighborhood experienced that sense of relief and satisfaction which follows the triumph of the right. Not that the fact of a true love is ever generally recognized and respected when it is first discovered; for there is a perverse quality in American human nature which will not accept the existence of any fine, unselfish passion, until it has been tested and established beyond peradventure. There were two views of the case when John Vincent's love for Phebe, and old Reuben Etheridge's hard prohibition of the match, first became known to the community. The girls and boys, and some of the matrons, ranged themselves at once on the side of the lovers, but a large majority of the older men and a few of the younger supported the tyrannical father.

Reuben Etheridge was rich, and, in addition to what his daughter would naturally inherit from him, she already possessed more than her lover, at the time of their betrothal. This, in the eyes of one class, was a sufficient rea-

son for the father's hostility. When low natures live (as they almost invariably do) wholly in the present, they neither take tenderness from the past nor warning from the possibilities of the future. It is the exceptional men and women who remember their youth. So, these lovers received a nearly equal amount of sympathy and condemnation; and only slowly, partly through their quiet fidelity and patience, and partly through the improvement in John Vincent's worldly circumstances, was the balance changed. Old Reuben remained an unflinching despot to the last: if any relenting softness touched his heart, he sternly concealed it; and such inference as could be drawn from the fact that he, certainly knowing what would follow his death, bequeathed his daughter her proper share of his goods, was all that could be taken for consent.

They were married: John, a grave man in middle age, weather-beaten and worn by years of hard work and self-denial, yet not beyond the restoration of a milder second youth; and Phebe a sad, weary woman, whose warmth of longing had been exhausted,

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from whom youth and its uncalculating surrenders of hope and feeling had gone forever. They began their wedded life under the shadow of the death out of which it grew; and when, after a ceremony in which neither bridesmaid nor groomsman stood by their side, they united their divided homes, it seemed to their neighbors that a separated husband and wife had come together again, not that the relation was new to either.

John Vincent loved his wife with the tenderness of an innocent man, but all his tenderness could not avail to lift the weight of settled melancholy which had gathered upon her. Disappointment, waiting, yearning, indulgence in long lament and self-pity, the morbid cultivation of unhappy fancies, — all this had wrought its work upon her, and it was too late to effect a cure. In the night she awoke to weep at his side, because of the years when she had awakened to weep alone; by day she kept up her old habit of foreboding, although the evening steadily refuted the morning; and there were times when, without any apparent cause, she would fall into a dark, despairing mood, which her husband's greatest care and cunning could only slowly dispel.

Two or three years passed, and new life came to the Vincent farm. One day, between midnight and dawn, the family pair was doubled; the cry of twin sons was heard in the hushed house. The father restrained his happy wonder in his concern for the imperilled life of the mother; he guessed that she had anticipated death, and she now hung by a thread so slight that her simple will might snap it. But her will, fortunately, was as faint as her consciousness; she gradually drifted out of danger, taking her returning strength with a passive acquiescence rather than with joy. She was hardly paler than her wont, but the lurking shadow seemed to have vanished from her eyes, and John Vincent felt that her features had assumed a new expression, the faintly perceptible stamp of some spiritual change.

It was a happy day for him when, propped against his breast and gently held by his warm, strong arm, the twin boys were first brought to be laid upon her lap. Two staring, dark-faced creatures, with restless fists and feet, they were alike in every least feature of their grotesque animality. Phebe placed a hand under the head of each, and looked at them for a long time in silence.

"Why is this?" she said, at last, taking hold of a narrow pink ribbon, which was tied around the wrist of one.

"He's the oldest, sure," the nurse answered. "Only by fifteen minutes or so, but it generally makes a difference when twins come to be named; and you may see with your own eyes that there's no telling of 'em apart, otherways."

"Take off the ribbon, then," said Phebe, quietly; "I know them."

"Why, ma'am, it's always done, where they're so like! And I'll never be able to tell which is which; for they sleep and wake and feed by the same clock. And you might mistake, after all, in giving 'em names —"

"There is no oldest or youngest, John; they are two and yet one, this is mine, and this is yours."

"I see no difference at all, Phebe," said John; "and how can we divide them?"

"We will not divide," she answered; "I only meant it as a sign."

She smiled, for the first time in many days. He was glad of heart, but did not understand her. "What shall we call them?" he asked. "Elias and Reuben, after our fathers?"

"No, John: their names must be David and Jonathan."

And so they were called. And they grew, not less, but more alike, in passing through the stages of babyhood. The ribbon of the older one had been removed, and the nurse would have been distracted, but for Phebe's almost miraculous instinct. The former comforted herself with the hope that teething would bring a variation to the two

identical mouths; but no! they teethed as one child. John, after desperate attempts, which always failed in spite of the headaches they gave him, postponed the idea of distinguishing one from the other, until they should be old enough to develop some dissimilarity of speech, or gait, or habit. All trouble might have been avoided, had Phebe consented to the least variation in their dresses; but herein she was mildly immovable.

"Not yet," was her set reply to her husband; and one day, when he manifested a little annoyance at her persistence, she turned to him, holding a child on each knee, and said with a gravity which silenced him thenceforth: "John, can you not see that our burden has passed into them? Is there no meaning in this,—that two children who are one in body and face and nature, should be given to us at our time of life, after such long disappointment and trouble? Our lives were held apart; theirs were united before they were born, and I dare not turn them in different directions. Perhaps I do not know all that the Lord intended to say to us, in sending them; but his hand is here!"

"I was only thinking of their good," John meekly answered. "If they are spared to grow up, there must be some way of knowing one from the other."

"They will not need it, and I, too, think only of them. They have taken the cross from my heart, and I will lay none on theirs. I am reconciled to my life through them, John; you have been very patient and good with me, and I will yield to you in all things but in this. I do not think I shall live to see them as men grown; yet, while we are together, I feel clearly what it is right to do. Can you not, just once, have a little faith without knowledge, John?"

"I'll try, Phebe," he said. "Any way, I'll grant that the boys belong to you more than to me."

Phebe Vincent's character had verily changed. Her attacks of semi-hysterical despondency never returned; her

gloomy prophecies ceased. She was still grave, and the trouble of so many years never wholly vanished from her face; but she performed every duty of her life with at least a quiet willingness, and her home became the abode of peace; for passive content wears longer than demonstrative happiness.

David and Jonathan grew as one boy: the taste and temper of one was repeated in the other, even as the voice and features. Sleeping or waking, grieved or joyous, well or ill, they lived a single life, and it seemed so natural for one to answer to the other's name, that they probably would have themselves confused their own identities, but for their mother's unerring knowledge. Perhaps unconsciously guided by her, perhaps through the voluntary action of their own natures, each quietly took the other's place when called upon, even to the sharing of praise or blame at school, the friendships and quarrels of the play-ground. They were healthy and happy lads, and John Vincent was accustomed to say to his neighbors, "They're no more trouble than one would be, and yet they're four hands instead of two."

Phebe died when they were fourteen, saying to them, with almost her latest breath, "Be one, always!" Before her husband could decide whether to change her plan of domestic education, they were passing out of boyhood, changing in voice, stature, and character with a continued likeness which bewildered and almost terrified him. He procured garments of different colors, but they were accustomed to wear each article in common, and the result was only a mixture of tints for both. They were sent to different schools, to be returned the next day, equally pale, suffering, and incapable of study. Whatever device was employed, they evaded it by a mutual instinct which rendered all external measures unavailing. To John Vincent's mind their resemblance was an accidental misfortune, which had been confirmed through their mother's fancy. He felt that they were bound by some deep,

mysterious tie, which, inasmuch as it might interfere with all practical aspects of life, ought to be gradually weakened. Two bodies, to him, implied two distinct men, and it was wrong to permit a mutual dependence which prevented either from exercising his own separate will and judgment.

But, while he was planning and pondering, the boys became young men, and he was an old man. Old, and prematurely broken; for he had worked much, borne much, and his large frame held only a moderate measure of vital force. A great weariness fell upon him, and his powers began to give way, at first slowly, but then with accelerated failure. He saw the end coming, long before his sons suspected it; his doubt, for their sakes, was the only thing which made it unwelcome. It was "upon his mind" (as his Quaker neighbors would say) to speak to them of the future, and at last the proper moment came.

It was a stormy November evening. Wind and rain whirled and drove among the trees outside, but the sitting-room of the old farm-house was bright and warm. David and Jonathan, at the table, with their arms over each other's backs and their brown locks mixed together, read from the same book: their father sat in the ancient rocking-chair before the fire, with his feet upon a stool. The housekeeper and hired man had gone to bed, and all was still in the house.

John waited until he heard the volume closed, and then spoke.

"Boys," he said, "let me have a bit of talk with you. I don't seem to get over my ailments rightly, — never will, maybe. A man must think of things while there's time, and say them, when they *have* to be said. I don't know as there's any particular hurry in my case; only, we never can tell, from one day to another. When I die, everything will belong to you two, share and share alike, either to buy another farm with the money out, or divide this: I won't tie you up in any way. But two of you will need two farms for two fam-

ilies; for you won't have to wait twelve years, like your mother and me.

"We don't want another farm, father!" said David and Jonathan together.

"I know you don't think so, now. A wife seemed far enough off from me, when I was your age. You've always been satisfied to be with each other, but that can't last. It was partly your mother's notion; I remember her saying that our burden had passed into you. I never quite understood what she meant, but I suppose it must rather be the opposite of what *we* had to bear."

The twins listened with breathless attention while their father, suddenly stirred by the past, told them the story of his long betrothal.

"And now," he exclaimed, in conclusion, "it may be putting wild ideas into your two heads, but I must say it! *That* was where I did wrong, — wrong to her and to me, — in waiting! I had no right to spoil the best of our lives; I ought to have gone boldly, in broad day, to her father's house, taken her by the hand, and led her forth to be my wife. Boys, if either of you comes to love a woman truly, and she to love you, and there is no reason why God (I don't say man) should put you asunder, do as I ought to have done, not as I did! And, maybe, this advice is the best legacy I can leave you."

"But, father," said David, speaking for both, "we have never thought of marrying."

"Likely enough," their father answered; "we hardly ever think of what surely comes. But to me, looking back, it's plain. And this is the reason why I want you to make me a promise, and as solemn as if I was on my death-bed. Maybe I shall be, soon."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the twins. "What is it, father?" they both said.

"Nothing at all to any other two boys, but I don't know how *you* 'll take it. What if I was to ask you to live apart for a while?"

"O father!" both cried. They leaned together, cheek pressing cheek, and hand clasping hand, growing white and trembling. John Vincent, gazing into the fire, did not see their faces, or his purpose might have been shaken.

"I don't say *now*," he went on. "After a while, when — well, when I'm dead. And I only mean a beginning, to help you toward what *has* to be. Only a month; I don't want to seem hard to you; but that's little, in all conscience. Give me your word: say, 'For mother's sake!'"

There was a long pause. Then David and Jonathan said, in low, faltering voices, "For mother's sake, I promise."

"Remember that you were only boys to her. She might have made all this seem easier, for women have reasons for things no man can answer. Mind, within a year after I'm gone!"

He rose, and tottered out of the room.

The twins looked at each other: David said, "Must we?" and Jonathan, "How can we?" Then they both thought, "It may be a long while yet." Here was a present comfort, and each seemed to hold it firmly in holding the hand of the other, as they fell asleep side by side.

The trial was nearer than they imagined. Their father died before the winter was over; the farm and other property was theirs, and they might have allowed life to solve its mysteries as it rolled onwards, but for their promise to the dead. This must be fulfilled, and then — one thing was certain; they would never again separate.

"The sooner the better," said David. "It shall be the visit to our uncle and cousins in Indiana. You will come with me as far as Harrisburg; it may be easier to part there than here. And our new neighbors, the Bradleys, will want your help for a day or two, after getting home."

"It is less than death," Jonathan answered, "and why should it seem to be more? We must think of father and

mother, and all those twelve years; now I know what the burden was."

"And we have never really borne any part of it! Father must have been right in forcing us to promise."

Every day the discussion was resumed, and always with the same termination. Familiarity with the inevitable step gave them increase of courage; yet, when the moment had come and gone, when, speeding on opposite trains, the hills and valleys multiplied between them with terrible velocity, a pang like death cut to the heart of each, and the divided life became a chill, oppressive dream.

During the separation no letters passed between them. When the neighbors asked Jonathan for news of his brother, he always replied, "He is well," and avoided further speech with such evidence of pain that they spared him. An hour before the month drew to an end, he walked forth alone, taking the road to the nearest railway station. A stranger who passed him at the entrance of a thick wood, three miles from home, was thunderstruck on meeting the same person shortly after entering the wood from the other side; but the farmers in the near fields saw two figures issuing from the shade, hand in hand.

Each knew the other's month, before they slept, and the last thing Jonathan said, with his head on David's shoulder, was, "You must know our neighbors, the Bradleys, and especially Ruth." In the morning, as they dressed, taking each other's garments at random, as of old, Jonathan again said, "I have never seen a girl that I like so well as Ruth Bradley. Do you remember what father said about loving and marrying? It comes into my mind whenever I see Ruth; but she has no sister."

"But we need not both marry," David replied, "that might part us, and this will not. It is for always, now."

"For always, David."

Two or three days later Jonathan said, as he started on an errand to the village: "I shall stop at the Bradleys

this evening, so you must walk across and meet me there."

When David approached the house, a slender, girlish figure, with her back towards him, was stooping over a bush of great crimson roses, cautiously clipping a blossom here and there. At the click of the gate-latch she started and turned towards him. Her light gingham bonnet, falling back, disclosed a long oval face, fair and delicate, sweet brown eyes, and brown hair laid smoothly over the temples. A soft flush rose suddenly to her cheeks, and he felt that his own were burning.

"O Jonathan!" she exclaimed, transferring the roses to her left hand, and extending her right, as she came forward.

He was too accustomed to the name to recognize her mistake at once, and the word "Ruth!" came naturally to his lips.

"I should know your brother David has come," she then said; "even if I had not heard so. You look so bright. How glad I am!"

"Is he not here?" David asked.

"No; but there he is now, surely!" She turned towards the lane, where Jonathan was dismounting. "Why, it is yourself over again, Jonathan!"

As they approached, a glance passed between the twins, and a secret transfer of the riding-whip to David set their identity right with Ruth, whose manner towards the latter innocently became shy with all its friendliness, while her frank, familiar speech was given to Jonathan, as was fitting. But David also took the latter to himself, and when they left, Ruth had apparently forgotten that there was any difference in the length of their acquaintance.

On their way homewards David said: "Father was right. We must marry, like others, and Ruth is the wife for us, — I mean for you, Jonathan. Yes, we must learn to say *mine* and *yours*, after all, when we speak of her."

"Even she cannot separate us, it seems," Jonathan answered. "We must give her some sign, and that will also be a sign for others. It will seem

strange to divide ourselves; we can never learn it properly; rather let us not think of marriage!"

"We cannot help thinking of it; she stands in mother's place now, as we in father's."

Then both became silent and thoughtful. They felt that something threatened to disturb what seemed to be the only possible life for them, yet were unable to distinguish its features, and therefore powerless to resist it. The same instinct which had been born of their wonderful spiritual likeness told them that Ruth Bradley already loved Jonathan: the duty was established, and they must conform their lives to it. There was, however, this slight difference between their natures, — that David was generally the first to utter the thought which came to the minds of both. So when he said, "We shall learn what to do when the need comes," it was a postponement of all foreboding. They drifted contentedly towards the coming change.

The days went by, and their visits to Ruth Bradley were continued. Sometimes Jonathan went alone, but they were usually together, and the tie which united the three became dearer and sweeter as it was more closely drawn. Ruth learned to distinguish between the two when they were before her: at least she said so, and they were willing to believe it. But she was hardly aware how nearly alike was the happy warmth in her bosom produced by either pair of dark gray eyes and the soft half-smile which played around either mouth. To them she seemed to be drawn within the mystic circle which separated them from others, — she, alone; and they no longer imagined a life in which she should not share.

Then the inevitable step was taken. Jonathan declared his love, and was answered. Alas! he almost forgot David that late summer evening, as they sat in the moonlight, and over and over again assured each other how dear they had grown. He felt the trouble in David's heart when they met.

"Ruth is ours, and I bring her kiss to you," he said, pressing his lips to David's; but the arms flung around him trembled, and David whispered, "Now the change begins."

"O, this cannot be our burden!" Jonathan cried, with all the rapture still warm in his heart.

"If it is, it will be light, or heavy, or none at all, as we shall bear it," David answered, with a smile of infinite tenderness.

For several days he allowed Jonathan to visit the Bradley farm alone, saying that it must be so, on Ruth's account. Her love, he declared, must give her the fine instinct which only their mother had ever possessed, and he must allow it time to be confirmed. Jonathan, however, insisted that Ruth already possessed it; that she was beginning to wonder at his absence, and to fear that she would not be entirely welcome to the home which must always be equally his.

David yielded at once.

"You must go alone," said Jonathan, "to satisfy yourself that she knows us at last."

Ruth came forth from the house as he drew near. Her face beamed: she laid her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him. "Now you cannot doubt me, Ruth!" he said, gently.

"Doubt you, Jonathan!" she exclaimed, with a fond reproach in her eyes. "But you look troubled; is anything the matter?"

"I was thinking of my brother," said David, in a low tone.

"Tell me what it is," she said, drawing him into the little arbor of woodbine near the gate. They took seats, side by side, on the rustic bench. "He thinks I may come between you: is it not that?" she asked. Only one thing was clear to David's mind,—that she would surely speak more frankly and freely of him to the supposed Jonathan than to his real self. This once he would permit the illusion.

"Not more than must be," he answered. "He knew all, from the very

beginning. But we have been like one person in two bodies, and any change seems to divide us."

"I feel that as you do," said Ruth. "I would never consent to be your wife, if I could really divide you. I love you both too well for that."

"Do you love me?" he asked, entirely forgetting his representative part.

Again the reproachful look, which faded away as she met his eyes. She fell upon his breast, and gave him kisses which were answered with equal tenderness. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Jonathan! O Jonathan!" she cried, weeping with alarm and sympathetic pain.

It was long before he could speak; but at last, turning away his head, he faltered, "I am David!"

There was a long silence.

When he looked up she was sitting with her hands rigidly clasped in her lap: her face was very pale.

"There it is, Ruth," he said; "we are one heart and one soul. Could he love, and not I? You cannot decide between us, for one is the other. If I had known you first, Jonathan would be now in my place. What follows, then?"

"No marriage," she whispered.

"No!" he answered; "we brothers must learn to be two men instead of one. You will partly take my place with Jonathan; I must live with half my life, unless I can find, somewhere in the world, your other half."

"I cannot part you, David!"

"Something stronger than you or me parts us, Ruth. If it were death, we should bow to God's will: well, it can no more be got away from than death or judgment. Say no more: the pattern of all this was drawn long before we were born, and we cannot do anything but work it out."

He rose and stood before her. "Remember this, Ruth," he said; "it is no blame in us to love each other. Jonathan will see the truth in my face when we meet, and I speak for him also.

You will not see me again until your wedding-day, and then no more afterwards—but, yes! *once*, in some far-off time, when you shall know me to be David, and still give me the kiss you gave to-day."

"Ah, after death!" she thought: "I have parted them forever." She was about to rise, but fell upon the seat again, fainting. At the same moment Jonathan appeared at David's side.

No word was said. They bore her forth and supported her between them until the fresh breeze had restored her to consciousness. Her first glance rested on the brother's hands, clasping; then, looking from one to the other, she saw that the cheeks of both were wet.

"Now leave me," she said, "but come to-morrow, Jonathan!" Even then she turned from one to the other with a painful, touching uncertainty, and stretched out both hands to them in farewell.

How that poor twin-heart struggled with itself is only known to God. All human voices, and, as they believed, also the Divine Voice, commanded the division of their interwoven life. Submission would have seemed easier, could they have taken up equal and similar burdens; but David was unable to deny that his pack was over-weighted. For the first time their thoughts began to diverge.

At last David said: "For mother's sake, Jonathan, as we promised. She always called you *her* child. And for Ruth's sake, and father's last advice: they all tell me what I must do."

It was like the struggle between will and desire in the same nature, and none the less fierce or prolonged because the softer quality foresaw its ultimate surrender. Long after he felt the step to be inevitable, Jonathan sought to postpone it, but he was borne by all combined influences nearer and nearer to the time.

And now the wedding-day came. David was to leave home the same evening, after the family dinner under

his father's roof. In the morning he said to Jonathan: "I shall not write until I feel that I have become other than now, but I shall always be here, in you, as you will be in me, everywhere. Whenever you want me, I shall know it; and I think I shall know when to return."

The hearts of all the people went out towards them as they stood together in the little village church. Both were calm, but very pale and abstracted in their expression, yet their marvellous likeness was still unchanged. Ruth's eyes were cast down, so they could not be seen; she trembled visibly, and her voice was scarcely audible when she spoke the vow. It was only known in the neighborhood that David was going to make another journey. The truth could hardly have been guessed by persons whose ideas followed the narrow round of their own experiences; had it been, there would probably have been more condemnation than sympathy. But in a vague way the presence of some deeper element was felt,—the falling of a shadow, although the outstretched wing was unseen. Far above them, and above the shadow, watched the Infinite Pity, which was not denied to three hearts that day.

It was a long time, more than a year, and Ruth was lulling her first child on her bosom, before a letter came from David. He had wandered westwards, purchased some lands on the outer line of settlement, and appeared to be leading a wild and lonely life. "I know now," he wrote, "just how much there is to bear, and how to bear it. Strange men come between us, but you are not far off when I am alone on these plains. There is a place where I can always meet you, and I know that you have found it,—under the big ash-tree by the barn. I think I am nearly always there about sundown, and on moonshiny nights, because we are then nearest together; and I never sleep without leaving you half my blanket. When I first begin to wake, I always feel your breath, so we are never really parted for long. I do not know

that I can change much; it is not easy; it is like making up your mind to have different colored eyes and hair, and I can only get sunburnt and wear a full beard. But we are hardly as unhappy as we feared to be; mother came the other night, in a dream, and took us on her knees. O, come to me, Jonathan, but for one day! No, you will not find me; I am going across the Plains!"

And Jonathan and Ruth? They loved each other tenderly; no external trouble visited them; their home was peaceful and pure; and yet, every room and stairway and chair was haunted by a sorrowful ghost. As a neighbor said after visiting them, "There seemed to be something lost." Ruth saw how constantly and how unconsciously Jonathan turned to see his own every feeling reflected in the missing eyes; how his hand sought another, even while its fellow pressed hers; how half-spoken words, day and night, died upon his lips, because they could not reach the twin-ear. She knew not how it came, but her own nature took upon itself the same habit. She felt that she received a less measure of love than she gave,—not from Jonathan, in whose whole, warm, transparent heart no other woman had ever looked, but something of her own passed beyond him and never returned. To both their life was like one of those conjurer's cups, seemingly filled with red wine, which is held from the lips by the false crystal hollow.

Neither spoke of this: neither dared to speak. The years dragged out their slow length, with rare and brief messages from David. Three children were in the house, and still peace and plenty laid their signs upon its lintels. But at last Ruth, who had been growing thinner and paler ever since the birth of her first boy, became seriously ill. Consumption was hers by inheritance, and it now manifested itself in a form which too surely foretold the result. After the physician had gone, leaving his fatal verdict behind him, she called to Jonathan, who, bewildered by his grief, sank down on his knees

at her bedside and sobbed upon her breast.

"Don't grieve," she said; "this is my share of the burden. If I have taken too much from you and David, now comes the atonement. Many things have grown clear to me. David was right when he said that there was no blame. But my time is even less than the doctor thinks: where is David? Can you not bid him come?"

"I can only call him with my heart," he answered. "And will he hear me now, after nearly seven years?"

"Call, then!" she eagerly cried. "Call with all the strength of your love for him and for me, and I believe he will hear you!"

The sun was just setting. Jonathan went to the great ash-tree, behind the barn, fell upon his knees, and covered his face, and the sense of an exceeding bitter cry filled his heart. All the suppressed and baffled longing, the want, the hunger, the unremitting pain of years, came upon him and were crowded into the single prayer, "Come, David, or I die!" Before the twilight faded, while he was still kneeling, an arm came upon his shoulder, and the faint touch of another cheek upon his own. It was hardly for the space of a thought, but he knew the sign.

"David will come!" he said to Ruth.

From that day all was changed. The cloud of coming death which hung over the house was transmuted into fleecy gold. All the lost life came back to Jonathan's face, all the unrestful sweetness of Ruth's brightened into a serene beatitude. Months had passed since David had been heard from; they knew not how to reach him without many delays; yet neither dreamed of doubting his coming.

Two weeks passed, three, and there was neither word nor sign. Jonathan and Ruth thought, "He is near," and one day a singular unrest fell upon the former. Ruth saw it, but said nothing until night came, when she sent Jonathan from her bedside with the words, "Go and meet him!"

An hour afterwards she heard double

steps on the stone walk in front of the house. They came slowly to the door; it opened; she heard them along the hall and ascending the stairs; then the chamber-lamp showed her the two faces, bright with a single, unutterable joy.

One brother paused at the foot of the bed; the other drew near and bent over her. She clasped her thin hands around his neck, kissed him fondly, and cried, "Dear, dear David!"

"Dear Ruth," he said, "I came as soon as I could. I was far away, among wild mountains, when I felt that Jonathan was calling me. I knew that I must return, never to leave you more, and there was still a little work to finish. Now we shall all live again!"

"Yes," said Jonathan, coming to her other side, "try to live, Ruth!"

Her voice came clear, strong, and full of authority. "*I do* live, as never before. I shall take all my life with me when I go to wait for the one soul, as I shall find it there! Our love unites, not divides, from this hour!"

The few weeks still left to her were a season of almost superhuman peace. She faded slowly and painlessly, taking the equal love of the twin-hearts, and giving an equal tenderness and gratitude. Then first she saw the myste-

rious need which united them, the fullness and joy wherewith each completed himself in the other. All the imperfect past was enlightened, and the end, even that now so near, was very good.

Every afternoon they carried her down to a cushioned chair on the veranda, where she could enjoy the quiet of the sunny landscape, the presence of the brothers seated at her feet, and the sports of her children on the grass. Thus, one day, while David and Jonathan held her hands and waited for her to wake from a happy sleep, she went before them, and, ere they guessed the truth, she was waiting for their one soul in the undiscovered land.

And Jonathan's children, now growing into manhood and girlhood, also call David "father." The marks left by their divided lives have long since vanished from their faces; the middle-aged men, whose hairs are turning gray, still walk hand in hand, still sleep upon the same pillow, still have their common wardrobe, as when they were boys. They talk of "our Ruth" with no sadness, for they believe that death will make them one, when, at the same moment, he summons both. And we who know them, to whom they have confided the touching mystery of their nature, believe so too.

Bayard Taylor.

LEARNING.

THERE came to me from Nature's calm,
From years of joy and sadness blent,
Hidden in every prayer and psalm,
A revelation of content.

A lesson from each bird and flower,
From common life and common men,
To teach the uses of the hour,
The harmony of "now" and "then."

It bade my ancient sorrow cease,
And taught my stubborn lips to say:
"He was my friend; my years increase,
He died before his hair was gray.

"Although I cannot clasp his hand,
Or see his smile, my prayers were wrong.
Whoever seeks a better land
In living, cannot live too long.

"Let me work on till I can earn —
For my long past — a little leaven;
Let me stay in the world and learn
To say the alphabet of Heaven.

"Why should I place my happiness
In being equal with my friend?
Why fret if men accomplish less
Than angels for the common end?

"We are like two who sit and weave
On the same fabric, day by day;
Why should the brother weaver grieve
If one has learned an easier way?

"Far better, with the earnest heart
That makes the humblest labor grand,
Study the secrets of his art,
Until he, too, shall understand."

Capricious Autumn, here and there,
Drops color with a careless hand;
The sunshine and the morning air
Are freshening all the quiet land.

Gay asters fringe the garden walk;
Yonder the reddening apples fall;
Above the dahlia's ruined stalk
The woodbine crimsons roof and wall.

I am content to sit and guide
My needle, deftly as I may,
Glad as the hour, and satisfied
To merge to-morrow in to-day;

To make my deeds and hopes agree,
Whatever guise the days may wear,
The sunlight of eternity
Rests on the time and makes it fair.

H. B. Hudson.

THE FIELD AND THE GARDEN.

IT must have been observed by every careful student of nature that our walks in the field and in the garden are not attended by the same sensations. Indeed, they always remind me of prose and verse, the one marked by uniformity, the other by variety. The words and images of prose are more ample and free, those of verse more select and condensed. We look for assorted profusion in the garden, for scattered multiplicity in the field. We can sustain our interest a longer time when rambling over the fields of prose; but the luxury of a few moments is greater when traversing the garden-walks of a short poem. We see more beauty, more splendor, more that gratifies the sense in the garden; we discover more of the picturesque, more sublimity, more that excites the imagination in the field. But the dreary monotony and artificial grandeur of a widely extended landscape garden must be as tiresome as a long poem; its serpentine paths, its rustic devices and shallow imitations of nature's wildness failing in their intentions, as the affected ruggedness and hobbling of the verse, and the frequent episodes of a long poem, are but a mockery of the freedom of prose.

Some people who have been confined a great part of their life to the town know very little of flowers, except as the ornaments of a garden, and have admired them chiefly as objects of art. Florist flowers are generally deprived of some of their specific characters: stamens are transformed into petals, as in roses; wheel-shaped flowers in the margin take the place of bell-shaped flowers in the centre, as in the snow-ball; or the florets of the disk are furnished with petals, as in the dahlia, and become in each case a "double flower." By this transformation they are rendered more valuable for bouquets and floral exhibitions, and are

more admirable as ornaments of the parterre. They have become more marketable, but less poetical; they are more the delight of the flower-girl, but they are prized in a less degree by the botanist and the poet, who prefer the objects of nature unsophisticated by art.

The field-flowers are praised by the poet Campbell, because they waft him to bygone summers, to birchen glades and Highland mountains, to the shores of lakes and their little islands; because they are associated with the notes of birds and the voices of streams. While admitting that they are eclipsed by the flowers of the garden, he gives these wildings of nature his preference, because they are allied with more pleasant memories and affections. He would cherish them that they may enliven his declining years with the sensations of youth, and hopes they may grow upon his tomb. The simple flowers of the garden, however, which have not been greatly modified by culture and retain their original characters, claim no less attention than we bestow upon the flowers of the field. The most ancient and common of these have acquired the greatest share of our affection, because they were our earliest friends. Such are the primrose, the pansy, the narcissus, the tulip, the lily of the valley, — perfectly primitive in its character, — and above all the white lily and the rose. We have become acquainted with these flowers, not only from our early intercourse with them in the garden, but from the frequent allusions to them in the poetry of all ages, and in Holy Writ. But they are not the favorites of florists. Fashion, who always impudently interferes with our tastes and our pleasures, has not failed to intermeddle with the flower-garden, and has often stamped a false value upon certain flowers of inferior beauty compared with others of a more simple

habit and deportment. We who have not been compelled to wear the yoke of this tyranny will continue to admire those which have been sanctified to our imagination by the poets of nature.

Many of our common garden-flowers are closely interwoven with the fabric of English literature; and the frequent mention of them by the early poets, who treated them more in detail than their successors, has invested them with charms which are derived from their descriptions and the imagery that accompanies them. Others are commended to us by the memories of childhood, and by their frequency in the gardens of rustic cottages in the country. Such are the marigold, the larkspur, the morning-glory, the iris, the crocus, and the snowdrop. How vividly are the early scenes and events of our life called up by these simple flowers, and how greatly do they contribute to the cheerfulness and sacredness of the grounds they occupy! Coming generations will be affected with less emotion by these particular flowers, because their childhood will make friendships with others that have taken their places. But I am persuaded that the introduction of such multitudinous species in our gardens is fatal to the poetic interest that might be felt in a smaller number. A few flowers take a stronger hold of our affections and our imaginations than a multitude. Thus people who live in retirement, with a small circle of friends, are more devoutly attached to them than those who have a crowd of them, whom they constantly meet in the social intercourse of fashion.

I will confess that I am not an admirer of floral exhibitions. I am offended when I see flowers degraded to a level with ribbons, laces, and jewelry, and prized according to some property that is appreciable only by a connoisseur. I am aware that such exhibitions are attended with certain public advantages, and contribute an innocent amusement to the inhabitants of towns and cities. But I should be more interested in looking over the dried spe-

cimens of some rustic botanist in the country than in viewing the most splendid assortment of show flowers; and feel more respect for the zeal of a true lover of nature, who traverses the continent in quest of an unknown species, than for the ambition of a florist, who experiments half his lifetime to add one new tint to a dahlia.

I was invited some time since by an old lady of my acquaintance to come into her garden and see her flowers, of which she had gathered together a miscellaneous assemblage that reminded me of those we sometimes meet in a little opening in the woods. She was one who valued plants as the works of nature, not as the toys of ambition, and who held them all sacred as gifts of Providence. Every species was highly prized by her, and she had collected all such as her means enabled her to obtain, and planted them in her garden. This little enclosure I found to be stored with many plants which have been naturalized on our soil, and from time immemorial have been known and loved by the inhabitants both of England and America. Many of these were common in our gardens thirty years ago. Among them were several cordial and medicinal herbs, such as wormwood, balm, horehound, southernwood, basil, and thyme, growing side by side with pinks, jasmines, and primulus. She expatiated on the uses of these and the beauties of those; but the principal objects of her admiration were some noble sunflowers, that maintained a sort of kingly presence among the inhabitants of her garden.

Not being affected by any prejudice against sunflowers, I sympathized with her admiration, and praised them heartily, without saying a word more than I felt. They were dotted about her grounds with great irregularity, not because the old lady had any of the prevailing affectation for what is termed picturesque arrangement, but wherever a seed had come up, there she allowed it to grow without molestation. There was an air of rustic cheerfulness about these sunflowers that captivated my

sight, and made me at the time a true convert to the views of my entertainer. This celebrated flower, which was dedicated to the sun, because it was made in the image of that deity, — the flower which was produced by the transformation of Clytie, and, still retaining her passion, is supposed to turn itself constantly toward his beams, — had found a modern admirer in my hostess. Though its colors are neither various nor beautiful, there is a halo of divinity in the border of petals surrounding the disk of the flower, and a look that reminded me of those charitable and honest people who live to do good. We shall perceive this analogy when we consider that the sunflower possesses many economical properties, and that, after the beauty of its prime is faded, it scatters abroad its seeds, and supplies a repast for many famishing birds. The good dame appreciated these frugal habits in her sunflowers, and fed her poultry in the autumn with their seeds.

While commenting on the beauties of the various occupants of her garden, she made an apology for the weeds which had overgrown and concealed many of her favorite flowers; her duties as a housekeeper had not left her time enough to be a good supervisor of her plants. I remarked that weeds are an important addition to a flower-garden; that they cause it to resemble the wilds of Nature, who is not careful to destroy weeds, but seems as desirous to protect them as the most beautiful lilies or daisies. It is pleasant when strolling in a garden to feel as if we were making discoveries, by gaining perhaps the first sight of a little blossom half hidden by some overtopping weed. She did not quite comprehend my philosophy, and thought it preferable that the beauties of the garden should be the most conspicuous objects. I replied that many of her weeds were as beautiful as her flowers; that the Roman wormwood, for example, generally despised, was nothing less than the *Ambrosia* which was served with nectar at the feasts of the gods; it is like a tree in its manner of

branching, and bears a leaf like that of a fern, — the proudest of all plants in the structure of its foliage.

On our way through the garden-path a large burdock in an angle of the fence obtruded itself upon our sight, covered with a splendid array of purple globular flowers. The burdock, she said, was allowed to occupy this obscure nook for the benefit of its seeds, which, if made into a tea, are a valuable remedy for weak nerves; and she often steeped its roots with certain aromatic herbs, to add a tonic bitter to her "diet drink." I added that it was once highly prized as a medicinal herb, and that, setting aside the beauty of its flowers, I should cherish this particular one for the protection it affords to a little creeping plant then luxuriating in its shade. This little creeper was the gill; though a weed, a very pretty labiate, displaying its blue and purple flowers in whorls, and the stem with anthers that meet and form a cross, and adorned with heart-shaped leaves very neatly corrugated. This plant had gained my admiration very early in life, among the weeds in my own garden, and on account of its delicate beauty I could not treat it as an outcast.

Among other curiosities of her garden, included in the denomination of weeds, was a delicate euphorbia, a flat spreading plant, lying so close upon the ground that it could hardly be touched by the foot that was placed upon it. It grew in the garden walk, forming circular patches, and covered with minute round leaves, having a purple spot in their centre, and bearing in their axils numerous white flowers. This plant had not attracted her attention, and she seemed pleased at having made so rare a discovery among her weeds. On the other hand, she had not failed to observe a beautiful sandwort, one of the most delicate of nature's productions, with a profusion of small pink flowers upon stalks and leaves as fine as moss. This had planted itself on a rude terrace near the walls of her cottage, where the sandy soil would not permit the growth

of more luxuriant plants that would overshadow and destroy it. She seemed to admire this little weed as much as her sunflowers, and had taken notice of the fine hues of its corolla, its branching stems, and its leaves terminating in fine bristles. Before we separated I remarked that her weeds required no apology, for after all they were not so numerous as to hold any more than their rightful share of the soil. I confessed that in the neglected parts of her garden I had obtained as much satisfaction as if it were a proud parterre. I thought there might be an excess of beauty and elegance in a garden as well as in a dwelling-house; that my visit had been an exceedingly pleasant one to me; and that I cared no more to see a garden where everything is kept in as nice a trim as the bald pate of a Chinaman, than to look at the pictures in a barber's shop.

I soon afterwards entered the grounds of an amateur florist, who showed me a fine array of the most recently imported florist's flowers. He discoursed eloquently on the superiority of certain improved dahlias, compared with other similar varieties that might seem identical to one who is not a connoisseur. He was particularly pleased with some beds of hollyhocks that displayed a great variety of colors and shades, which he had combined so as to produce a beautiful harmonic effect that reminded me of the colors of the rainbow. I could not help saying that I admired the splendor of this exhibition, and the ingenuity required for its arrangement; but I did not praise it sufficiently to gratify his ambition, and he expressed his surprise at my want of enthusiasm. I soon perceived that he was, in the most approved sense, a man of taste and of "æsthetic culture"; that he had a keen eye for any improvement in a flower as manifested in a new combination of hues or rare development of form, and great skill in the arrangement of his borders. More than all, he was so much of a scientific botanist, that I was instructed by his discourse no less than I had been delighted

by my interview with his humble neighbor.

He alluded to my visit in the old lady's garden, and spoke in a comical humor of her sunflowers and her admiration of them. I replied that whole nations had worshipped the sun; and why should not our pious friend worship the sunflower, which is typical of that luminary? This religion of hers was a proof of her admiration of greatness, in which she resembled the rest of the world. The public has never ceased to admire big trees and mammoth squashes; and a great sunflower seems to me as worthy of our idolatry as a great water-lily. I confessed that I could join heartily in the respect she paid even to her burdocks, that bear a profusion of flowers, consisting of little globular beads of the most exquisite finish, with tufts of rose-colored fringe, each one a gem fit to adorn the bosom of a sylph. These plants are also of a giant size, with a leaf as large as that of a fan palm. I added that I felt a homely regard for flowers, not in proportion as they were "far-fetched and dear-bought," but as they are adapted to certain important ends connected with our happiness, independent of our ambition. I left him in a state of surprise at my avowal of so many heresies which he thought disproved my sincerity. But I am not able to perceive the superiority of his taste compared with that of my female friend. I cannot understand why mere splendor is a thing to be admired, or simplicity a thing to be ridiculed. A true painter sees more to delight him in a laborer's cottage guarded by an old apple-tree, than in a palace surrounded by works of sculpture and shaded by cedars of Lebanon.

There is an inclination among men to carry their social prejudices into their observations of nature, to make price a criterion of beauty as well as of value, and to qualify their admiration of both scenes and flowers by their ideas of the expense which has been laid out upon them. This is the way to annihilate everything sacred and poetical in the character of flowers and

landscapes, and to degrade nature below art, or, rather, I should say, below fashion. The simple-hearted woman who cherishes with fondness a lilac-tree that bore flowers for her when she was a girl, manifests a sentiment that is entitled to respect, and her affection for it is a genuine theme for poetry. He who despises her attachment because her lilac-tree is out of date as a thing of fashion, and has lost its value in the flower-market, is himself the proper subject of satire. Let us save these fair objects of the field and the garden from being appraised like millinery goods! When I observe this venal criterion of taste as exemplified in the grounds of wealthy men and florists, I turn from the most splendid garden with indifference, to admire a little modest violet in the wildwood, hiding itself under the broad leaf of a fern, or trembling on the edge of a footpath in the meadow.

There have been some curious speculations about the forms and colors of flowers, in the works of certain fanciful writers. Some of them consider all the colors of the universe as typical of some divine attribute. In this way they would explain the agreeable impressions usually produced by certain colors. White is very obviously regarded by all nations as the symbol of purity. It also signifies cheerfulness, because it reflects the greatest quantity of light and yields a proportional vividness to our perceptions. The melancholy feelings, on the other hand, which are excited by black surfaces flow from their resemblance to darkness. But how shall we account for the sensations of vivid enjoyment produced by the different colors which we call beautiful? Why do the golden, orange, and purple tints that surround the declining sun cause more exquisite sensations than the white light reflected from the clouds at noonday? And why do the beautiful colors that grace the cup of an auricula or the cheek of a rose affect us with more pleasure than the simple whiteness of any similar flowers? Do they act upon the mind by producing

some definite emotion of which these colors are the type? We cannot explain all these effects by association.

But whether there be truth or not in the theory that assigns to colors some innate power of producing definite thoughts as well as sensations, none will deny that similar effects are produced by colors from association. Hence the varied hues of autumn have become, from their alliance with the close of the year, suggestive of melancholy trains of thought which are hardly subdued by their cheerful splendor. Colors less lively in the foliage of the vernal woods cheer, animate, and delight us, as signals of the revival of nature. These different tints have accordingly become emblematical of their respective seasons; and while the brilliant hues of autumn awaken a certain appreciable amount of sadness, the pale green hues of spring, with their dim shades of rose and lilac, dispose us to cheerfulness and pleasant memories of early life.

The custom of emblemizing flowers, which has prevailed among all nations, seems to be a passion of the human mind. In our imagination they are persons, objects of friendship and love, having the semblance of our virtues and affections. If we speak of them with a sort of passionate regard, it is because we thus personify them and clothe them with human and even divine qualities. The virtues we admire in the character of our fellow-beings we are delighted to behold symbolized in flowers; and hence we may explain why those representing modesty, humility, delicacy, and purity are our favorites, while we seldom long admire the gaudy and showy flowers. We prize them in proportion as they are suggestive of some agreeable moral sentiment; hence a white flower which is without any intrinsic beauty of color gains in many cases more of our admiration than another similar one of beautiful tints.

Wordsworth habitually views the minor works of nature in this moral aspect, and delights in speaking the

praises of the common and simple garden flowers. Like a true poet, he sees in them more to awaken pleasant and salutary thoughts than in those which are prized at floral exhibitions. He has woven many delightful emblematic images with flowers, and through them has conveyed important sentiments of a moral and religious kind. He considers the daisy, which is scattered widely in England over every field and near every footpath, and which is also cultivated at cottage-windows in many different countries, as a "pilgrim of nature," whose home is everywhere. He thinks there abides with this little plant some concord with humanity; and that those who are easily depressed may learn a lesson from it. It will teach them by its cheerful example how to find a shelter in every climate, and under all conditions of adversity, engaging the affections of all no less by its modest beauty than by its capacity of living and thriving, and remaining bright and cheerful under all circumstances of culture or neglect.

He also praises, in another poem, the small celandine. He greets it as the prophet of spring and its attractions; and speaks of the thrifty cottager who stirs seldom out of doors, and who is charmed with the sight of this humble flower by reason of its happy augury of the year. He commends it for its kindly and unassuming disposition. Careless of its neighborhood, we see its pleasant face in wood and meadow, in the rustic lane and in the stately avenue, on the princely domain and in the meanest place upon the highway. It is pleased and contented in all situations, and the poet glows in his description of its unpretending virtues. He rebukes the gaudy flowers that will be seen whether we would see them or not, and considers them as exemplifying the pride of worldlings; and again he extols the virtues of the small celandine.

In another poem he compares the ambitious, who, without more than ordinary talents or merit, aspire to some lofty station, to a tuft of fern on the

summit of a high rock. It is a miserable thing, "dry, withered, light, and yellow," that endeavors to soar with the tempest and expose itself to observation; but all its importance belongs to its position. We wonder how it came there, and how it is able to keep its place, while plants of superior qualities would be unable to transport themselves thither; and if by accident they should arrive at such a height, they could not sustain it. The fern by its meanness accomplishes what, if it possessed a nobler nature, would be impossible. Thus, he continues, mean men, never doubting their own merit or capacity, and unscrupulous of the means they use to elevate themselves or to keep their place, rise to eminences which men of genius and integrity could not attain, because they scorn the actions that would insure them success.

The rose, in all ages, has been regarded as the emblem of beauty and virtue, having in addition to its visual attractions a fragrance that always endures. The Hebrew and classical writers have associated this flower with certain divine qualities which are held up for our love and reverence. The lily is no less celebrated, being frequently mentioned in Holy Writ, to adorn a parable or to improve the force of some poetic image. Among all nations it is a chosen symbol of meekness and modesty, and it is more frequently celebrated in lyric poetry than any other flower, because it is the semblance, in the highest degree, of those qualities which are favorite themes of the poets. Its paleness is typical of delicacy, while its drooping habit renders it a true emblem of sorrow. It is the metaphorical image of the meek and passive virtues, while the perfume it sends abroad may be compared to the influence of a good man's life.

I have said nothing of the language of flowers, which seems in general to have only a slight foundation in nature. It is rather the result of an agreement to use certain flowers to signify certain words or ideas arbitrarily applied to them. It is indeed but an agreeable

form of writing by cipher. In some cases this language is founded on a legend or a poetic fable, in others on the emblematic characters of the flowers. Thus, the violet signifies modesty, because its colors are soft, and the flower seems to hide itself from observation. In like manner the sensitive-plant is expressive of purity, because it shrinks from the touch; and the balsam of impatience, because its capsules snap in the hand that is put forth to gather them. Let us not deride the harmless amusements that spring from this philological use of flowers, nor despise the ingenuity that invented them. A bouquet that conveys an affectionate message from a young lover to his mistress must possess a charm in her sight which genius could hardly express in the finest verses.

Flowers serve a more needful purpose in the economy of nature than we are prone to imagine; and they produce more effect on the dulllest minds than many even of the most susceptible would acknowledge. But it is not an uncommon habit, especially among the ignorant, to ridicule the study of flowers and those who are devoted to it. On the other hand, they do not despise the occupation of the florist, because it brings him money. Others consider botany a trifling pursuit, worthy the attention only of persons of effeminate habits; but I have never been able to learn that these objectors are contemners of any of those fashionable habits which are confessedly enervating and destructive of mental and physical power. Nothing can enervate that actively employs the mind and exercises the body at the same time, as may be said of the out-of-door study of botany or any other branch of natural history. They are the most invigorating of all intellectual pursuits. Nor is the study of flowers the less worthy of attention, though we admit that it exercises the imagination and fancy more than it stores the mind with knowledge. The same charge may be brought against the study of any of the fine arts.

The botanist, however, does not study flowers merely as beautiful objects. As a scientific observer, he finds in them the exponents of the laws of vegetation, which can be understood only by the keenest perceptions. Hence the fact that among botanists may be named some of the greatest men who have lived. As a moral and poetic observer, he discerns in flowers, not mere gems sparkling on the bosom of Nature, but so many living beings, looking up to him from the greensward, and down upon him from the trees and cliffs, and inspiring him with a feeling of sympathy with all the visible world. What can be more worthy of study than this beautiful assemblage of living things, whose relations to each other and to men and animals unfold a thousand singular mysteries, whose forms and colors produce the most delicate conceptions of art, and whose metaphorical characters have rendered them the very poetry of nature! Religion and virtue, science, painting, and poetry, all have their readings in these brilliant pets of the florist and toys of children. The stars of heaven do not convey to our minds a more vivid conception of the mysteries of the universe than the flowers that sparkle in the same countless numbers on the earth.

Let us imagine that the earth had been created without flowers; that the greensward was sprinkled with no violets in the opening of the year; and that May flung around her footsteps neither daisies nor cowslips; that summer called out no blossom upon the trees, and that autumn bound with his ripened sheaves neither asters nor golden-rods, and looked through his frosty eyelids upon neither gentians nor euphrasia! Let us imagine that the dews cherished nothing fairer than the green foliage of herbs and trees, and that the light of morning, which now unfolds the splendor of millions of tinted corols, sparkled only in the crystal dewdrops; that the butterfly looked in vain for its counterpart among the plants that now offer it their allurements, and that the bee was not

one of the living forms of nature, because the fields produced no flowers for its sustenance! Who would not feel that some unknown blessing was denied us? Who would not believe that there was some imperfection in the order of nature?

What fanciful image of happiness is not associated with flowers,—the delight of infant ramblers in the sunshine of May; the reward of their searchings in the meadows among brambles and ferns; infantile honors and decorations for the brows of childhood; the types of their budding affections and the materials for their cheerful devices; the ornaments of young May-queens and the joy of their attendants; the fair objects of their quest in the sunny borders of fragrant woods; the pride of their simple ambition when woven into garlands of love! How blank would the earth be to childhood without flowers! How destitute the fields of beauty and nature of poetry!

But the Intelligence that set light in heaven, to beam with every imaginable hue, has not made us sensitive to beauty, without bestowing upon the earth those forms which, like the letters of a book, convey to the mind an infinity of delightful thoughts and conceptions. Hence flowers are made to spring up in wood and dell, by solitary streams, in moss-grown recesses; near every path that glides through the meadow, and in every green lane that wanders through the forest; and nature has given them an endless variety of forms, colors, and deportment, that by their different expressions they may awaken every agreeable passion of the

soul. There is no place where their light is not to be seen. The inhabitant of the South beholds them in trees looking down upon him like the birds; the man of the North sees them embossed in verdure, under the protection of trees and rocks. Insects sip from their honey-cups the nectar of their subsistence, during a life as ephemeral as that of the blossom they plunder; and the summer gales rejoice in their sweets with which they have laden their wings. Morning greets them when she wakes, and sees them spread out their petals to the light of the sun, all glowing with beauty when the dews that sleep nightly in their bosoms steal silently back to heaven; and every day is relieved of its weariness by the myriads that brighten when it approaches, and sweeten with their fragrance the transitory visits of each fleeting hour.

When is the mind so impassive that it is not animated by the presence of flowers and made hopeful by their gayety? Where is the eye that does not see them, and note their comeliness, and wish that they might never droop or decay? Where is the lover that does not view them as partaking of his own passion, and looking fair for the sake of her for whom they seem to be created? The young bride, when garlanded with their wreaths, feels that the virtues that should reside in her heart have shed their grace upon her through these fair symbols; and mourners, when they see them clustering round the tomb of a departed friend, worship them as lights of heaven, foreshowing in their sleep and resuscitation the soul's immortality!

Wilson Flagg.

V.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 22d.—Yesterday we were at the Oratoire. We heard M. Adolphe Monod, a celebrated preacher. I like the French preaching very much. It is earnest, and keeps the attention constantly alive. French clergymen use no notes. I do not know whether their discourses are committed to memory or extemporaneous. If the latter, their command of language and power of arrangement are wonderful. But I think it impossible that this should be the case. Most of the sermons we have heard have been very finished productions.

The children came home Saturday as usual. They are well and happy. All my anxieties about Willie are over. They were very keen that first Monday morning, when we went away and left the little fellow to his fate. I seemed to be abandoning him to the cold outside world that day. Besides the thought of the strangeness and the loneliness and the homesickness, there was that of the dry, hard work, without help or praise or sympathy. Willie had never before been put to compulsory study. When we sent him to school in Boston, it was that he might be with other boys, and that he might imbibe something of general instruction. We made a stipulation that he was not to do anything which he did not do of his own accord, or bring any lesson home except by his own choice. I remember his bringing home one lesson. It was on ancient Egypt. He had thought beforehand he should like history. He grappled with the lesson obstinately, and mastered it, almost demolishing the leaf of Taylor's Manual, against which his efforts were directed. After all, he found himself indifferent to the ancient Egyptians. He thought their affairs did not concern him. We agreed that he should let history go until it came down some-

what nearer to him. We both thought that arithmetic would be convenient; so he chose arithmetic as his principal school study.

Willie kept up his little lessons at home with me. They were given chiefly to German and French. I began teaching him German when he was very young, thinking it important to a good knowledge of English. I began by telling him stories into which I introduced a German word which I made recur frequently; when he was familiar with this, I gave another word in German, and so on until the whole or nearly the whole story was told in German. When he already knew a number of common words, I let him begin to read very simple things in German. Whatever he read, he read over, day after day, until he knew it entirely by heart. He acquired in this way quite a stock of little poems and stories, which he had ready for recitation at school on the day when this exercise was called for, and which he had acquired without the slightest trouble; for I never hurried him. When he was ready to do without the book, he would push it away and recite his piece instead of reading it. Then I would tell him the titles of other tales and ballads, until he caught at one that hit his fancy. We would then begin on the new piece, and in the same way, by slow degrees, make it our own. He can read anything in German that interests him. I am afraid he will have to lose his German now. I had meant to keep it up by reading a very little with him two or three times a week. But it will be impossible. He will have as much laid upon him as he can bear; that I see; and it will not do to add a feather's weight.

He does not know as much of French as of German, for he did not begin it as early. As I wished chiefly to pre-

pare him for speaking it, I let him read stories in which there was a good deal of conversation. I found some nice little story-books at the Antislavery Fair. The children's talk in them was pretty and simple, without affectation.

I began with giving him a sketch of the story he was going to read, in order to awaken his interest without wholly satisfying it. Then I translated for him a single sentence, first freely, then word by word. When he asked to translate it himself, I let him do so, prompting him quickly, however, without leaving him time to hesitate or suggest a wrong meaning. This sentence perfectly learned, we added another, and so on until the whole story was familiar. After this he read the same story over and over, until he received the meaning directly from the French words without translating them into English.

Before he had been in France a fortnight, I observed that he followed perfectly a French conversation which passed in his presence. At school he talks with everybody, Alfred says. M. Gachotte is confident that the language will not be an impediment in his general studies. And yet Willie never studied French regularly with dictionary and grammar until he came here. He hardly knows how he got what French he has, any more than how he came by his English. One consequence of this is, that he has no false shame about speaking; no thought except how he shall bring his meaning to the light. The way in which he compasses this is sometimes truly surprising.

The approved principle of our time seems to be to make everything as hard as possible to children, in order to exercise their brains. I went on the plan of saving him all the trouble I could. I believe many a delicate brain is injured by early over-exercise and injudicious exercise. And in the end what has been gained? I have observed that some children who spend a vast deal of time over grammars, Latin

and other, never arrive at a knowledge of the language itself. If we are to have but one, surely it is better to have the language than an account of it. Not that I undervalue the study of grammar. It must have its place, but at a later period, when it is demanded by the student himself, as it certainly will be if he has not been disgusted with all study.

I am confident that the surest and most thorough way for children to learn a language, their own or another, is by the repeated hearing and reading of things pleasing in form and interesting in substance. They will not weary of this, if we do not. It is a mistake to suppose that children crave continual novelty. With them, what pleases once pleases always. Their familiar poems and tales are their familiar friends. They attach themselves to ideal personages as to real persons, and always welcome their appearance on the scene. My children would ask for the same ballads every twilight for years, and seemed only to grow fonder of them the oftener they heard them.

From children themselves we learn what is good for children, for they know. It is through a continued, habitual familiarity with beautiful things that the heart and mind are cultivated. This is a tranquil, an insensible work. The kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation.

I do not believe in intellectual task-work for young children. We must only offer, not press our gifts. What is to profit them will win its way, and establish itself in the memory by a right of its own. Let us not be too solicitous to provide either occupation or entertainment for our children.

Everything is new to the young; every good and beautiful thing full of meanings, which unfold themselves, one after another, in a series of enchanting surprises. The emotions of children are so vivid, their pleasure in the reception of ideas so keen, that, if we do not try to do too much for them, if we only supply the proper material as it is called for, and leave them the

leisure to feel and to ponder, their own minds and imaginations will afford them perpetual pastime, and will carry on for them a work sure and perfect, as all the processes of nature are.

As poetry makes the earliest literature of a people, so poetry should, I believe, be the vehicle of the first deliberate instruction of a child. But I would never give a young child "a piece," as we say, to learn by rote alone. The least of the evils arising from this supposed labor-saving method are the faults in pronunciation, emphasis, and expression he will fall into, and which it will be hard to correct. The piece itself is fruitless to him at the time, and probably lost to him forever; so that the better the selection, the greater the sacrifice. It is probably connected in his mind thenceforth with a sense of annoyance and injury, and is discarded from among his mental stores. It might have been a possession for life in all its beauty, with the added associations of tenderness and sympathy, which transfigure the common things of life and invest the beautiful and rare with yet a sweeter and a more enduring charm.

Above all I would never make a task-book of the Bible. Those who prize the Bible most devoutly, and always more and more, are those who never sighed over it in childhood, casting longing glances towards the window, and longing thoughts towards the outer door; they are those who first heard it, not read in a conventional or in a didactic tone, but from fond lips, in the subdued voice of love and reverence.

I must believe that the mother is the best teacher for the child, at least until it is ten or twelve years old. I will only except those rare teachers who have a genius for their art, and that passion for it which people have for what they are born to. And yet, why should I except even these? Who can be so earnest for success as the mother? who so ingenious in finding out the way to it? Love, parental love, is so inspiring, so inventive, that it

supplies the place of genius and even of instruction.

And what does not the mother lose who foregoes this delightful work! Is there a pleasure equal to that of teaching a bright, affectionate child?

The little creatures are so fond of the company of their elders, so pleased and proud to have a common occupation with them! With what high contentment they establish themselves in the chair set as close as possible to yours! How they turn from time to time, to exchange a look of mutual felicitation!

It has been made an objection to the mother's being the teacher, that it obliges her to exercise too much restraint over the child, and thus weakens its love for her. This is an unfounded fear. The more mother and child are together, the more their interests are one, the closer will be the bond between them.

The mother who is associated in her child's mind with the truest gains of his life, who has awakened or developed tastes and susceptibilities which are his security against the dominion of inferior ones, who has opened avenues to pleasures from which no caprices of fortune can exclude him, insures, with the constancy of his gratitude, the permanence of her own influence.

There are those who think that the indulgence of the mother will render her instruction desultory and superficial. This danger must be thought of; yet I think it a less one than that of over-solicitude and undue requirement.

Children will not put up with superficial teaching unless they have been rigorously trained to it by an arrogant, meagre-minded teacher. There is no way of finding out one's own ignorance so sure as teaching a child. How many things we think we know because we have gone over them, yet find ourselves, on proof, possessed only of some vague and disordered notions! We are compelled to method and exactitude when we set ourselves to present a subject before a child's mind in a simple and perspicuous manner.

Our children train us quite as much as we train them.

A well-constituted child is orderly, patient, constant; enjoys the use of his faculties, takes delight in accomplishment. We have only to set him in the right direction, and not make the path unpleasant to him; he will walk forward as fast as is good for him.

The fault which we must guard ourselves against most watchfully is impatience to see results. We must not expect advance from day to day, hardly from month to month. If, on looking back six months or a year, we perceive a gain, it is enough. The mental growth, like the physical, is gradual and imperceptible. We ought always to keep this analogy in view. We do not cram children with food; why should we try to cram them with knowledge? We do not let them have indigestible things, or force them to take what they have a decided distaste for; why should we oppress or sicken them with heavy or repulsive studies?

What we have to do for children is to instil into them good principles and help them to form good habits. It is important very early to cultivate the habit of attention and of persevering pursuit. This must be done by keeping the interest engaged. We can interest them only by being interested ourselves, genuinely interested; not in the distant aim of their future advantage, but in their work of the hour, in all their little thoughts and emotions of every moment. Sympathy is the great power in the human world. This it is which works the miracles.

I could wish that the mother need not give up the charge of her children's education, even when they pass out of childhood, but could continue to be their guide and companion in what are called the higher studies.

I have had in my mind, of course, mothers whom their condition and the custom of our time relieve or deprive of the material work of the household, — an exemption which is a blessing or the reverse, according to their capacity for providing themselves with such sub-

stitutes for the discarded occupations, as shall be an equal discipline to themselves, and give them the same importance to their family that the practical housewife has to hers. It is true, that no American women are so unfortunate as to be entirely exempt from domestic cares. But even those who have many in the way of administration and superintendence can almost always find an hour or two in the day which they can give to reading and study, and they can, with this, easily keep in advance of their children. The hour so given will more than regain itself in the increased value of the others. It steadies the mind, composes the nerves. It is, in its effects, like a journey into another country. The return to customary scenes, after this short but complete withdrawal, finds them all fresh and charming. Things stand in their just proportions. Exaggerated troubles and anxieties have shrunk, leaving to the compensations and promises of life their just pre-eminence.

It would, I think, be an admirable thing if mothers of the same family or the same circle would associate themselves for the education of their children, each taking charge of the department for which she may have a special gift or taste. Thus, one could teach music, another drawing; one this language, another that. If it were necessary to have a teacher for some branch in which the circle had no proficient, mothers and children could take lessons together, and afterwards go over them together. This companionship would give a zest to study, would make it real and earnest. The acquisition of knowledge would become what it was meant to be, one of the chief joys of life, and especially of the life of the young, instead of being an imposition and a bugbear. If such a system could come into use, its success, even in the ordinary sense of the word, would be so great that it would lead to the certain renovation of our public institutions, still fearfully clogged by the monastic tradition.

September 23d.—At Montpellier, *Le Suffrage Universel* has been seized in the post and at its office. The article which has occasioned this seizure is one on martial law in Ardèche. I should like to see this article.

M. Chevreau, the prefect of Ardèche, has come out with a new decree in the cause of order. He has observed, he says, that certain individuals affect the color red, wearing this one a belt, that one a neckerchief, of the offensive color, while others permit themselves to exhibit it at the button-hole. He decrees, therefore, that henceforth red caps, red cravats, red belts, red ribbon, and so forth, are formally forbidden in the department of Ardèche. The "and so forth" probably covers the red carnation or the red rose, which the peasant may not put in his button-hole until further order.

As I am on the chapter of prohibitions, let me mention a few other instances.

General Castellane has prohibited, in the sixth military division, "the sale of engravings and lithographs representing the portraits of persons implicated in the Lyons Plot."

The five departments over which the sway of the general commanding the sixth military division extends seem to be of a most persistent and impracticable character. They keep him well on the *qui vive*, forcing him to be always prohibiting them, now this, now that. It is a picture; it is a medal; it is a pamphlet by Louis Blanc; it is a book by Esquiros. The very titles of some of the forbidden books are so suggestive of radicalism, that it must revolt this champion of order to be obliged to publish them himself, though only in a prohibited list. Think of a people more than two years under martial law, still having heart enough left to run risks for the sake of reading "The Martyrs of Liberty". Such a book was still read in these departments last summer; for General Castellane heard of it and prohibited it.

In the department of Nord, the col-

portage of the Bible has been prohibited by the prefect. A Protestant colporteur, who had applied for permission to carry round the Bible in this department received a refusal through the mayor of the village where he was when he made his application. Not wishing to give up his work at the first rebuff, he went to Cambrai, the chief place of the arrondissement, to renew his demand; but only to learn that the colportage of no religious book, whether Protestant or Catholic, was permitted in the department. Here is a prefect who goes to the root of the matter.

A Napoleonist journal attributes to the French people a habit of sympathizing with conspirators, and of blaming the government for the measures it takes to secure the public safety. When the people of a country sympathizes with conspirators, it must be either because it believes in their cause, or does not believe in their guilt. If the French people thought a conspiracy extended throughout the country, having for its object the extinction of all actual holders of property and its division among banditti, there would be very little sympathy felt for the conspirators. Fear is ruthless.

The complot Français-Allemand does not appear to have had a great success as an engine for working on the fears of the community. The Lyons trial did a great deal towards disabusing the public mind, and rendered a new appeal to this class of apprehensions a delicate experiment. There is an apparent sense of failure, and an abandonment of the expectations which may have been entertained of this conspiracy when its discovery was first announced. Foreigners are still imprisoned and exiled in its name, but many of the Frenchmen who were caught up in the first days of the alarm are obtaining their release; it being admitted that there is no evidence to be produced against them, or only, perhaps, their signature to an insignificant note found in a suspected house.

When the discovery of a conspiracy is in progress, the agents of the law pounce down upon the houses of the persons who are to be implicated in it, and sweep up all written papers. The signatures appended to notes and letters are put upon a suspected list which suggests new domiciliary visits productive in their turn. Such masses of documents were accumulated for use on the Lyons trial, that M. Michel (de Bourges) said, "If all these papers are to be read, we must make up our minds to pass the rest of our lives reading papers." M. Thourel, being a hospitable and social man, had probably a large correspondence; so many letters had been laid up on his account, that the prosecution itself proposed to pass the greater part of them over, if the defence did not object. The defence objected the less, inasmuch as the letters in question had nothing to do with the case.

The more ardent Republicans have sometimes repelled the counsel of the calmer and graver, and have chafed under the restraint imposed upon them by their leaders. At such times they have expressed their dissent and impatience, not only publicly in the journals of their party, but also and yet more unreservedly in letters to friends of their own shade of opinion. Such letters the prosecution takes a peculiar satisfaction in producing, and exults in the evidence of differences which it hopes to revive and imbitter by these exposures. The republican leaders respond nobly by coming forward to defend and vindicate the men whom a too ardent patriotism may for a moment have misled, but who are frankly forgiven by those whose prudence they once assailed, since, though they struck, they heard.

The royalists are greatly disconcerted by the union and harmony which prevail among the Republicans of different parties, who lay down their differences in order to secure success in their great common aim, the rescue of the republic. The various royalist parties encourage each other to a similar abne-

gation, but no one seems yet ready to take the lead on this uninviting path.

L'Union, a legitimist journal, has recently had an article on this subject. "The republican parties," it says, "are preparing for the crises of 1852 by reconciliations, by manifestoes of union, by sacrifices of opinion and of resentment. They say and they demonstrate that their strength is in union." With this conduct, the royalist paper compares that of the royalist parties, "who insult, calumniate, vilify the servants of their own cause."

It is true that the Royalists of different views say very bitter things of each other. They agree fully only in their dread and hatred of the republic.

The *Union* is of opinion that, as soon as the Republicans have by their concerted action defeated the other parties and carried the elections of 1852, they will immediately fall apart again, and each particular sect court partisans on its own account.

Undoubtedly; and here precisely the value of popular institutions shows itself. No one of the different parties of Republicans — I have heard ten enumerated, and probably there are more — can hope to elect its own candidate. They must unite on one who represents the great principles in which they all agree. They must be satisfied with some honest man who respects the institutions of the country, and will not favor any illegal interference with them. This settled, the various parties are at liberty to propagate their several theories. What germs of truth there are in each will take root, and in due time will influence legislation.

The reaction has itself contributed to the good understanding which daily gains ground among the republicans. It has aided to level the barriers which divided them. It has called all Republicans Socialists, has called all republicans Reds; it has included in the Mountain republican members of the Assembly who would have disavowed that appellation, as well as those who accepted it. These words are thus acquiring new associations,

which displace the older injurious ones. And the Republicans proper are ceasing to protest against these names, and are beginning to protest against the calumnious meaning imputed to them. Again, the reaction, by justifying suspicions and apprehensions which might once have seemed chimerical, has forced the more sedate Republicans to admit the clear-sightedness of the more ardent; while the advanced school of liberals, seeing men whom they once decried as half-hearted tried as with fire, recognize their loyalty and disinterestedness, and, furling their separate banners, enlist under the common standard. This standard is that of the republic, the democratic republic, whose essential conditions are universal suffrage, a free press, free speech.

It is cheering to see the generous interest the people of England feel in the liberation of Kossuth. Many towns are preparing to give him a public reception. Poor France! no town of hers can offer him such an expression of sympathy.

September 25th. — Yesterday took place the trial of M. Vacquerie, of the *Avénement du Peuple*, for publishing Victor Hugo's letter with a commendatory article of his own. He was acquitted of an attempt to provoke civil war, but convicted of the other offences. He has been condemned to six months' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine.

The author of the letter was not prosecuted. The consent of the National Assembly, not now in session, is necessary to the prosecution of one of its members. The trial must either have been postponed until November, or the Assembly convoked for the occasion. The debates would undoubtedly have been lively. A notoriety would have been given to the affair, and a circulation to the letter of Victor Hugo altogether undesirable.

The advocate-general did not spare the absent author. The guilt of the letter was aggravated by the deliberation with which it had been prepared,

— three days having, as the advocate-general surmised, been employed in its composition; "if, indeed, a longer time had not been taken, for the condemnation of the *Evénement* was foreseen in advance."

M. Desmarests, who defended M. Vacquerie, having referred to the alarm which the recent severities had awakened, even in a portion of the reactionary press, added: —

"But let it reassure itself. The Public Ministry reserves its rigors for the journals of a certain opinion. It does not maltreat its friends. Daily attacks, the most vehement, the most audacious, against the Constitution and the republic are tolerated. A journal which openly, without disguise, makes appeal to a *coup d'état*, to a new 18 Brumaire, has not been seized.

"This is what we find in a morning journal: 'We desire the maintenance of the law of the 31st May, the re-election of the President, and to prevent any Assembly whatever from erecting itself into a convention. In order to obtain these results, we are resolved to march against insurrection, and to trample under foot the articles by whose aid it is thought our will can be enchained. We shall not shrink from an 18 Brumaire, and we shall counsel Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to stifle the republic on the day when it shall try to realize a single one of its threats.'

"Neither the author of this article nor the conductor of the journal has been prosecuted."

This example of reactionist audacity is by no means singular. I have seen more than one article as bold in meaning, if not as lawless in language. The *Siccle* of some days ago, in an article on these condemnations of the liberal press, gives an instance of advice offered to the Assembly, which does not yield either in tone or in substance to the advice given to the President in the passage cited by M. Desmarests.

"When we are seized," says the *Siccle*, "we republicans, and brought before the jury, we are almost always accused of 'exciting to hatred and con-

tempt of the government of the republic'; not of the royal or of the imperial government, but of the government of the republic.

"The parquets recognize, then, the government of the republic. They insist on respect to this government, when Republicans are in question.

"Coming out of the court-house, we find, in the *Mémorial Bordelais*, an explicit declaration of war against the republic, a declaration in these terms: 'Sharing with M. de la Vallette the honor of loving neither the republic nor the constitution, believing with him that the day when both disappear will be a good day for France, it is natural that we should take part in the debate, and that we should say aloud that we are fully resolved to advise the Assembly to decide, notwithstanding the veto of the two hundred and seventy-eight, that the constitution shall be revised. Now, if our legislators, at twenty-five francs a day, wish to make barricades, to play at conventions, and offer their life to the republic which has so liberally endowed them, they are free to do so. Only their barricades will be thrown down, they will be treated as factious. The army, in whose ranks all the men of order will place themselves, will sweep away the Montagnards, who show themselves so menacing. M. de la Vallette is then right in saying that we shall break all the strings by the aid of which our adversaries pretend to chain us to legality.'

"In presence of this direct attack against the republic and against legality, of this announcement that we and all who defend the republic and the law are to be treated as factious, we naturally say, 'Here are people whom the magistrates of the Public Ministry, named, according to Article 86 of the Constitution, by the President of the republic, who is charged by Article 49 to watch over and secure the execution of the laws, — here are people whom the magistrates of the Public Ministry will certainly bring before the jury.' But not at all! These people can, without

being seized, say that they will counsel the Assembly to despise the law; they can outrage the constitution and prepare their plans of battle. If we did as much, we should have good reason to fear, judging by our own particular experiences. Why, then, this difference? Is it because we are Republicans?"

The experiment of prosecution for a real attack upon republican institutions has been tried, however, within a few months. The result justified the confidence of the party of order in the Paris jury. The case was indeed a mild one. M. Alfred Louis Troussel de Mirebeau was prosecuted for an article in his journal, *La Gazette des Communes*, containing an attack upon republican institutions and upon the constitution. The passages on which the accusation was founded were these: —

"The republic is anarchy in ideas and in facts; it is the revolution in permanence; it is the oppression of all by each and of each by all; it is disorder, distrust, misery, and death.

"The monarchy is order; it is liberty; it is respect for all rights; it is confidence, prosperity, force, and future.

"France is on the road to monarchy."

M. Suin, the advocate-general, in conducting the prosecution, beamed with candor, and with clemency. "*La Gazette des Communes*," said he, "is a legitimist journal. We respect legitimist opinion. We respect its souvenirs, its faith. We know that it exists in virtue of illustrious traditions; that it supports itself upon great names, and upon the principle of territorial property, which is one of the great foundations of society. But," continued the advocate-general, "what we must dispute to *La Gazette des Communes* is the right to attack, to wish to overthrow an established government. To say that 'the republic is anarchy,' that it is 'revolution in permanence,' is to make a violent, a passionate attack which no government can tolerate."

M. Suin was of opinion that politi-

cal questions should be left to the Assembly, whose concern they were. The Legislative Assembly would decide as to the necessity for a revision of the constitution; if this decision should be affirmative, the Constituent Assembly would decide between a partial and a radical revision, between republic and monarchy.

M. Suin overlooked the circumstance that, as the Constituent Assembly was to be elected by the people, it somewhat imported them to know which of the two, republic or monarchy, was anarchy and oppression; which of the two, order, liberty, and respect for the rights of all. Perhaps the advocate-general was not altogether unwilling to be refuted by the counsel for the defence.

M. de Laboulie maintained that his client, the author of the article in question, had not the least intention in the world of attacking the actual government. Was this government a republic? The Republicans themselves said it was not. General Cavaignac said it was a counterfeit republic. The republicans were waiting for 1852 to have a republic. For the rest, it was entirely proper for the press to treat of questions discussed in the Assembly. "M. de Falloux had just told us there that the monarchy ought to be re-established. He repeated with great talent and skill the very things which this writer has said in his journal, namely, that the monarchy alone could make the happiness, the glory, the prosperity of France. General Cavaignac, on the other hand, maintains that the day of monarchy has gone by; that France can only live as a republic. The right to discuss the question then exists. Let the Monarchists say that the republic is anarchy, let the Republicans say that monarchy is slavery. Be sure that free discussion will elicit truth."

M. Louis Troussel de Mirebeau was acquitted; and well that he was, if only the advocates of the republic were allowed the same impunity as its assailants. But the fact that free discussion elicits truth does not work in fa-

vor of free discussion with those whose hopes truth would rather confound than confirm.

About a fortnight after this trial, another took place before this same court of assizes of the Seine. It was that of a bookseller charged with having for sale a pamphlet entitled *Le Républicain des Campagnes*, in which, among other articles, was one by Félix Pyat, called *Toast aux Paysans*. This article was found to contain an offence to the person of the President of the republic, an attack upon republican institutions and the constitution, and an attempt to incite citizens to hatred and contempt of each other.

The prosecution was, as before, conducted by M. Suin, advocate-general. He found it very much amiss in the republicans that they had never made any appeals to the peasant until after 1848, which gave him a vote. "The peasants were despised before 1848. Not by us," he makes haste to add. "*We have always seen in them the veritable population of France; the most interesting population, the most patient, the most sober, the most patriotic.*"

One might ask why the magnanimous We, in whose name M. Suin speaks, never offered the most sober and patriotic part of the population that share in the affairs of the country which the despisers of this part of the population have been zealous in winning for it.

There is a remarkable conformity between the view of the peasants' character expressed by M. Suin and that taken by M. Félix Pyat. Only M. Pyat associates with them the ouvriers and illustrates the patriotism of workmen by some comparisons of their conduct with that of another class, — comparisons which jar somewhat with those "illustrious traditions," "in virtue of which," as M. Suin said, "legitimist opinion exists." He speaks of some circumstances attending the restoration; of foreign armies brought by Frenchmen into France; of feasting and dancing among nobles

and their allies in palaces, while, in cabin and in garret, the peasant and the workman mourned for their country.

The name of Félix Pyat is a word of fear in reactionist ears. In the view of many liberals he is an ultra-liberal. One with not more of conservative prepossession than remains to me might well begin to read the "especially incriminated passages" of a prosecuted pamphlet of his, with an expectation of pain and offence.

But what appeal does this man of extreme opinions make to this injured, this long-suffering class, so powerful if they only knew their power? He calls upon them to vote on the side of the republic!

"Peasants, it depends on yourselves never to see again those days of shame and sorrow. Your brothers of the city have delivered you from that odious *régime*. The people of Paris has delivered you from kings, has made you free citizens, has conquered for you universal suffrage. Ah, guard it well! The republic is in your hands. You are the most numerous. You are the strongest. Peasants, the country is again in danger; it is for you to save it still. *You will save it this time peacefully; no longer by armies, but by votes; by the sole force of numbers and of union. You will save the republic, France, and humanity.*"

For offering for sale *Le Républicain des Campagnes*, M. Carpentier, bookseller and man of letters, was condemned to six months' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine.

September 26th.—The *National*, in an article on the political situation, speaks thus of the numerical force of the republican party: "In saying that the republican party embraces at least the half of France, and balances the party of the reaction, we do not speak our whole thought; for it is evident to us that the Republicans are in the majority, and that their number increases every day. More than this, it is evident even to our enemies, for they have made the law of the 31st

May. It is not, apparently, to punish them for not being republican enough that three millions of electors have been excluded from the polls by the Monarchists."

After speaking of the difficulties under which the other parties labor, — of the illegality of the Napoleonist candidate, which it considers fatal to his hopes; of the differences between the several parties of Royalists, — difficulties arising from contradictory principles and irreconcilable interests, — the *National* thus gives its view of the aims and prospects of the Republicans: —

"We, on the contrary, divided as regards the future on important points, have, for the coming year, one interest and one aim, to save the republic. Our candidate will be neither a prince nor a pretender. The day after the republican principle has triumphed in his election, he will sink into the secondary part which the Constitution assigns him. The representatives will discuss the affairs of the republic. It will be his to execute what shall have been resolved upon."

M. Dupin, making an address, about a fortnight ago, before the *comice agricole* of Clamecy, in the department of Nièvre, took occasion to offer some political advice to his audience, which consisted of some thousands of farmers and cultivators. He warned them of the dangers of 1852, "at which date," he said, "what I call the party of crime has given itself rendezvous." Impressing upon them the importance of their votes, he instructed them that it was of more consequence to have an Assembly of right views than a President.

"The essential is to have a good legislative Assembly, for, with a revolutionary Assembly, the best President would soon be devoured, while with an Assembly of firm, capable, proved men, a President, were he a Socialist, would be easily reduced and restrained."

M. Dupin's hints were as good for the Republicans among his listeners as for the others. With a patriotic As-

sembly, the most audacious President could not go far on a treasonable path. He can propose oppressive laws, but he cannot make them. He can declare martial law needful, but he cannot impose it. Great, too great perhaps, as is the power which the Constitution has bestowed on the President, it has not left the country helpless before a usurper. On the other hand, with an honest, republican President, the most reactionist Assembly could do little harm. It requires the co-operation of President and Assembly to enslave the country.

It is entirely lawful and suitable for a respectable man like M. Dupin to call the party whose principles he disapproves "the party of crime." All the newspapers in the country may report these words without being called to account for inciting citizens to hatred and contempt one of another, — a serious offence in these days when committed or supposed to be committed by a Republican.

It is perfectly in order for M. Dupin, a man of order, to discuss political topics before an agricultural meeting; but it would be a most unsuitable and seditious proceeding on the part of a Republican. An agricultural society has been dissolved before now only for listening to an address by a Republican, in which some vital questions were treated from the republican point of view.

An agricultural society, founded in the department of Gironde in 1840, and which had proved itself a very useful institution, had, last year, the imprudence to permit an address to be delivered before it by M. Pascal Duprat, who took occasion to elevate the arts of production above those of destruction; calling attention to the fact that the money squandered in unnecessary and unjust wars would, employed upon agriculture, render all the waste land in the country fertile. He instanced the expedition against Rome, and certainly did not spare the government which employed the money of the people in this work. It was the more ungrateful in the society to listen to this seditious

harangue, inasmuch as it had received governmental aid, that very year, to the amount of a thousand francs, or about two hundred dollars. The prefect pronounced the dissolution of the agricultural society. At the meeting held a few weeks ago by the council-general of the department of Gironde, one of the members proposed the re-establishment of the society, on the ground of the great services it had rendered to agriculture.

The prefect defended his act. "I had always supposed," he said, "that a *comice agricole* was founded to honor and glorify agriculture, and not to cultivate politics; but it seems that I was in error; the Montagnards would change all that. Last year, when the *comice* of the Landes held its agricultural festival, M. Pascal Duprat was designedly brought to this celebration by his political friends. No sooner arrived than he began to speak. Permit me to cite a passage from his discourse: 'The men who govern us know how to find money enough for slaughtering a people or immolating its liberty. Have they not found in the national treasury sixty millions for that deplorable expedition to Rome, which has made the republican standard the accomplice of European royalties? Why did they not reserve this money, raised upon the fruits of your toil, for the wants and necessities of agriculture?' This incendiary appeal to every bad passion," continued the prefect, "occasioned a great scandal among this excellent people of the Landes. The men of order were indignant. I received several remonstrances on the subject. A lesson was necessary. I pronounced the dissolution of the society. I maintain my decision."

We see, from time to time, reports of addresses made by the men of order to the electors of this or that place. The Republicans cannot, like their antagonists, take advantage of an agricultural meeting to open their views to their fellow-citizens; neither have they the same freedom to make opportunities for themselves.

The *Courrier de l'Euve* stated, not long ago, that M. Garnier-Pagès, who was "making a democratic tour" in the department of Orne, was sent for by the procureur of the republic, resident in the arrondissement of Mortagne, to receive "a severe reprimand, together with the advice to moderate the activity of his republican propagandism."

M. Garnier Pagès was a member of the Constituent Assembly; a member of the Executive Commission elected by that Assembly; the second on the list, coming next to Arago, in the number of votes he received. And this man, the compeer of men once at the head of the affairs of the French nation, is to be reprimanded by a procureur for presuming to speak on national affairs to the people of one of the departments of France!

The Constitution secures to the people the right of association and of peaceful assemblage. The National Assembly has found means to relieve the government of the inconveniences of these republican provisions by giving it the power to suppress the societies it disapproves, and to prohibit meetings which, in its opinion, are likely to be detrimental to the public interest.

Even the meetings preparatory to elections cannot be held without authorization. You can judge, from the general course of things, how easily republican meetings for the choice of candidates may be found detrimental to the public interest. If not absolutely prohibited, conditions may be imposed which are deadly to freedom of discussion. It is evident that, if the republicans would exchange ideas or form plans, they must proceed with precaution. Correspondence carried on with secrecy leads to accusations of conspiracy. Private meetings held with a view to political discussion or conversation are broken up as illegal,

and the participators in them are liable to prosecution.

September 27th.—The ignorance of the common people is continually brought forward as a reason why they should have no share in the government of the country. I am not sure that the ignorance of the higher classes is not greater and of a worse kind. But, in any case, ignorance, except that arrogant sort which is the result of false instruction, is not an incurable defect. It cannot be pretended that the common people have not the same aptitude for knowledge or the same faculty for employing it with the class that scorns them. We see men come out from this obscure crowd to take the highest places in the highest departments. We see men, the pride of the reactionary ranks, boasting their plebeian origin to enhance the value of their devotion to royalty and oligarchy. We see men, eminent in the national service, who, of the people, remain of the people, and the best representatives of their capacities are also the best exponents of their wants and hopes. What might not this intelligent people of France have learned in these three years, if political and social questions of universal interest had been discussed before them by competent men of different parties and sects! But this ignorance, which is made the reproach of the people, is their most precious attribute in the view of those who would still manage and make use of them. It is guarded with anxious care.

The people of France are ostensibly living under a Constitution which ordains for them all the means of political instruction and opportunities of political discussion enjoyed by the most favored nations; but the most essential of these privileges are as much out of their reach as if they were subjects of Austria or Russia.

M. L. P.

IN THE LANE.

BY cottage walls the lilacs blow :
Rich spikes of perfume stand and sway
At open casements, where all day
The warm wind waves them to and fro.
Out of the shadow of the door,
Into the golden morning air,
Comes one who makes the day more fair
And summer sweeter than before.
The apple-blossoms might have shed
Upon her cheek the bloom so rare ;
The sun has kissed her bright brown hair,
Braided about her graceful head.
Lightly betwixt the lilacs tall
She passes, — through the garden-gate,
Across the road, — and stays to wait
A moment by the orchard wall ;
And then in gracious light and shade,
Beneath the blossom-laden trees,
'Mid song of birds and hum of bees
She strays, unconscious, unafraid,
Till swiftly o'er the grassy space
Comes one whose step she fain would stay ;
Glad as the newly risen day
He stoops to read her drooping face.
Her face is like the morning skies,
Bright, timid, tender, blushing sweet ;
She dares not trust her own to meet
The steady splendor of his eyes.
He holds her with resistless charm,
With truth, with power, with beauty crowned,
About her slender waist is wound
The strong, safe girdle of his arm ;
And up and down, in shade and light,
They wander through the flying hours,
And all the way is strewn with flowers,
And life looks like one long delight.
Ah happy twain ! no frost shall harm,
No change shall reach your bliss so long
As keeps its place the faithful, strong,
Safe girdle of that folding arm.
Could you this simple secret know,
No death in life would be to fear,
Ere in another fleeting year
By cottage walls the lilacs blow !

Celia Thaxter.

KATE BEAUMONT.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NELLIE and Kate passed their twenty-four hours of detention in Brownville without disturbance from Randolph Armitage.

That high-flung gentleman had been stranded by his debauch on the outer reefs of that horrible country which is haunted by the afreets and rocs and serpents and apes of delirium tremens, remaining for several days so bruised and shaken with his shipwreck that he was content to lie in bed and submit to the nursing of Quash and Bentley. But the women, not knowing his wretched state, had no anxiety for him and much for themselves, expecting to see his inflamed visage from minute to minute. Consequently they sought a refuge from him, passing the day in the house of a venerable friend of the Beaumont race, and returning in the evening by back streets to the hotel.

"You shall not come with us," said Mrs. Armitage to her host, fearing yet lest her irrational husband might find her, and not willing to lead her old friend into an unpleasantness. "We shall do much the best without you. Only let us have your Cato."

As Cato marched behind at a decorous distance, the two women had a chance to commune together, and, being women, did commune. Nor is it any wonder either that their talk, after fluttering unsatisfied from subject to subject, should alight upon Frank McAlister. Kate did not mean to speak of him; indeed, she had made a resolve that she would never utter his name again; but there seemed to be a magical power about the man, and he would get himself mentioned. On the present occasion he made his entrance upon the scene by dint of that sorcery which is commonly called "an impression."

"I have such a strange feeling,"

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said the girl, when her sister charged her with absent-mindedness and inattention. "It seems to me that we are about to meet—one of the McAlisters."

"Which one?" demanded Mrs. Armitage, crisply.

Kate hesitated; she did not like to expose her weakness; moreover, she found "Frank" a great word to utter.

"I know which one," added Nellie. "Ah, Kate, do you think a woman does n't understand such things? I have had just such impressions. O dear, how well I remember them yet! You make me sad; you make me think how happy I was once; it is dreadful to look back upon lost happiness. O yes, I can't help understanding you."

"I don't wish you to impute too much to me," said the girl, gently.

"Kate, let us be frank," returned Nellie. "If we are women, we are Beaumonts. Let us speak the whole truth as our race does."

"I have never failed to do that but two or three times in my life," murmured Kate, remembering with a flush of shame how she had once glided by the direct fact in prattling with Jenny Devine about Frank McAlister. "But is there any need of talking about this?"

"Perhaps there is," said Nellie, pensively. "It is hard to decide whether silence or talk is best. Don't you want to talk about it?"

Kate made no answer.

She needs sympathy, thought Nellie; she shall have a chance to demand it.

"I know that you like him," she went on aloud. "I know that it must pain you to find yourself separated from him for life. I don't blame you."

Still Kate spoke not. Denial and confession were both beyond her power; she walked on silently, with tears in her eyes.

"Ah well, Kate!" sighed Mrs. Armitage, fully comprehending this dumb suffering. "There is nothing left now but to bear bravely what is and must be. But if ever you want a heart to lean upon, here is mine for you, the whole of it."

Kate caught her sister's arm, bowed her head upon her shoulder, and walked thus for a few steps, still without speaking.

"O my poor darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, stopping and embracing the girl passionately. "It's lucky that life is n't very long. It's the best thing about it."

After some further walking she resumed: "He is better than most men, in spite of his treatment of Tom. But it is useless to talk of him. There is the feud. I suppose you must marry some one else when the time comes."

"I won't be married at all," whispered Kate, her mind suddenly reverting to that horror of a husband, Randolph Armitage. She was in a state of feeling to believe that all men were like him, except the one man from whom she was divided forever.

On reaching the hotel they went at once to their rooms to prepare for the early start of the morrow. But presently Kate missed her travelling-bag, guessed that she might have left it in the parlor, and went down in search of it. The room was deserted and darkling, for sojourners in that season were few, and watchful thrift had turned down the gas-jets. The girl found her bag, but there was something in the spacious gloom and lonesomeness which suited her feelings, and she lingered. There were two sets of windows; the front ones looked upon the street, and the rear ones upon a veranda and garden; outside, everything was illuminated and idealized by the abundant moonlight. Kate walked slowly to and fro, glancing first at one of the little landscapes and then at the other, and wondering that the world could seem so much more like an abode of happiness than she found it.

She remained thus for ten or fifteen minutes, unconscious that she was watched.

In the rear veranda a man lurked, trembling with agitation. The night was cool, but he did not notice it; if it had been freezing, he would not have noticed it. When Kate approached him he slipped shamefacedly away, and when she receded he placed himself once more at one or other of the windows, there to gaze after her with an air of anxiety which was like the greediness of hunger. Occasionally he started, as if under some violent impulse, and moved towards a door which opened into the parlor; then as suddenly he checked himself, fell into a meditation and shook his head sadly; then hastened back to his spying-place. It was evident that he wished to speak to the girl inside, and that for some weighty reason he did not dare.

This man was Frank McAlister. We must explain how he came here. South Carolina had at last summoned him to prove his science; he had been commissioned to report upon an iron-mine in Saxonburg. Half sick and weakly dispirited, his first impulse had been to decline the job and continue to coddle his sorrows at home under the pitying eyes of his mother and within prompt reach of the sympathy of Jenny Devine. But he made out to remember that he was a metallurgist and that it was high time to magnify his calling. He bade a grateful good-by to Jenny (under the eyes of Major Lawson, as one happens to recollect), and left her without suspecting that he had won her fervent admiration, not to say a little, be it more or less, of her affection. Then he journeyed to his mine and collected specimens of the ore for analysis; and now here he was, waiting like the two ladies for the morning train eastward. The presence of Kate in the hotel parlor he had discovered while taking a sentimental walk in the moonlit veranda.

The one great question which at once occupied his mind was, should he speak to her. Of course he answered

it as a gentleman and a man of sense, saying over and over that it would be useless, that it could only do harm, that he ought not and would not. But on the other hand an impulse which cared for not reason or reproof insisted that he must. Only one word, pleaded this passionate impulse; what that word should be it did not suggest; simply that he must find and utter it. Rationality and sense of propriety fought their battle in vain against emotion. After advancing repeatedly to the door, and retreating from it as often, he opened it and was before her.

It will be remembered that she had had an impression that he was at hand. That impression, absurd as she believed it to be, had so prepared her for the meeting, that she was not surprised by his appearance, and recognized him at once in the obscurity. She did not, however, speak, further than to murmur, "Mr. McAlister."

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "I could not help entering."

It seemed for a moment as if these words must end the conversation, and he would have to retire ignominiously without uttering a syllable to any purpose. Kate did not answer him; she knew not what to say. She believed that he ought not to be there, and that she ought not to allow him to remain. At the same time it was quite impossible for her to bid him retire. Thus she stood looking at him, her face flushed with excitement, her lips parted as if to speak, but silent.

"I wish to ask your forgiveness, — yes, and that of your whole family," recommenced Frank, luckily remembering his difficulty with Tom, and so finding something to say. "I was a brute to tie your brother and a madman to go out with him. There must be some natural want of delicacy in me. I did not see it then, but I see it now. I see it just in time to repent of it uselessly."

"Mr. McAlister, I do not want to talk of this," replied Kate, pained at his humbling himself so.

"No. Of course not. I had no right to speak of it to you."

He would go on bowing in the dust; would prostrate himself unnecessarily.

"Don't!" she imposed with the simplicity and brevity of earnest feeling. "I am not angry at you. If I was angry, it is over."

"Is it possible?" he asked, so grateful for what he esteemed unmerited pardon, that he wanted to fall on his knees, as if to a forgiving deity. "This is more than I ever hoped to hear from you. I have hated myself for my folly, and believed that you hated me for it. I thought also that you must share the natural feelings of your family towards me. I have been in despair over it."

"Mr. McAlister, you don't know how you pain me," Kate could not help saying in reply to this supposition that she could hate him.

"O yes, I have done you injustice," he went on. "I suppose my thoughts have sprung from my fears. Well, I am greatly relieved; I am just a little satisfied. You at least forgive me."

"If I blamed you, it was for the duel."

"But I did not challenge, and I did not fire at him," he insisted, still bent on excusing himself. "I wanted to be shot."

"O, how could you!" shuddered Kate.

"I was in despair. You did not answer my letters."

"Perhaps I was wrong. I did not know what to do. There was this miserable quarrel, and all intercourse forbidden. I did not like to write, not even to say good by, unless my father knew it."

"I ought to have had more patience," confessed Frank, perpetually ready to condemn himself.

"It does seem to me that you ought, Mr. McAlister. I expected a great deal of patience and calmness from you."

"And it is you who have shown all the patience and all the good sense," declared the young man, in a passion of humility. "And I have played the

part of a madman and an idiot. I am so much your inferior!"

"O no!" Kate could not help saying it, and could not help advancing a little towards him, she so wanted to console him under his burden of self-reproach.

Before she knew what he was about he had taken her hand and kissed it.

Meantime Mrs. Armitage, wishing to give some direction concerning the start in the morning, had gone to her sister's room in search of her, and thence descended to the parlor. She appeared just in time to see the hand raised and the kiss impressed upon it.

"Mr. McAlister, is this proper conduct?" she demanded, flaming at once into anger. "Is this keeping your promise to me?"

Frank's soul was in a confused whirl; but he tried to look down the maelstrom and discover the truth at the bottom of it; and he thought he saw that he had not broken his word in regard to paying court to Miss Beaumont without her sister's consent.

"I was asking her pardon," he said. "I asked her pardon for ill-treating her brother and for going out with him. She granted it, and I thanked her."

He spoke with such a manly self-respect and such a sincerity of tone, that Mrs. Armitage could not help believing him. Moreover, his voice and manner moved her; they were eloquent with uprightness of character and fervor of emotion; they made a music which she had heard and been well pleased with heretofore. Her confidence in him and her liking for him returned upon her with such force that she could not at once go on with her scolding.

"I ask your pardon also for those wrongs, Mrs. Armitage," he added presently.

"O, let them pass," she replied impatiently, vexed with herself for losing her anger at him. "That has all been cancelled in the proper way, I suppose. But what right have you here? Why did you come here?"

He told her how he happened to be

in Brownville, and added that he had discovered her sister by accident.

"Then you go down in the train with us to-morrow?" she inquired.

"If you object, I will wait over."

"I don't see that I have any right to object," mused Mrs. Armitage. "As things stand between our families, I have not the least authority over you."

"I concede the right and the authority," bowed the young man.

"I don't object. It would be asking a favor of you, — placing ourselves under an obligation."

"I assure you that I would not so consider it."

"I tell you that I do not object," repeated Nellie, a little annoyed by this bandying of courtesies with a man to whom she ought not to speak at all, as she believed. "But —" she added, and then checked herself.

Frank waited respectfully.

"I may as well say it," she went on, her vexation rising as she found the interview more and more embarrassing, "you should not have spoken to my sister. I am not blaming her; she could not well help listening; I am blaming you for speaking. You should not have done it."

"You are quite right," admitted Frank. "I should not have done it."

"No, and you certainly should not have done more," persisted the impulsive Nellie, unable to let well alone.

"I know it," the repelled lover burst forth. "But, Mrs. Armitage, are you no woman at all?" he continued in a whisper, — a whisper tremulous with passion, — a whisper which Kate overheard. "Can't you concede any latitude to misery? Just look at me," he added, turning his thin face to the light. "Am I the same man that I was? You at least ought to guess what this change in me means. I have borne wretchedness enough in the last month to make me lose my reason. Indeed, I have lost it; I have behaved like a madman; I have behaved so, I suppose, this evening. I never meant to speak to your sister until I saw her; and then I could not help it. I was

driven to ask her forgiveness, and driven to humble myself before her all the more because she forgave me. Why, don't you know, can't you understand, what has happened to me? Separated from her! separated for life! Can't you imagine what that all means to me? It means a broken heart, if there can be such a thing."

"O, stop!" begged Mrs. Armitage, as Kate fled to the other end of the room, threw herself on a sofa and covered her face. "O, these men! there is no doing anything with them. Don't you see what mischief you are making? You should n't have come here. Do go away."

"No, I should n't have come here," said Frank, recovering a little of his self-possession. "It has only made bad worse."

"Yes," sighed Nellie. "And here I am pitying you. How could you charge me with not being a woman?"

"O, if I said that, I did you great wrong. I did not know that I said it. I beg your pardon."

"It does n't matter. I am not angry with you. No, I am not angry with you about anything, though I suppose I ought to be. If you are really so wretched, how can I be angry with you? But come; all this talk is useless, worse than useless. As long as the quarrel between our families lasts you cannot be near to Kate, nor even to me. If it should ever end, then — perhaps —"

"So you will still be friendly to me, or at least not hostile?" he asked, his face so lighting up that it fascinated her.

"I must not say too much," she answered; but she could not help giving him her hand. He pressed it in both his, and barely stopped short of kissing it. Then turning a last long look upon the silent girl on the sofa, he left the parlor and went straight to his room, a lighter-hearted man than he had been for a month.

"Ah, Kate!" said Mrs. Armitage, taking her sister's arm and leading her away. "What with a crazy man and

an idiotic woman, you have had a wretched time. O, these lovers! I may as well say the word. He has told you all about it, — with my help. There is no stopping them. No woman really and heartily wants to stop them. I was fool enough to let him go on and provoke him to go on. I ought to suffer for it, and I do. For it was so useless! oh, it was so useless! Come, let us go to our rooms and go to sleep. I wish I could sleep all the while. I wish you could, my poor darling. The insensible hours are the happiest hours of one's life. Even nightmares are not so bad as realities. Here is one of the unhappiest women in the world talking nonsense to the next unhappiest. That is what waking life is. Let us get to sleep as quickly as possible. If we could sleep half the time, we should just balance accounts between wretchedness and pleasure. It is a poor consolation."

They were by this time at the door of Kate's room. Mrs. Armitage kissed her sister, lingered a moment on the threshold, and then entered.

"I can't leave you yet," she said. "It is only ten o'clock, although it seems late enough to be morning, to be the next world. You will sleep the quicker if we talk awhile. What a comfort talk is to women. How did our poor ancestresses get along before they learned how to do it, if there ever was such a time?"

"How are we to treat him to-morrow?" asked Kate, not even hearing her sister's prattle, though meant to divert her.

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Armitage. "That is true. Circumstances have changed since I allowed him to go in the train. Perhaps, when he told his story, I ought to have forbidden his coming."

"Are you going to forbid it?" inquired Kate so anxiously that Nellie could not reply, Yes.

"It does not seem to matter much," she said, after a moment of hesitation. "It surely cannot matter so very, very much. I shall leave him at liberty in

the question. I shall trust to his judgment."

Did it not occur to her that trusting to the judgment of a man in love, especially after what had happened during the evening, was leaning on a reed? The truth is that Nellie remembered her own time of loving; she guessed that these two must long beyond expression to look at each other, only to look; and in her sympathetic woman's heart she could not find the hardness to forbid it.

But half an hour later, as she went to her own room, she said to herself earnestly, "I do hope he will stay behind. Will he?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WARM hearts, as you already know, had the Beaumonts; hearts quick to spring and demanding incessant activity; not, however, in the manner of lambs, kids, and other playful creatures; rather like blood horses, puissant for either good or evil.

Mrs. Armitage was like the rest of her kind; when she was not hating she was loving. By nature she was a woman of the marrying sort, disposed to rush into matrimony herself and to help others do the like. Even now, despite her sad experience in wedded life, she believed in making love and taking the consequences. It was impossible for her to conceive how a person of her own sex could have a heart and not use it. That a girl, under any circumstances, should become an old maid as a matter of preference, was a thing outside of her belief. Not to love and not to marry was in her eyes to be either a wilful monstrosity or a victim of horribly adverse circumstance. She was born to think thus, and could not for twenty-four hours together think otherwise, not even under the pressure of her hardest wifely troubles, not even when flying from her husband. It is no wonder that a woman of such an affectionate and sympathetic character should remember Kate's declaration

that she would never marry, and should revolt against it.

"See here," she began upon the girl early in the morning. "I don't like your saying that you will never take anybody at all. You mustn't get into that state of mind. It is unnatural in a woman. It can't lead to happiness. I don't believe there is any such thing as single-blessedness,—at least not for our sex. The phrase is ironical; it really means single misery. There are no contented and cheerful old maids; you never saw one, and you never will. An old maid is a complete failure. She is like a man who does not succeed in man's careers. Rather than be one, you had better marry a scoundrel, even if you get a divorce from him. You would at least have some short use of your affections; and you would, besides, occupy your mind and your time. Now that is the deliberate, serious opinion of a wife who has failed almost as completely as a wife can. I want you to lay it to heart."

"O, tell me about it some other time," sighed Kate, wearied of the subject of marriage, or fancying that she was so.

They reached the station without seeing Frank McAlister or learning whether he would be with them on the train. When the cars started he had not yet appeared, and they supposed that he had remained behind. Kate was disappointed; she had hoped to have him near her, though she might not even look at him; she had expected to draw just a little consolation from that unsocial propinquity. But, strange to say, Mrs. Armitage was also disappointed, in spite of her feeling that his absence was a relief, and that it was for the best.

"I did not expect such discretion," she said to herself; "he is not so manly a man as I took him to be; he is almost too gentlemanly a gentleman."

Turning presently to throw a shawl over her seat, she saw him standing on the rear platform of the car, and glancing sidelong through the window. She was so amused, and, in spite of her un-

easiness, so gratified, that she could scarce forbear laughing outright. "I might have known it," she thought; "he has got there to look at Kate undisturbed; just to look at the back of her bonnet."

She absolutely longed to beckon him in and offer him her own place. A few minutes later she discovered that he had slyly entered and was sitting on the rearmost seat, with his face settled straight to the front. "O dear!" she reflected, "how is this going to end? I am afraid I shall be wickedly weak about it. I have n't half hard-heartedness enough for a duenna."

She was so interested in this love imbroglio, that during most of the journey she forgot her own troubles. She was so bewildered by it that she could not remember her prejudices as a Beaumont, her sage deliberations as a woman who had seen life, and her anxieties as an elder sister. The near presence of strong love intoxicated a nature given to affection and full of sympathy for it. That man behind her, sending all his soul through his eyes at Kate's hat-ribbons, she could not help thinking of him continually, could not help wishing him success. "If it only could be!" she repeatedly said to herself; and presently she began to inquire, "Why should it not be?"

Her former fancy for the youngster came back upon her in full force; and from liking him the next step was to consider him unexceptionable as a match. After an hour or so of sympathizing with the longings of this faithful and fascinating lover, it seemed clear to her that Kate could not find another man who would make her so good a husband. As for the intervening family feud, could it not be got rid of by defying it? It had blocked the engagement; but if the engagement should be brought about by main force, that might block the feud; the initiative, the aggressive, counted for so much in these matters. She remembered two scolding negresses whom she had once seen, one of whom was pouring forth a stream of abuse, while the other listened with

an air of patient menace, merely muttering, "Ef you coughs, you's gone up." She smiled at the recollection and said to herself, "If the quarrel coughs, it is done." In spite of her conscientiousness, her manly sense of honor, and her strong family feeling, Nellie was soon dallying with the idea of a runaway match. Her principles were as high and solid as mountains, but her sympathies were as strong as the volcanic fires which devour mountains. Vigorous in every point of her character, she was all the more a changeable creature, a woman of the women.

At last—O, how impatiently Nellie had waited for it!—the younger sister rose, arranged her travelling-rug, looked about her and discovered Frank McAlister. He ventured to remove his hat as he caught her glance, and she just drooped her long lashes in acknowledgment of the salute. When she sat down again her cheeks were rose-beds of blushes, and her hazel eyes were full of flashes which blinded her.

"Ah, you saw," whispered Nellie, trembling with an excitement which was almost glee. "I knew an hour ago that he was there."

"O Nellie, what shall I do?" asked Kate, reeling between terror and an irresistible gladness.

"Jump out of the window," advised Nellie, fairly giggling. We must surely pardon her slightly hysterical frame, when we remember how little she had slept of late.

"Nellie, you are laughing at me," said Kate, piteously. "It is shabby and cruel of you."

"So it is. But I can't help laughing. He is actually browsing on your bonnet trimmings."

"Be still, Nellie," begged the girl, raising both hands to her cheeks, as if to push back the crowding blushes. "You shall not make us so ridiculous. O, I wish he had stayed away! Why did n't he?"

"It is too absurd," declared Mrs. Armitage, with a nervous start. "I can't have him there making an image

of himself and making everybody wonder what we are. I must bring him up here where he will have to behave himself."

"O, no!" pleaded Kate. "It will lead to misunderstanding and trouble of all sorts."

But, impelled by her nerves, Mrs. Armitage sprang to her feet, faced toward the young man, and beckoned him to approach. He obeyed her in great anxiety, expecting to be requested to leave the car, and fully prepared to make the rest of the journey with the baggage-master, or even to jump off the train if so ordered. This last feat, by the way, would not have been an eminently dangerous one, inasmuch as the railroad velocity of that region rarely surpassed ten miles an hour. It must be understood also that the train had only one passenger-car, and that one by no means full. Negroes travelled not at all, except as nurses, etc.; the low-down population travelled very little; high-toned people were scarce.

"I suppose that you have no provisions," said Mrs. Armitage to the youngster. "Since you are here, you must share in our basket. Would you mind turning over the seat in front and riding backward?"

"I am very grateful to you," replied Frank, who would have ridden on a rail to be near Miss Beaumont.

Then followed a conversation of several hours, — a conversation managed with good taste and discretion; not a word as to the family quarrel or the love affair; all about travelling, Europe, and other unimpassioned subjects. Sensible, full of information, and for the time in good spirits, the young man was fairly luminous, and more than ever dazzled Mrs. Armitage. By the time the party separated she had arrived at a solid resolve to break up the family feud if possible, and to bring about a match between these two, whether it were possible or not. Of course the male Beaumonts would not fancy her projects, and perhaps would oppose them domineeringly and angrily.

But she determined to fight them; her long contest with the brutalities of her husband had made her somewhat of a rebel against men; and besides, the law of the "survival of the fittest" had blessed her, as it had blessed all her breed, with abundant pugnacity.

"I am his sworn ally," she said to her sister as they drove homeward. "If he proposes, do you accept him. Then I will go to papa with the whole story, and if he is naughty, I will appeal to your grandpapa."

"I will neither do nor permit anything of the sort," replied the almost over-tempted Kate, with tears in her eyes.

"We will see," prophesied Nellie. "O, you good little cry-baby! Kiss me."

As there had been no time for advisory letters, the two ladies were their own heralds at the plantation. But while the father and brothers were surprised by their advent, they were all the more delighted. The family sympathy was so strong in this race, that in the matter of welcoming kinspeople the Beaumont men were more like women than like the generality of their own sex. Moreover, in the dull routine of plantation life, every event is a gratification, and especially every visit.

"Why, my babies!" trumpeted Peyton. "This is the blesseddest sight I have had in a month. So, Kate, you could n't stay away any longer from your old father? God bless you, my darling. And Nellie, — why, I had n't a hope of this, — this is too good. So you brought her down, did you? Nellie, you were always a wonderful girl; always doing some nice thing unexpectedly. And the little fellows, too! My God, what boys they are! what boys!"

When the brothers came in there was an incomprehensible clatter of talk. These eight Beaumonts, old and young, babbled in a way which would have done honor to their remotest and purest French ancestors. Despite the sad secrets lurking in some of these hearts, it was a scene of unmixed en-

joyment and *abandon*. In the gladness of meeting their relatives, even the women forgot their troubles.

Not till the next morning, not till Peyton Beaumont had had time to settle upon the fact that his daughters were paler and thinner than when they went away, were any unpleasant subjects broached. Drawing Nellie into his favorite solitude and sanctum, the garden (the old duelist loved flowers), he demanded, "What the — what is the matter with you two? Here I sent Kate up country to get rosy and hearty, and she has come back as pale as a lily. And you, too; why, I never saw you so broken down; why, I thought you had a constitution: what *is* the matter?"

"See here, papa," began Mrs. Armitage, and then for a breath was silent. "Well, it has come time to act, and of course it is time to talk," she resumed. "I have had to leave my husband, and I am excusable for telling why."

"Had to leave your husband!" echoed the father, his bushy eyebrows bristling and his saffron eyes turning bloodshot. "The infamous scoundrel!"

He was so much of a Beaumont that he never doubted for a moment that his own flesh and blood was in the right. He asked for no more than the fact that his daughter had felt herself compelled to leave her husband. On that he judged the case at once and forever.

Then came the wretched story; at least a part of it, enough of it.

"The infamous scoundrel!" repeated Beaumont, breathing hard, like a tiger scenting prey. "Be tranquil. Be perfectly easy. He won't live the month out."

"Have a care what you do," replied Nellie. "I don't want the whole world to know what I have suffered."

"Who is going to know it?" interrupted the old fire-eater. "By heavens, I'll shoot the man who dares to know it. If any man dares to look as though he knew it, I'll shoot him."

"You can't shoot the women," said Nellie.

"We can call out their men," was the reply of a gentleman who knew the customs of good society.

"And every stone thrown into the puddle will rile it the more," sighed Nellie. "Besides, I don't want blood spilt."

"But, good heavens, you don't mean that I shall hear this abuse of you in patience,—hear it as though I were a Yankee pedler or a Dunker preacher! It can't be borne."

"Father, here is what I want of you," declared Nellie, as emphatic as her parent. "Bear it as I do. You are surely the least sufferer of the two. All I want is to be allowed to live apart from my husband. Help me in that; protect me in that. I not only do not ask anything more, but I forbid anything more. In this matter I have a right to command. I want you to promise me that there shall be no challenging on my account. If you won't promise that, I will go back to him."

After a long argument, and after a good deal of bloodthirsty glaring and snuffing the air, Beaumont grumbled an ungracious and only partial assent.

"Let him keep away, then," he said, shaking his iron-gray mane. "If he wants to go on breathing, let him keep out of my sight."

"You won't tell the boys anything of this?" begged Nellie, remembering that her influence over her brothers was slighter than that over her father.

"Why not?" demanded Beaumont, who had half meant to tell the boys, knowing well their pugnacity.

"Father, you comprehend why of course. Do grant me this favor; do promise me. I want this whole matter in my own hands. Leave it to my judgment. Promise me not to tell them."

And so, unable to resist a child, and above all a daughter, Beaumont sulkily promised.

"But of course you will go on staying here," he insisted.

"I don't know where else to stay," groaned Nellie, suddenly wounded by a sense of dependence.

"My God, my child!" he exclaimed, throwing an arm around her waist and drawing her close to his side. "Where else should you stay?"

"And my children, too," added the mother, hardly able to keep from sobbing.

"I would like to see anybody get them away from here," returned Beaumont, squaring his broad chest as if to face a combatant, and thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of drawing derringers.

Left to himself, he muttered a great deal about Armitage, shaking a clenched fist as if he had the brute before him, elevating his bushy eyebrows as a wild boar raises his bristles, halting abruptly to stare fiercely at vacancy, etc.

"After all, I fancy that her way of managing the scoundrel is the best," he finally decided. "What a woman she is, that daughter of mine! What fortitude and sense! In her place I should have made fifty scoundrels long ago. By heavens, these women amaze me, they do indeed. In their own business—that is to say, in matters that belong to—well in short, their own business, they are wonderful."

When he thus praised women he of course meant such as were born ladies, and more particularly such as were born Beaumonts, though he could hardly have been thinking of Mrs. Chester.

Nellie's next notable conversation with her father began with a reference to the controversy with the McAlisters.

"When does the election take place?" she asked.

"In about three weeks," calmly responded the veteran politician.

"And the misunderstanding with the Judge still continues."

"Humph," grunted papa. It occurred to him that in discussing his affairs of state she was getting beyond woman's business.

"It would be well to devise some plan to make him give up his opposition," continued Nellie.

"Humph," repeated Beaumont. He was determined not to talk with her on this subject; he preferred to be left to his own will and judgment in masculine matters.

"Could n't he be got to withdraw his candidature?" persisted the daughter.

"I don't want him to withdraw," snorted Beaumont, starting like an angered horse, and forgetting his purpose of reticence. "I prefer to have him run. I want to beat him."

"O," said Nellie, somewhat disappointed. "I had an idea that beating him was not so certain. Poinsett tells me that it is likely to be a very close contest."

"Did Poinsett say that?" asked the father, clearly a little alarmed. "Well, I must admit that the Judge is working very hard. There is a great deal of money being spent,—I don't know where it comes from,—but it does come. By heavens, if I get a hold on them!"

"It would be a capital thing, then, to induce him to withdraw," inferred Nellie.

"But how the deuce is it to be done?" answered Beaumont in a pet. "Do you know what you are talking about? I don't think you do."

"Perhaps not," assented Nellie, sagaciously; she was leading the way to a change of subject; she was devising a new approach.

"Then let us drop the matter," said the bothered candidate.

"I have something to say to you about Kate," resumed Nellie, opening her second parallel. "Did you ever know Bent Armitage is very fond of her?"

"Bent Armitage!" exclaimed the father in great wrath. "I'll have no more Armitages in my family. I won't have one in my house. It's a bad race. They run to drunkenness and brutality. One of them is enough and a thousand times too much. Bent Armitage may go to the Old Harry. He can't have my daughter. He sha' n't speak to her. He sha' n't come here."

"I thought you liked Bent pretty well."

"So I did, in a fashion. I liked his gabble and his stories well enough. I've no objection to hearing him talk now and then. But when it comes to his paying attention to Kate, that is quite another thing. Besides, I did n't fully know until now what a beast an Armitage can be. I did n't thoroughly understand the nature of the breed. Now that I do know all that, I don't want to see him at all. I don't want any of the crop on my place."

"Bent is better than some men," softly said Nellie, remembering his kindness to herself.

"I tell you I don't want to hear about him," insisted Beaumont. "The moment you talk of the possibility of his courting Kate, I hate him. No more Armitages."

"McAlisters would be better," suggested Nellie.

"Yes, even McAlisters," assented the father. Although his words were ungracious, his manner did not show much bitterness, for at the moment he thought of Frank, and how he had once felt kindly towards him.

"A good deal better," added Nellie.

Beaumont stared and bristled. "What are you talking about now? I can't always keep track of you."

"Frank McAlister is altogether the best of the family," said Nellie, picking a flower or two with a deceptive air of absent-mindedness.

The father stared in a puzzled way; but at last he gave a hump of assent.

"That's no great matter," he presently growled. "It does n't take much of a man to be the best of the McAlisters."

"I don't see how the Judge could have such a noble fellow for a son," observed Nellie.

"Nor I either," declared Beaumont, thrown off his guard. "By heavens, he is a fine fellow, considering his surroundings. He is a perfect contrast to that sly old fox, his father. It's just as though a Roman should be the son of a Carthaginian. He has the making of a gentleman in him. To be sure, he did treat Tom— But never

mind about that, he did his best to make amends for it: he did very well. I must say, Nellie, that I was grieved to break with that young fellow. I had begun to like him."

"Ah, you liked him because he liked Kate," replied Nellie, insinuating the love affair into conversation with admirable dexterity.

"Nonsense!" denied Beaumont. "Well, of course I did," he immediately confessed, for he abhorred lying, even to white lies. "Naturally I like to have my children appreciated, and think well of people who do appreciate them. I admit, too, that I admire a man for exhibiting a proper perception of character, and especially of such a noble character as Kate undoubtedly has. But if you mean to say that I meant—"

"No, I don't mean to say that you meant anything," interrupted Nellie. "I will just say what I mean myself. I wish that match had come off."

"No, no," protested Beaumont. "I should have lost my daughter. We never can have a year's peace with that family. I can't have Kate married among people who would drag her away from me and set her up to fight me. I did think of it; I admit it. I was taken with that fellow, Frank, and I did think of letting him try his chance. But what has happened since then puts an end to the idea forever. No marriage with McAlisters. I can't allow it; I can't consider it. And if you mean to suggest that I ought to favor the match for the sake of getting rid of my political rival and assuring my seat in Congress, you are not the child that I have taken you for. Before I would sell one of my daughters in that way, I would let myself be shelved forever and I would step into my grave."

"Don't do me injustice," said Nellie. "If I hinted at that idea, I laid very little stress upon it, even in my own mind. But there is one thing that I want you to consider seriously. It is Kate's happiness. You must understand fully that she likes this young

man, and, as I believe, likes him very much. You must understand, too, that he is one of the best men that she can ever hope to have. She may never receive so good an offer again. He has n't a vice, not even of temper. You don't want her to marry an Armitage." (A growl from Beaumont.) "Well, there are plenty of Armitages who don't bear the name. To be sure, there are other young fellows as good perhaps as this one; there is Poindexter and Dr. Mattieson and our clergyman and so on; all nice fellows. But Kate does not care for them. And for *him* she does care."

"O Nellie!" groaned Beaumont. "Stop. I can't talk about this now. Some other time, when we get out of this fight, if ever we do. But I can't discuss it now. Do let me alone. Do you want to break my heart?"

"No, nor Kate's either," said Nellie.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE is a propensity in the human being when overtaken by trouble to want to know the worst.

If it were not for the awful mystery and the irrevocable decisiveness of the act of death, the man who is sweeping down rapids towards a cataract would undoubtedly long to reach the plunge. It may even be that to those who have gone over Niagara the moment of catastrophe has been a moment of relief.

Like most worried people, Peyton Beaumont proceeded to seek out the culmination of his worries; he stumbled on from his trying talk with Nellie about Kate to a still more trying talk with Kate about herself; he did it against his intention and desire, but he could not help doing it. It so tormented him to suspect that his pet daughter was sorrowing, that he could not rest until he had laid his finger on the pulse of her sorrow and made certain of its feverish throbbing.

First he watched her; he noted the unwonted paleness and the sad though

sweet seriousness of her face; he observed that, no matter how cheerfully he might prattle to her, he could not make her gay. The smiles that came on her lips, and the sparkles that rose from the lucid depths of her eyes, were transitory. Her demeanor was similar to an overshadowed day, during which the sun steals forth again and again, but only by moments.

"My child, I can't bear this," he at last broke out; "you are unwell or unhappy, and you don't say why. You make me anxious and—and miserable."

Kate glanced at him with a surprised and frightened expression. Her feelings were of such a delicate nature, that to have them handled by a man, even by a father whom she loved and who worshipped her, was terrible. The Creator has seldom fashioned a being more sensitive, more maidenly modest, than was this girl. Excepting with those eyes of a scared fawn, she made no reply.

"What is it, my darling?" insisted Beaumont, taking her hands and drawing her against his shoulder. "Is it something unbearable?"

His manner was as tender as if he were a mother instead of a father. In view of the seeming paradox contained in the fact, we cannot too strenuously repeat that this warlike old chieftain, scarred with duels and stained with the heart's blood of more than one of his fellow-men, was a singularly affectionate parent. His children were a part of himself; indeed, he held them as the finest and most precious part; he would have risked fortune and life to right the wrong of any one of them. His parental feeling was all the stronger because of the spirit of family which possessed him, as it possessed all his race. His progeny were Beaumonts; he was the sheik, the patriarch of the Beaumont tribe; he was responsible for the welfare of every member of it. This family instinct, one of the most natural and beneficent of emotions, the germ from which human society first took its development, was a passion

with him. A noble passion, we must pause to declare; noble, not only on account of its manly, unselfish direction and beautiful results, but also on account of its fervor; for, as we have already said, and as far wiser men have said before us, the grandeur of a sentiment is measured not more by its purpose than by its force.

"Is it more than a Beaumont can endure?" he repeated gently, though with an appeal to the family pride.

"No, it is not more," answered Kate, quivering with her struggle to bear, as an overladen man quivers under his load.

The father was not satisfied; for he did not want his daughter to suffer at all, and she had tacitly confessed to suffering. His strongest impulse, however, was to justify himself.

"I did not seek this new quarrel," he said. "I can declare truly, that Judge McAlister forced it upon me. I could live with the man decently, if he would let me."

"O father, I have nothing to say about those matters. Why do you explain them to me?"

"Because I don't want you to blame me. I can't bear it. I say I could live with these people. As for the young man, — I mean Mr. Frank McAlister, — I respect him and like him."

Kate, in spite of her virginal modesty, gave him a glance of gratitude which stung him. He started, and then resigned himself; the girl did love that man; well, he must bear it.

"The deuce knows how it has all come about," he mumbled. "One thing has happened after another. We are all in a muddle of quarrelling. I wish we were out of it."

She made no answer, but he knew by the way she leaned against him that she echoed his wish with many times his earnestness.

"I must speak out," he declared. "It is my duty as a father. I know that this young man likes you and wishes to marry you. If your happi-

ness is concerned, I must know that. Then I will see what I can do."

Kate could endure no longer; she was fairly driven into a burst of tears and sobbing; she clutched her father and buried her face in his neck, all the while kissing him. It was the same as to say, "I am very miserable, but do not be unhappy about it and do not be vexed with me."

"O my poor child!" he repeated several times, patting her shoulder in a helpless way, the most discomfited of comforters.

At last she recovered her self-possession a little, gradually lifting her head until her lips touched his ear.

"Papa, I will tell you everything," she whispered. "I did love him, and O, I do! If you had let him propose to me, I should have taken him. But now it is different. Since I have seen how it must always be between our families, I have decided that I never will marry him, not even if you consent. I will not risk being put in hostility to my own family. And now let me go, quick. Let me run."

The instant he loosened his embrace she rustled out of the room and away to her own chamber, shutting the door upon herself with a noise of hurry which he could plainly hear.

Peyton Beaumont remained alone in a state of profound depression. After a while he exploded in a torrent of profane invective against Judge McAlister, making him alone responsible for breaking the peace between the two houses by his attempt to sneak into Congress, — the sly, perfidious, rascally old fox, the humbugging possum, the greedy raccoon! Finally, making a strong effort at self-control, an effort to crush his proudest aspirations, he exclaimed, "Hang the House of Representatives! I won't run for a seat. Let him have it. For once."

But the Honorable Beaumont had other business in the world besides that of being a vehicle for domestic and sentimental emotions. When he came to suggest to his sons and to his political confederates that he thought of

throwing up his candidature, he found that they did not look upon him merely in the light of his duty as a father, but expected of him knightly service as a champion of State Rights and Southern principles.

"Going to drop us, Beaumont!" exclaimed shining old General Johnson, his eloquent jaw falling so that he looked like the mummy of an idiot. "Why, good God, Beaumont, if our Alexander is to turn his back in the very moment of crossing the Granicus, what is to become of us?"

"General, I object to that expression, 'turning the back,'" responded the Honorable, his eyebrows ruffling until they made one think of two "fretful porcupines." "I must be allowed to say that I do not consider it a phrase which can be properly applied to any act of mine. General, I dislike the phrase."

"Metaphor, my dear Beaumont," bowed the General, restraining himself (pugnacious old tiger) for political reasons. "No offence intended, I do assure you. Mere poetical metaphor. Moreover, I withdraw it. Let us say prosaically and plainly, resigning your candidature. And now, the matter being thus posed, will you allow me to argue upon it?"

"Certainly, General, I shall be most happy to consider every suggestion you may have to offer."

"By God, I believe I'd fight him, if he did n't," thought Johnson. Then, speaking with unusual sententiousness by reason of the pressure of the crisis, he proceeded as follows: "Changing leaders in the moment of the shock of battle is equivalent to defeat. If we attempt to run any other candidate than yourself, particularly at this vital moment, we shall be beaten. A traitor to South Carolina will misrepresent South Carolina in the Federal Congress from this heretofore most truly and nobly represented district. The Southern phalanx will be broken in its very centre; and into the gap will rush the centralizing legions of the North. The sublime flag which our great Calhoun unfolded will be borne to the ground.

It will be defeat all along the line. States Rights will be trampled under foot. Southern principles will be scattered forever. Beaumont, my dear and revered Beaumont, you are standing on a tripod of the most fearful responsibility. Upon you rests the prediction of our future. Your action will be its prophecy and its creation."

In his "flight of eloquence" the minute old General trembled like a humming-bird.

"Pardon the emotion of a veteran who sees his flag in danger," he resumed, mastering his alcoholized nerves. "Excuse the earnestness of a legionary who has grown gray in the service of his State, and who now sees the fair fame and even the sovereign existence of that State imperilled. Hear me in patience and with solemn consideration, while I implore you not to leave our noble cause to its own unassisted strength in this hour of supreme trial. By those who conquered at Fort Moultrie, and by those who fell at Eutaw Springs and—ahem—at various other places, and by those who dropped from bloody saddles beside Marion and Sumter, I conjure you to hold fast the banner of South Carolina and lead her as heretofore onward to victory. Duncan McAlister to represent this district at Washington? What a downfall for us all! Duncan McAlister to stand in your place? What a downfall for you! Ah, my dear Beaumont, consider, before it is quite too late; con—sid—er!"

We must observe that Beaumont's speechifying was very unlike the Johnsonian; it was mere talk, plain and straightforward talk, somewhat disconnected and jerky, but earnest and often forcible; it consisted in saying outright what he thought and especially what he felt. But although he thus differed from the General in style, and although he knew in his secret mind that the eloquence of the latter was mainly flummery, he on the present occasion could not help being moved by it. Those magic names, Hartland District, South Carolina, Fort

Moultrie, Eutaw Springs, etc., always stirred him, no matter by whom pronounced or in what connection. He was a true son of the sacred soil of his State, and his veins thrilled at an allusion to his world-famous parentage. When "the old man eloquent" left the house, he shook hands with him cordially and thanked him for his friendly remonstrances.

"General, I will consider the matter further," he said. "If private affairs to which I cannot allude will permit, I will go on with my candidature. I will decide within two days, and let you know my decision at once. Meantime, not a word, I beg of you."

"Beaumont, I am the grave," solemnly responded the General, rising on the toes of his shabby boots; "I am a sarcophagus sealed in the centre of a pyramid. This secret is cemented in my breast; all I ask is, may it rot there; may it rot unexhumed and unsuspected. By those who fell at Fort Moultrie and Eutaw Springs," he was indistinctly heard to perorate as he descended the steps.

When Beaumont discussed his proposed demission with his sons, he encountered further earnest, though respectful opposition.

"It seems to me, sir, that our family honor is concerned in this matter," observed Vincent, more of a Beaumont even than a South-Carolinian.

"Our family honor!" repeated the father, reddening at the suggestion that he could be indifferent to that lofty consideration.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I am offensive. It is out of respect for you and regard for your reputation that I speak so plainly. Here is the way in which I look at the affair. You have said, Follow me; all our friends have rallied to your call; now you propose to turn back."

"Vincent, this is monstrous severe," said Beaumont, half scowling and half cringing.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I can't see it differently. If Poindexter, for instance, had offered himself as can-

didate, and had gone on at it until within ten days or so of the election, and then withdrawn without assigning cause, what should we have said of him? I won't suggest the answer."

Beaumont quailed before his son; but the next instant he thought of his suffering daughter; so he turned for help to the fat, lazy, indifferent Poinsett.

"Why not assign cause?" suggested this young gentleman.

"It is unassignable," and Beaumont shook his head.

Poinsett knew or guessed somewhat of the affair between Kate and Frank, and was not entirely devoid of sympathy with it, being slothfully good-hearted, like many fat people.

"Could you not say that you prefer peace with a neighbor above a seat in Congress?" he asked. "Men have done that sort of thing, and still been widely respected on earth, and found favor at last with St. Peter."

"I beg pardon; it is too late," broke in Vincent. "It should have been thought of before, or never. We can't afford to buy the friendship of the McAlisters at such a price as must be paid now. Why, this very motive for resigning the candidature is condemnatory. Are we afraid of those people? Do we want to get a favor out of them? Suppose, after all, we should not get it? What would be said of our purpose? What would be said of our disappointment?"

In compactness and in power of rapid allusion, it seems to me that the young man's speech was somewhat Demosthenian, and gave promise that he might grow into that creature so much admired by the Southerners, an able orator. It was evident, moreover, that he guessed at the gentle motive which influenced his father, and that he did not sympathize with it. There was a hard and pitiless substratum to Vincent's character,—a substratum which frequently came to view in the form of irony or a sneering smile; not unlike volcanic trap or granite breaking through the softer materials of earth's surface.

Meantime Tom Beaumont, not very quick-witted, and understanding the discussion only in part, prowled about the group of talkers with a sort of showing of the teeth, like a bulldog who awaits a signal to fight.

"On reflection, I take courage to bow to Vincent's opinion," said Poinsett, waving away the smoke of his cigar as if it were so much demoralizing sentiment, "on reflection, I beg leave to concede that a withdrawal just now would be an error. I beg leave to add that it would be more than an error of conduct; it would be, if I may use the expression, an error of character; it would mark a man's reputation and future."

Beaumont was driven to the wall, and knew not how to defend himself. He could not say to his sons, your sister loves Frank McAlister. The declaration was too tender and too awful for Kate's father to utter even to Kate's brothers.

"Poinsett, you are harder than Vincent," he muttered, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I beg pardon, I was philosophizing," said Poinsett. "I have a habit of considering a thing from a general point of view. It is a result, I perhaps mistakenly suppose, of my Germanic education. It leads, I believe, to truth. I meant no offence, my very dear father. If I have annoyed you, please lay it to a system of thought, and not to my intention."

"All the same, none of you agree with me," grumbled Beaumont, feeling himself quite alone among men, and consequently much depressed. Notwithstanding his passionate nature, and, indeed, precisely because of it, he lived and moved by the breath of human beings, and especially by that of his own kin.

A weak man, the cold-blooded may say; but they would not be more than half right. Just because he was sympathetic, he easily got people to rally round him, and made a pretty good local leader for a party, and had the name of being a man of action. More-

over, it was only among those who had a strong hold upon his affections that he showed himself gentle and pliable. The generality of men chiefly knew him as headstrong and pugnacious; the Yankee congressmen at Washington considered him one of the frightfullest of Southern bugbears; and against him the "Tribune" felt bound to hurl some of its weightiest Free-Soil thunder. Really, it is amazing how little a great man may be in his own house. One dares to wonder sometimes whether George Washington was august in the eyes of Mrs. George Washington.

Well, within twenty-four hours, revolving in the same time with the earth, Peyton Beaumont swung completely round on his axis. As he had decided for the sake of Kate to give up his candidature, so he decided for the sake of his sons, his honor, his party, and his State, to stick to it. He let go, as it were, to get a better hold. He resolved that he would fight his very best; that he would beat and smash the McAlister utterly; that he would bring down his confidence and pride forever. When General Johnson called again on his political flag-bearer, he found him breathing forth brandy and battle.

"I was all wrong, my old friend," confessed Beaumont. "I had a strange moment of weakness, and I came near committing an error. An error of character," he repeated, quoting from Poinsett, whose subtle distinction he had much admired. "I came near forfeiting my own respect, and I fear yours and all men's. Bless my soul and body, what a muddle it would have been! Well, henceforth the motto is, Forward."

"Forward to victory, my dear young friend," cackled the General, who, being twenty years the senior of the two, and yet not feeling himself to be very old, naturally looked upon Beaumont as a man in the springtime of life.

Such was the issue at the Beaumont place of the struggle between "common doin's" and "chicken fixin's," or, in

other words, between the masculine and feminine views of life.

Meantime the same contest was being carried on in the abode of the rival family. Mrs. McAlister and Mary had discovered that Jenny Devine could not fill the aching void in Frank's heart, and had sorrowfully permitted that young lady to return to her own home. Then they had hoped that his job in mining analysis would divert him, that he would plunge into those mysteries of metallurgy and chemistry which they could not see the sense of, and pasture his hungry soul on a knowledge which to them was but dry husks. But this hope was a poor consolation to them; for what woman can approve of a life without love?

Furthermore, Frank returned from Saxonburg in a moody state; working assiduously, indeed, over his blow-pipe, crucibles, and other infernal machines; but abstracted, and, as his two adorners thought, more gloomy than ever. This last supposition, by the way, was a mistaken one, for the youngster had been much cheered by his meeting with Kate. But as jolly, sympathizing Jenny Devine was no longer at hand to make him laugh over whist and keep him prattling about the subject nearest his heart, he did appear unusually sombre.

Thus the McAlister ladies concluded that nothing would fill his needs but Kate Beaumont, and that without her he must perish from off the face of the earth, or lead only a blighted existence. Of course they were frantic to get hold of the damsel and thrust her into his bosom. But how to do it? Such getting hold was impossible as long as the family quarrel lasted; and the quarrel would endure while the Judge tried to oust Beaumont from Congress. To bring about their sweet purpose, they must controvert the awful will of their lord and master, and trip up his revered political heels. But this sacrilege was horrible to think of, and, what was worse, hard to execute.

"Oppose your father!" said Mrs. McAlister with a spiritual shudder.

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"Not precisely that," replied Mary, courageous with the courage of an only daughter. "But you might represent the whole case to him. Perhaps he does not know anything about Frank. After all, Frank is his son."

"O, if it was only a family matter, I should deem it my duty not to quail," observed the wife. "But there are the Judge's political plans to be considered," she added with profound respect. "There is this great contest, — the interests of the country."

"It seems to me that the country might get along without us. The country is always in a crisis. It is ridiculous. I almost hate it."

"Mary, you must n't say such things. Your father would be shocked at you."

"But perhaps he has only looked at the political side of this matter. Why would n't it be well to show him both sides? Why is n't it your *duty*?" added Mary, using a word which was very potent with her mother.

And so at last Mrs. McAlister saw her duty, and, seeing it, went with a trembling heart and did it.

To her exposition of Frank's awful state, and of the only device which could pluck him out of it, the Judge listened with his usual bland patience, looking down upon her with the sagacious, benevolent air of an elephant.

"My dear, I am glad you have spoken to me of this matter," he said, precisely as if he had known nothing about it. "Frank's happiness and Frank's prospects," he added, thinking of the Kershaw estate, "certainly deserve my earnest consideration."

Then he meditated quite at his leisure, while his wife quivered with anxiety. He had already satisfied himself that he could not carry the election; he had carefully counted noses on both sides, and come to that disagreeable conclusion. Such being the case, he had coolly and intelligently said to himself, "Can I not sell out my supposed chances to advantage? Beaumont would pay handsomely to have me quit the course; suppose I strike a bargain with him and get something

for nothing. I can trust him; he is a straightforward honest brute; much as I dislike him, I can trust him."

Finally, that very morning in fact, he had decided that he would be contented, at least for the present, with a certain vacant judgeship of the United States District Court, looking forward, of course, to quitting it whenever there should be a good chance to strike for something higher. This honor he believed the other party would puissantly recommend him for, on condition of his relinquishing his congressional candidature. As for his bargain with that Northern wirepuller, Mr. — Mr. — the Judge really could not remember his name at the moment, and as for the money of the Democratic National Committee, which had been received and spent, he did not care for such trifles a whiffet. The five thousand dollars had strengthened him in the district; it was seed sown for a future harvest; very good.

The only thing which troubled him was the difficulty of proposing his dicker to Beaumont, without sacrificing his personal dignity. Here, now, was an opportunity; here were the women and the young people ready to aid him; here were the domestic cares and the god of love at his service. He smiled very kindly upon his wife as he pronounced his decision.

"My dear, I will surprise you," he said. "In consideration of what you tell me, I am willing to give up my candidature and take the risk of its doing the good you hope."

Mrs. McAlister advanced to her husband, placed her thin arms about his ponderous shoulders, and gave him an embrace of honester gratitude than he deserved.

"Thank you, my dear," observed the Judge, always a model gentleman, always sensible to a politeness. "We understand one another," he added, as if in irony, but really quite serious. "And now please send Frank to me. Or Bruce. No, let it be Frank. I presume he is most likely to have influence with Beaumont. I will despatch him over there with my message."

An hour later Frank was on his way to the Beaumont house, bearing a letter which Peyton Beaumont was to read, reseal, and return by his hand, the said letter containing of course the Judge's offer, couched in the language of pure patriotism.

A little later still, after Frank had got beyond recall, Mrs. McAlister reappeared before her husband with an anxious face, asking, "My dear, do you think it is safe for him? He is going among our bitter enemies. How could I let him?"

J. W. DeForest.

TWENTY DOLLARS.

"WE'd rather not take that bill, if you please," said the clerk, handing me back the twenty-dollar note I had given him. "It may be all right, but the Detector says there are counterfeits on that issue. The bank will open in half an hour, and they will know there. If it is good, it will be all the same to you; and if it is bad, why, as you are a stranger on the island, you might be gone before we could get it back to you."

"Very well," said I, "I'll leave the things and call for them when the bank opens and I get my bill changed."

This conversation took place in a small shop in the town of Nantucket, and "the things" were some South Sea carvings, whale's teeth with sailor drawings on them, and the like, which I had been buying. The bill was the only bill I had in my possession, and I had no doubt of its goodness, supposing

that I could tell just where it came from. I did not have so many twenties in my hands then as to be at any loss as to where I had taken them.

So I strolled down the sandy Main Street and out on the silent and grass-grown wharf, lined with decaying warehouses, looked at the solitary New York yacht lying at anchor in trim beauty, and then strolled up again, just as the town clock on the South Church tower was striking nine, so as to enter punctually the bank, the only bank which the island now maintains. I handed the bill to the cashier and asked for change. He took it, smoothed it professionally with a wave of his hand, and was about to drop it in the drawer, when something in it caught his eye. He held it up to the light, eyed me, eyed the bill again, and then, with a shake of the head, pushed it back over the counter. "Bad," said he, laconically.

"Bad?" replied I, interrogatively.

"Counterfeit," he rejoined; and then seeing by my blank look that I was really surprised, he kindly pointed out the marks by which to detect the cheat. I looked and listened, but was not much the wiser, for, to tell the truth, another train of thought was at work in my mind. What was I to do?

This was the situation which, as I pocketed the bill and walked away toward the Ocean House, came clearly before me. I was then a junior clerk in a Boston house, on a limited salary, and with but a trifle of income from other sources. I was an orphan, and had not many acquaintances and no relations near at hand. I had come to Nantucket on a fortnight's leave, and my time would be up the next day.

Now having been always careful about money matters, and feeling a horror of debt not always shared by young clerks at the age of nineteen, when I left home I had taken with me just the little balance I had saved up for my summer vacation, and had been enjoying a well-earned leisure in various cheap and innocent dissipations. I had been sailing, fishing, and bathing,

had driven out to "Sconset" and the South Shore, had passed two rainy days in the alcoves of the Athenæum, and had congratulated myself that I was keeping well within bounds. This twenty I had retained till the last. The night previous I had settled my hotel bill, expecting to leave that very morning in the boat, but she had started at six to go to a wreck, and her passengers had to choose between some extra hours of sailing or waiting over. I preferred the latter, especially as I could so well afford it, for even then I should get home with several dollars in my pocket. Now, instead of the comfortable capitalist I seemed, I was a wretched bankrupt. I went up to my room, pulled out my pocket memorandum of expenses, laid the unlucky bill upon the table, and sat down to think where I could have got it. There was just a chance that it might have been taken on the island; only I knew it was n't. I remembered but too well that I had kept it in an inner pocket of my *porte monnaie*, resolved to go home as soon as it became necessary to break it. But where could I have got it? My money was always paid me by our book-keeper, and he would have almost as soon have taken the safe-key to wind up his watch with as a doubtful note.

So I took up the bill and stared at it, as people do, blankly trying to waken a dormant memory. Then it all came to me.

The day before I left home I had been sent up State Street to make a deposit. Before I started, seeing that the sum was in 10's and 20's, and as my own *porte monnaie* was unpleasantly stuffed with 1's which I had been saving up against vacation-time, I had taken a 20 from the bank-book and put my own bills in its place.

How did I happen to have so many 1's? Young men, hope of the future commercial circles of the country, attend! Every week I paid my board bill, which was nine dollars (before the war, you know), and I earned every week fifteen, which I received Saturday night, in a 5 and a 10. The 5

went for various current expenses, the 10 went to my landlady, the 1 I received in change was sacredly laid by for vacation. Then I had my dividend which came in July untouched, and was free to go where I liked. This year, too, I had earned something extra by doing other fellows' work for them, so that I don't think an easier-minded guest had been at the Ocean House that summer. I had chosen Nantucket as a place where I could do as I wanted to, where I need not bargain and plan for cheapness, and should not be cheated. I had found just what I wanted; I had had the best boatman, good teams, and no young gentleman of great expectations could have got more enjoyment out of his money than I out of mine. It had been a splendid financial success up to this last disagreeable episode.

But what was to be done now? There would be another day's board at the Ocean House; there was the fare to Boston; things ordered at the "Curiosity Shop," which I felt I ought to take, — and a counterfeit bill! Whether this bill was my loss or not, I could not quite tell.

I inclined to think that Penrose, our book-keeper, would put it on to me, saying that if I had deposited the bills I was sent with, it would have been detected at the counter of the bank.

However, that was not the question. I could stand the loss of the 20, — though before the war, to a junior clerk of nineteen, twenty dollars was not a trifle, — but how to get home! True, I could walk on board the boat, but they might refuse to let me land at Hyannis, and the railroad conductor would assuredly put me off before I got even to Sandwich; so what better should I be then? Suppose I wrote to Boston, whom could I write to? I did not know a soul to whom I dared apply. Beside that, writing would do no good, for I must leave the island the next day. Mr. Ellis, the second partner in our house, was to sail for Europe on Saturday. I had been specially charged before I could get my leave, that Fri-

day night at eight o'clock I was to be at his house to take charge of some papers of importance for the firm. I was sure that my situation would be gone if I failed.

Something must be done. I went down stairs and asked for the landlord. He had gone to New Bedford, and would not be back till next day. I took the clerk into my confidence, and tried to get a loan of him. He had no money of his own, and could not, in the absence of his "boss," take the funds of the hotel. Besides, he did not think my little valise adequate security. Neither did I, for that matter. There was no telegraph nearer than the mainland.

I went back to my room, feeling desperate, and all the while a craving propensity to strike out into the most expensive things I could do. If there had been a gaming-table on the island, I do believe (though I never went near anything of the kind in my life) I should have gone to it.

I drew out my watch to see what the hour was, and the thought of pawning it struck me. But Nantucket does not possess a "loan office." I made careful inquiry, but nothing of the sort was known. However, I went to a watchmaker's and laid my modest, but serviceable silver timepiece before him. He quietly declined to consider the question.

"Does thee know," he said (he was a Quaker), "that I have in that chist more'n a dozen of the best London chronometers and I can't sell one of them for what it's worth? I should like to help thee, especially as thee wants to be honest and not put off bad money, but I do *not* see my way clear to do so."

"But," said I, "I am not going to leave the watch long. I shall send for it in a week, perhaps in less time."

"So thee says, and no doubt thee thinks so, but thee will be off the island, and then how can I get at thee?"

"Yes, but you can tell whether that watch is worth more than twice twenty dollars or not." (It cost sixty.) "If it

is, can't you see that it is my interest to redeem it?"

"Well, thee knows best about that, but it would n't be worth that to me, for I might not sell it under a year, and thee 'll be off the island, where I can't get at thee."

This was the key to the whole matter. The ideas of the old gentleman were of a date when the whaling business was good, and when his sailor customers were in the habit of disappearing at "Turkeywoner," "Hilo," "Sidney," and other Pacific ports, and also of reappearing after many days to claim long-forgotten deposits. Time being a commodity of which there was a superabundance in Nantucket, the market was not brisk. Time was not money.

I went home to dinner. There is that comfort in a hotel, that the *vacuus viator* can feed equally well with King Cræsus until the landlord says, "Go." At the table I took my accustomed seat, opposite Miss Minnie P—. We had made acquaintance but a fortnight before, through her brother Fred, whom I had "rescued from a watery grave"; I mean, pulled into the boat from which he had tumbled overboard on a blue-fishing excursion. She was somewhat older than I, and that did not interfere with our rapidly getting acquainted.

She expressed great pleasure at finding me still on the island, and that we should be fellow-travellers the next day. "In fact, Mr. Woodbridge, I think, if I may take so great a liberty, I will put myself under your care, and let Fred stay another week." I acquiesced, though sorely doubtful whether I should have the pleasure. However, thought I, she will hand me her purse to get the tickets and things, and then I can pay for two, and return it when I get to Boston. I blushed as I thought it, but I would have given much for the privilege of waiting on Miss P—, a noted Boston beauty; and, moreover, I was madly in love with her, of course, though very much in doubt whether it would be prudent to tell her so. Then she went on: "I

have never been to the South Shore in all the three weeks' stay I have made."

My impulse was, of course, to invite her to drive thither with me; but that bill in my pocket! She went on in the most aggravating way, "After yesterday's blow, they say the surf will be splendid, the finest this season." I was on the point of proposing that we should *walk* there, when she said, "Would it be too great a favor, if you are not otherwise engaged, for you to drive me out there? Fred has gone shark-fishing, but he promised to order a buggy before he left."

Of course I joyfully accepted, and I inwardly blushed as I thought what might not turn up. If, after all, I should find favor in the eyes of the daughter of a millionaire, all would be well; and if not, let me have what comfort I can. They let the fellows that are to be hanged call for what they like for their last breakfast, I believe! So I thought; and when Miss P— went up to put on her things, I went to the front of the Ocean House to await the team. It came, but the stable help in charge seemed to have something on his mind. He looked uneasy, and then said, as I approached to look at the horse and inspect the harness, "Who shall this be put down to? Mr. P— was over this morning and paid his bill, and said he was going off the island to-morrow, and did n't say nothing about his sister's having any team. She sent over about an hour ago, an' the boss says he s'poses it's all right, but wimmen is forgetful, and I must n't let the team go without knowing who was to have it." I gave my name; but my dealings having been with the other stable, it made less impression than it should have done. "Perhaps," said he, "you would n't mind settling now in advance; 'n fact, it's charged to me anyhow; and for the afternoon it 'll be three dollars. And then you can stay at the Shore's long 's you like."

I saw Miss P— at the top of the stairs, and felt I must act quickly. "Can you change this?" said I, tak-

ing out the twenty. "No, I see you can't. Very well, don't keep the lady waiting, but they'll pay you at the office." And, before he had time to accept the situation, I had put Miss P—— into the buggy and was driving away.

It is not exciting to drive in Nantucket unless over the trotting-course. The roads are a trifle sandy and are deeply rutted, so that your horse travels in a groove, and your wheels do the same. Dexter himself could hardly run away, and you are as fast tied to the track as if in a city street-car.

But once out on the broad, breezy downs, and it is very enjoyable. The air is fragrant with the warm and aromatic smell of the bayberry-bushes and the balsamic breath of the pine-trees, the tallest of which tower full seven feet in the air. Behind is the clean quiet town, and before a dark blue line on which here and there glitters the sunshine, while a white flash of surf springs up ever and anon above the low sand-drifts on which grow the sparse tufts of beach-grass.

Nobody can long feel blue on those plains of Nantucket; beside that, I had a project which was to put me all right.

So I chatted with Miss Minnie, and never had enjoyed myself so much. It might have been fancy, but I thought she was a little *distract*. Could it be that I had made an impression? If so all will be well, thought I; and then I wished the Shore thirty miles off, instead of three. As it was, we reached the end of our drive before I felt quite certain enough to commit myself. It would be awkward to be refused and have to drive her home afterward.

A solitary stroll on the beach might — but it was *not* solitary. There was some one there. A man, a wretch with a long-handled white umbrella, like a huge mushroom, stuck in the sand, and under it he was sitting, sketching.

A little way from where my horse was to be tied was his horse and buggy. Somehow, he seemed to expect

Miss P——, for he rose up and came to meet her as soon as I had helped her to alight; and before I could secure my steed, Miss P—— and the stranger seemed to have got wondrously well acquainted. I did not remember to have seen him on the island, and he certainly did not come in the boat while I was there, for the event of the day was to see the passengers land; and beside that, where would he go but to the Ocean House?

Miss Minnie introduced me to her friend as I came up to them. It was Mr. C——, the artist. He *was* handsome, there was no denying that, with his broad wideawake and velvet coat and silky mustache; but I should have much preferred to see his beauty in the distance, say picturesquely half a mile off; but he was so pleasant and gentlemanly, that I could n't quarrel with him.

Presently Miss P—— begged him to go on with his work; and then she said, as she looked over his shoulder, that he ought to put in a figure or two; and how it came about I don't know, but I found myself standing at the edge of the surf (in imminent peril of wet feet) and pretending to throw a bluefish-line into the breakers.

It was hardly a consolation to think of being part of a famous picture, when that required one to stand with one's back to all that was of *immediate* interest. But it was much worse to be roused by a shout from the wretch, and to see my own horse walking leisurely away toward the town. I know I fastened him securely.

I hurried up the beach, and the rufian met me with a look of pretended sympathy on his features.

"This is too bad," he said. "I am afraid you will have to leave Miss P—— to my care. I will stay with her while you bring your horse back. If you should n't overtake him," added the ogre, "I will see that she gets home; but really I can't leave just yet, I have got such a splendid chance which I have been waiting for all summer; such a surf and such a light on it!"

It did not occur to me then, though it did afterward, that the miscreant might have offered me his team. Instead of that he hurried me off, bidding me run, which I did. So did my horse, just quickening his pace till he got far enough away to graze, and then starting on as I got near him. I had to foot it the whole way to town. The beast went safely enough till he reached the stable; but there he pushed right into it, and, catching the buggy against the lintel, smashed the top completely. Twenty dollars would not make good the damage, the stable-folks said. I told them to send up to the hotel at half past nine and get their pay, after the loss had been properly estimated.

One thing seemed a little odd. I had unbuckled the check-rein to use as a hitching-strap. It was found buckled all right, but not checked, which makes me think that the horse had learned to unharness himself. They are knowing animals, the Nantucket horses.

Then I went to the clerk of the hotel. I told him I thought I would give a public reading that evening. Could I have the use of the dining-room? I would put the tickets at twenty-five cents, and at that rate would probably secure an audience. I had heard that one of the Harvard fellows had done the same thing in one of the rural districts, and netted one hundred dollars. The clerk said the dining-room could not well be spared and would not hold enough, but the Athenæum Hall was the place where such things usually were given. Would he engage it for me? He would send and get it right away, and would send the town-crier to announce the reading, as there was not time to print bills, and that was the usual custom, moreover.

Then I went to my room to prepare a programme. It did not seem ten minutes before I heard the voice of the herald proclaiming in vocal small caps that "THERE WILL BE A DRAMATIC READING THIS EVENING AT ATHENÆUM HALL. DOORS OPEN AT SEVEN

P'FORMANCE T' C'MENCE 'T EIGHT O'CLOCK. 'DMITTANCE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Then the ding ding of his bell died away up one street and was heard coming down the next. It was evident the town would be thoroughly canvassed. Could I read? Well, I had tried it in private circles. *Militavi non sine gloria*, and at the Public Latin School where I graduated had won the Hancock medal. The first thing was to get books. I asked the clerk, but he was a book-keeper, not a book-lender. However, he thought I might obtain the loan at the Athenæum, on depositing their valuation. As I only wanted them to go from the library-room to the hall up stairs I ventured on this, depositing with a bold front but beating heart my twenty-dollar bill, and receiving a Shakespeare, a Byron, and three volumes of Mrs. Browning. Also a copy of Handy Andy. This last, being doubtful of my skill in rendering the Irish tongue, I took to my room, unluckily. The others I thought I could manage at sight, especially as I meant to keep to the pieces I knew by heart, and wanted the books more for form than for use. By this time the tea-gong sounded, and I went to the table with an anxious breast and a sense of being the observed of all observers. Miss P— was already there, but in my seat was the *fiend*, I mean the artist, in human shape. I expected to see Miss Minnie look embarrassed, but she only looked radiantly happy, and smiled sweetly upon me as I passed by to take my place at the foot of the table.

I could not eat; in fact, I had a doubt whether it would be well to attempt it before a public reading; so after bearing in silent torture the spectacle of the vampire helping Miss P— to bluefish and blackberries, I retired to dress. That operation was limited to the putting on of a cloth coat in place of a tweed, my last clean collar, and taking my last ditto handkerchief, and at seven I started for the hall.

The streets were not inconveniently thronged, but "it is early yet," I said,

mentally. I had left Handy Andy in my room, not feeling quite up to the comic, but in a mood to which I was sure Othello would come in great force. I found the town-crier, who was also to be the money-taker and stage-manager, at the door, but no one else. He suggested that, as it was still daylight, it was n't worth while to light up yet, to which I agreed, and retired to the dressing-room with my volumes, a solitary candle, and a glass of water. I shut the door, so as not to be disturbed by the noise of the assembling throngs, and gave myself up to study. I had heroically determined *not* to look at my watch, lest I should get nervous, and when eight o'clock struck from the South Church tower, I confess I started with surprise. Seizing my books and giving myself no time for stage fright, I walked dignifiedly on to the platform, found my first place, and raised my eyes to survey my audience. There were two people in the hall, a ghoul and his victim, I mean the artist and Miss P—. The crier, that is, the ticket-taker, stood by the entrance, his hands in his pockets. My audience preserved a respectful silence, though there was a queer look on the face of the female portion, while the monster, I mean the male part, made a motion of the hands suggestive of applause. I sank back into a seat. The crier walked up the hall, putting out the lights as he went, and saying in a voice startlingly loud in the stillness: "'S no use waiting any longer t'night, and the sooner I shet up the less gas will be wasted. I'll jest hand them folks their money back, and you can settle with me." Then, as the company dispersed, one of whom, by the way, declined to receive his quarters, saying *sotto voce*, "I've had a delightful entertainment, and really I feel conscientious scruples at taking anything back." The crier proceeded to sum up, "The hall, well, we can't charge more 'n half-price under the circumstances, — the hall'll be ten; lights, well, say two 'n' half. My cryin' two 'n' half, ought to be five; 's jest as much work 's if the whole

island come. Sta'din' at the door" (he could *not* say taking tickets), "dollar; sixteen dollars jest. Then, there 's the books, Miss Coffin said I was to see 'em returned, here they be, no, there was six, and here 's only five."

I remembered that I had left Handy Andy at my room, and as that would give me a little more delay, I asked him to call at the hotel for the other volume, and strode away. I was tempted to turn toward the wharf and to keep straight on *from* the end of the pier, but for the sight of a couple slowly walking up the street. One was my solitary female au — spectator, and the other a demon in a velvet coat and wideawake.

When I reached my room again, the volume was gone, and must be paid for if not recovered; it was one of a set, but that was a trifle compared to the fact that my bill, my counterfeit, was a deposit.

My friend the crier was good-natured, however, and agreed to call in the morning. Moreover, it served me as an excuse for not settling that night, that I must return the book or know what it would cost me. Besides, he was secure that I could no more leave this island than Robinson Crusoe could leave his.

I sat down on the hotel balcony, in utter despair. From the parlor came a murmur of low-voiced conversation, and I fancied that the tones were those of a woman and a serpent, that is, a painter, but I cared not. What was I to do? My bill at the hotel; my afternoon's bad luck, twenty-three dollars; my evening's failure, say twenty more; my fare to Boston, where I must be by the next evening. It may seem a light matter, but to an inexperienced lad of nineteen it was no joke.

While I sat there, absorbed in my trouble, a hand was laid upon my shoulder which made me look up. It was Fred P—. "See here, my boy, I've been looking for you all the evening. Here 's Minnie says she must go to-morrow, and — I don't like to trouble you, but she wants enough for her fare

to Boston, and I've lost my wallet to-day, I believe; I can't find it anywhere. Let me have that twenty I paid for the boat last week. I did not mean to ask you for it, as I supposed it might not be convenient till you got home, but I can't help myself." Here was a new complication. We had gone on a fishing party together, and Fred had paid the bill; but I had undertaken to get the other fellows' shares, and had done so. I had handed it all to Fred's roommate and college chum, who had since left the island. It was evident that Cunningham had forgotten to pay Fred. They were of course intimate friends, and I was comparatively a stranger, who had been kindly taken up by them. I felt awfully, for I hardly knew how to make the truth appear. Suppose Cunningham, a rich and careless young fellow, had forgotten all about it. Fred was out of sorts too over something, for he was usually very even-tempered. When I said, "I must have paid it," I could not for the moment remember that I *had* done so. He said roughly, "O bother, no; I could n't have had the money; beside, Cunningham would have told me, and he never said a word, only that I'd better get it before you spent all your money."

"Mr. P——," said I, "I will go up to your room and arrange with you; we will not dispute here on the steps."

Fred led the way, muttering something about "snobs picked up at watering-places," which made me furious. When we got to his chamber I was so angry that I forgot all about my bill deposited at the library, and pulled out my *porte monnaie*; and by the time he got the gas lit I was opening it, and feeling in the secret pocket. There was the bill, twenty dollars, and I slapped it down on the table, saying, "As I am to pay this twice over, I'll trouble you to leave a receipt at the office for me to-morrow morning. I don't wish to pay the *third* time." And then I went off to my own room raging. When I cooled off a little, it came to me that I had passed off a bad bill on Fred P——, but to that I answered

my conscience, that it was for an unjust claim. At any rate, I was quite ready to go to jail or anywhere else, and went to sleep thinking of an odd story I had heard, in consequence of which I dreamed that I was sent to the Nantucket prison for passing counterfeit money, and that every night I was in the habit of slipping out of my cell and prowling round the streets. Then I was giving a reading to a crowded house, but the books were all wrong. Whatever I took up turned to a dictionary or a spelling-book. Then I woke up and thought over two plans, one of which was to go off to sea in a whaler from New Bedford, the other was to get Fred to have me arrested for passing the counterfeit bill on him and sent to Boston for trial. Once there, I could get some one to help me. In the midst of working out these plans to a grand and triumphant tableau I got to sleep again, and this time dreamed that I was being marched up State Street in chains, and that I was stopped at each corner and rearrested on a new charge, when I was really awakened by a strange man in my room, who was shaking me by the shoulder. My first thought was, "It has come now, and I'm glad of it." It was the watchmaker. "I've come round to see thee," he began, "to look at thy watch once more. I've thought thee might be wanting money a good deal, and I don't mind letting thee have twenty dollars, if thee thinks thee can pay me in a week or so. I guess thee's pretty honest as folks go."

I was just putting the watch into his hands, when the door opened again, and in came Apollyon, I mean the artist.

"My dear young friend," he began, "what is all this about a broken buggy? I've just seen the stable fellow hanging round' here, and of course you are not to pay a sixpence for the team or for the damage. I am afraid I was a little careless in letting your horse get away—in fact, I—well—I wanted—it was of the utmost importance for me to have an uninterrupted talk with Miss—with Miss

P—. Two years ago we were engaged. It was broken off by a most unlucky chance, and I have never had it in my power to explain matters till yesterday. So the stable bill, which I shall cut down considerably, is my business. For the other matter, I owe you an apology, which I tender now."

I was too bewildered to answer at once, but the artist, noticing my Quaker friend for the first time, drew himself up with mock solemnity, and added, "If you demand further satisfaction, there will be coffee for two down stairs in about ten minutes, and a friend of mine will be glad to see you." And out he went.

I had just exchanged my watch for the good Quaker's bills, and he had departed, when Fred bounced in, blushing up to the eyes.

"I say, old fellow," was his greeting, "I behaved abominably last night. This morning I found my money, you know; left it in my pantaloons pocket when I changed to go sharking. There was more than I cared to lose; and then I was awfully mad about Minnie, seeing that artist fellow with her; but he came up to my room last night and it is all right,—tell you some day. And I found a letter on my table from Cunningham, which I ought to have had three days ago, telling me about that boat money; you *did* pay twice, and here it is back, the bill you gave me. And I beg your pardon, heaps."

I don't know what I *said* as we shook hands, but I certainly *felt* on good terms with all creation, and all the more as Fred added, "Here's a book, by the way, I found in your room when I went to look for you,—where were you, by the way, all the evening?—and took up to my room to read. I luckily saw it this morning, and suppose you'd like to carry it back to the Athenæum." Then I remembered my bill which I had deposited, and rather astonished Fred by tearing out of bed and slinging on my clothes, and starting down street on the run.

I must have startled the amiable librarian by my breathless and some-

what dishevelled appearance; but like a true Nantucket woman, she was perfectly self-possessed and polite, and accepted my confused statement with entire composure, put Handy Andy on its shelf, and handed me my twenty in the envelope in which she had placed it, expressing a kind wish to meet me again another summer.

It is a religious belief with the islanders, that whosoever visits Nantucket once will surely return again, and I must say it is a well-founded belief. There is a spell in that balmy air, like that of the sweet waters of the fountain of Trevi at Rome, to lure back the traveller, and whoever eats of the chowder of Siasconset will long to eat it again.

When I got back to the hotel the clerk met me. "The crier's been after you," said he; "come to say that the Athenæum won't charge anything for room and lights, as there was no exhibition; and I told him that he mustn't charge but a dollar for his work; so if you'll leave that with me, he'll be satisfied."

I think I enjoyed my last breakfast at the Ocean House even more than any previous one, and that is saying a good deal. I had time, too, to stop and redeem my watch, with thanks to the good watchmaker, on my way to the boat. The bill I got back from Fred was unquestioned; it was one of our Boston bank-notes, and certainly came out of my pocket-book, however it got there. The counterfeit was safe in the envelope, just as I received it.

As I stepped aboard the steamer I saw Miss Minnie and at her side Molloch, that is, Mr. C—, who lost no time in making the *amende*. "I leave Miss P—," he said, "in your care. I did think of going across with her, but a stern sense of justice, which is the prevailing trait of my character, compels me to leave the field wholly to you. I owe you a *tête-à-tête* in place of that which I stole yesterday."

"Don't believe one word he says," was Minnie's, I mean Miss P—'s retort; "he is dying to be off to San-

coty Head sketching, and only came down to see me off, because I made him come and apologize to you for his trick."

"She put me up to it," the victim began, when the last bell sounded, and he was obliged to hurry ashore in the midst of his audacious fib, and I was left to enjoy one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made.

Of course Miss P—— asked me what put it into my head to give a reading, and I told her the whole story, and got sympathy enough and fun enough out of it to pay me twice over. When it was all finished she said, "One thing I don't understand, how you had *two* twenties, when you only thought you had one."

"I am sure I don't either. It is clear that the one I gave Fred last night was the same I laid away for reserve fund; where the other came from I cannot imagine."

"Let me look at it," said she, and I took it out of the envelope and gave it to her. She turned it over once or twice, and presently showed me a mark on one corner. "This is a lesson to me not to be so careless again. I might have injured you very seriously for life," she said. "Do you remember the day it rained, and you went over to the shell-shop to get me the basket I bought there; you paid two dollars for it, and I handed you the money when you returned. I remember thinking how polite it was of you that you took the bill without even looking at it, and put it in your *porte monnaie* at once. This is the bill. I just noticed the 'two,' and not the cipher. I got it at Benton's in Washington Street the day before I left; was told it was bad at Hovey's, and then I marked it, so as not to pass it away, meaning to ask father to return it. I forgot all about it, and having only fives in my purse, except this, gave it for a two."

The reader can skip the sequel if desirous to do so. I think it worth telling. I was kindly asked by Miss P—— to call upon her while she remained Miss P——, and on her return

from her summer travels was reminded of my promise by a note, specifying the evening. Somebody was there with a velvet coat and a mustache that was finer than ever; but really, as Miss Ellen P——, younger sister to Miss Minnie, was so good as to entertain me, I did not find the artist in the way. As we walked down Park Street together at the close of the evening he asked me to come to his studio the next day at twelve.

I managed to get off from the store; it was a dull time, and did so. I met some ladies at the studio, Mrs. P——, Miss P——, and Miss Ellen. They had come to see a picture which was upon the easel, just finished. It was a view of the South Shore at Nantucket. There was one figure in it, a young man in a graceful attitude gazing upon the surf. I think the figure was a little flattered, though Miss P—— said not; but she saw things through a very rosy atmosphere that day. What struck me most was, that a note addressed to me lay on top of the frame, and this I was desired by the ladies to read aloud. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Woodbridge will confer a real favor upon the artist by accepting this little memento of one of the happiest days in the life of the donors, which is offered as a slight reparation for the inconveniences brought upon Mr. Woodbridge by sitting for his portrait. With the best wishes of his friends,

"J. C——,
MINNIE P——."

"I never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Woodbridge read aloud before," said Miss P——, very demurely. "I have understood that he is quite an amateur."

I have heard the picture highly praised by competent judges. I hope to see it hanging on my parlor wall some day, and I may add that my chances of having a parlor and of calling Mrs. C——, *née* P——, sister-in-law have considerably increased since I became a junior partner in the house of P—— Brothers & Co., Boston, Mass.

THE FLOWERING OF A NATION.

THE flowering of nations is the most interesting fact of their life. When all things accord and the hour has come, the stem seems to carry up the whole force of a particular race, the vigorous sap mounts, and behold, the flower. And like a flower, while force is implied in this flowering, it often overflows in beauty.

In Egypt the quality of the air where nothing decays seems to have moulded with eternity the thoughts of this nation, and their outward expression.

In Greece, tender as the skies of Ionia, this flower seemed the symmetrical blooming of man's longing for an ideal in literature and sculpture. The Greeks made an ideal for us all. Our best eyes see the world as Homer saw it, we ourselves seem to have built the Parthenon in some lucky dream. When in Greece and Egypt, a person of sensibility feels the influence which made them what they were still acting on him. In his single life then he apprehends something of the forces which went to make up the great life which we call Greece or Egypt. He understands with tingling surprise why under that delicate sky, above those great headlands of rock and seas of azure, arose the lowly but lovely temple of Theseus and the still lovelier Parthenon. Form there has a meaning it has nowhere else, every outline is majestic, and invites the mind to withdraw from the garishness of color to its pure control. For while this flowering of a race separates it from others and makes it national, the great human heart is still at home in all nations. They make but a province for its possession. What they were we also could have been in their place and with their advantages.

Every fresh year seems to bring the nations into more cosmopolitan relations. The world is spread out like a map before us, and time and space are

annihilated as we bend in sympathetic curiosity above it. The longing for the future is matched by the hunger for the past; and both shall be gratified. God does not disappoint his children, nor does he give them desires only to mock them. All our wishes are imperious predictions of a possession not far off. It is not without a reason that Herculaneum is still sealed to us.

At the right moment the lost books of Livy will leap forth, and the lost poems of Sappho. Did not Nineveh keep its secret till the fit hour and the fitting man came? Do we not see its mystic bulls read by the text of Isaiah, as we should not have seen them till now? The confidence of so many that the Tiber shall yet, like the grave, give up its secrets, and the astonishing preservation of the bas-relief of the holy candlesticks on the arch of Titus (as if some unseen angel had had watch and ward over the place) be more than matched by the recovery of the august originals, — is this all in vain? No, the good Father keeps his toys from his children till their age best suits the use of them, and then, lo! an America, a California, a Japan.

Is not this the very hour when the wonderful flowering of the Japanese mind could best influence, and for most good, the Western mind? The bizarre thoughts, the picturesque, yet restrained art of Japan, have flowed like water into all Christendom, and left on a thousand mantel-pieces a waif of beauty. Even with us in our growing mental hospitality we too take up the isles of the sea as a very little thing. They accommodate themselves to us now as easily as Mexico or Texas did once. They give us a hint of how serene and at home we may be among the inconceivable wonders of the world to come.

This flowering of nations becomes at

the north, like its own flowers, a difficulty and a delight. Yet as the glacier will hide the Alpine harebell, so the heartbeat of a nation under the pole will not be denied its vital expression.

Lost in these forlorn latitudes, all that the Northern races had done was for long hidden in polar darkness.

Nor is the light about them too much now. When attentively considering the meaning of races, how each is fitted for its mission, and how it now strikes all that to the children of those Northern races is given and more yet in the future is to be given, the earth and its fulness, we are humiliated at our ignorance of them.

Not without meaning, at the head of that swarm which beats and buzzes upon this new continent, God has placed what we call the Anglo-Saxon race. And these mixed bloods, tempered in every way by movement and collision, owe their best qualities to the great North.

There were found the romantic soul, the adventurous spirit, the persistent strength, which has conquered the world.

You find them all in the brief story, "the short and simple annals of the poor" Icelanders and the kindred Northern nations. When Rollo, asked to do fealty at Rouen to the king of France by kissing his foot, said, "No, but I will shake hands with him," the seed was in him of republican simplicity; and when his lieutenant, instead of Rollo, agreed to kiss the king's foot, and in the act overturned the king, amid shouts of laughter, the fire was there, Rabelaisque and grim, in which in the future so many bawbles and shams should dissolve.

In the airy dancing of the northern lights of poesy, the melancholy outlook into a world where death seemed needed to give value even to sensuality, we have the strain which runs through the English verse. Thence came the Elegy of Gray and the unimpassioned mournfulness of Wordsworth. It is water of the same cup. It feeds our Northern souls, longing for immortality, and is worlds away from the sparkle and

worldliness of the Latin poets. Horace could not have written "To be or not to be," nor could even Shakespeare have given the Southern light which rests on the lyrics of Horace, as the Roman sun lies on grape clusters, or cuts into bright relief the flowers of the Pamfili Doria.

The Latin races are now being weighed in the balance and found wanting.

They crumble and dissolve. They are a swarm — They fight, pray or work around a head, and in the evil hour die like smoked-out bees. Individuality, the possession of one's self, is not theirs. The wave of a sword or the lifting of a cross does not make them abdicate their individuality. They had none to lose. They were slaves to the passion and prosperity of the hour from the beginning. The Anglo-Saxon does not abdicate to his priest or his governor the tranquil possession of himself which makes his own conscience and judgment the forum where the world is to be tried.

As a Frenchman visiting England once said: "England dead? No, not while each individual Englishman is so independent and free can it die. You can only kill him by making a slave or sycophant of him, and that he will not become."

Of course to us Americans the most interesting event in Icelandic history is the visit to America.

When in the year 961 Naddod, a Norwegian rover, stumbled upon Iceland, he planted the seed of one of these flowerings of nations of which we have been speaking; a small but robust plant which could face the polar blasts and drink life in the fugitive summer sun. A company of Norwegian nobles, restless with the *tróp plein* of the North and in trouble at home, profited by the discovery and planted in Iceland a vigorous colony.

To this day their descendants are distinguished for their stature, strength, and valor. But secluded in the long winter, letters and scholarship developed as one could not have hoped.

Through their help the records of wonderful visits to an unknown Western continent have been preserved. They had been for a century in Iceland before Columbus went there. In so small an island, where nothing would be better understood than these visits to Vinland, could Columbus escape hearing of them? That the country was his country, the India he was seeking, it does not matter to know, but to him it proved the land beyond the sea, which he believed in, and made his suspicion certainty. Nor is it wonderful that an Italian should not speak of it. He had his point to gain, and frankness is not a Latin characteristic.

How we stare at the dates of these early visits, and fancy the strange slumbering silence of a continent before the coming of the Icelanders! And the scenery they hint at, the same that we know so well, how homelike it seems! How the vines of Vinland must have stooped to be plucked by the race, brothers to that one which should later sit under their pleasant branches! And the great Eirik, vast looming in his misty proportions, shows a fine figure against the background of the past. A sea-rover, a strong, fighting soul, one to delight the conscience of Thomas Carlyle, is seen there in Massachusetts Bay somewhere in the year 1000. It was a bud from the flowering of the Alpine rose.

During that century and its predecessor great waves of conquest beat upon the shores of England from Denmark, and finally in Rollo's successors from the South. These men become our blood relations. It is their energy which is filling California and the West. The "Jötuns of the West" is hardly a metaphor. Their clumsy horse-play, good humor, and endurance came from the North.

And to one speculating, it is striking that Christianity, the moral seed force of the successful Puritan colony, should divide Eirik's life with paganism. On his first visit to New England he was a pagan; he died in Massachusetts

Bay (as is supposed by many) a Christian. The Greenland colony seems to have had a fresh Christian life which reminds one of the Puritans.

Their large and well-built cathedral still remains to prove their sacrifices and their devotion. And they might have founded a successful colony in New England. The natives were too strong and many for them, and were not providentially thinned by pestilence as for the Puritans before their arrival. The nearest approach to a settlement was under Thorfinn, a rich and powerful noble, who on visiting Iceland married the daughter of Eirik; and perhaps she was the cause of the failure of the colony. Against the plan of Thorfinn, she was among those who came with him to Vinland.

There the colony must have at first thriven, for the company remained three years, and but for Freydisa might have secured a longer footing. But she introduced discord and bloodshed, getting the deaths of thirty men accomplished to slake her fury, and returning to Iceland to be shunned and hated, but permitted to live as Eirik's daughter, — a Lady Macbeth of a north still colder and sterner than that of Scotland.

It has been thought by many that some recognition of the first visitor from Europe to our New England should now be made, — a recognition so well deserved and so tardily bestowed.

A manly figure, clad in shirt of mail, and with the simple spiked helmet of the Norsemen, or unhelmeted and with his beard and hair streaming in the wind, while the wolf-skin flies from his shoulder, would be admirable in bronze. His legs should be wound with thongs, and with one foot leaving the boat the other should be planted on New England soil. A barberry or other peculiar New England plant could make the place of landing intelligible.

The yawning void of the place where was Scollay's Building calls aloud for use and shelter from abuse.

A fountain there need not take up much space. It would make a centre to a formless square, and delight the eye and ear with the beauty of water; and this fountain could be surmounted with the picturesque figure of Eirik or his son Leif, who was the first to visit Vinland, as his father was first in Greenland.

The fountain would be befriended by

the Society for Animals, as man and beast droop in the dusty space there. It would make a shelter and gathering-place for the women using the horse-cars, and a centre worthy of a square which so many streets command and which some day will have a frontage worthy of the situation and worthy of the fountain which we hope to see placed there.

T. G. Appleton.

FORESHADOWS.

BEAUTIFUL morning of light,
Cloudless grace of the sky,
Waters bathing the sight,
Birds with their minstrelsy
Singing the gladness of day,
Making the fugitive sweet,—
Till a red leaf drops at my feet,
And summer has vanished away!

The maple-tree swings in ether,
The ripples are washing the sand,
Winds give the waves a white feather,
And they fling them back to the land;
While the black ducks watch their play;
But the crowding swallows we see
In the scarred old juniper-tree
Say, Summer is wearing away.

Shadows lie dark on the hillside,
Sunshine lies warm on the shore,
But the Golden-Rod waves in his pride
And the clover blooms no more;
Gone are white blossoms of May,
Their robe is a purple leaf;
And the corn stands ripe in his sheaf,
For summer is gliding away.

Turbulent mornings of prime,
Joy of the first rude endeavor,
Dawn of a blossoming time,
Buds no October can sever!
The violet days are done,
But the lily flames in his strength,
And the calm of autumn at length
Shall be grand in the setting sun.

A. W.

WATCH AND WARD.

IN FIVE PARTS: PART SECOND.

III.

ROGER'S journey was long and various. He went to the West Indies and to South America, whence, taking a ship at one of the eastern ports, he sailed round the Horn and paid a visit to Mexico. He journeyed thence to California, and returned home across the Isthmus, stopping awhile on his upward course at various Southern cities. It was in some degree a sentimental journey. Roger was a practical man; as he went he gathered facts and noted manners and customs; but the muse of observation for him was his little girl at home, the ripening companion of his own ripe years. It was for her sake that he used his eyes and ears and garnered information. He had determined that she should be a lovely woman and a perfect wife; but to be worthy of such a woman as his fancy foreshadowed, he himself had much to learn. To be a good husband, one must first be a wise man; to educate her, he should first educate himself. He would make it possible that daily contact with him should be a liberal education, and that his simple society should be a benefit. For this purpose he should be stored with facts, tempered and tested by experience. He travelled in a spirit of solemn attention, like some grim devotee of a former age, making a pilgrimage for the welfare of one he loved. He kept with great labor a copious diary, which he meant to read aloud on the winter nights of coming years. His diary was directly addressed to Nora, she being implied throughout as reader or auditor. He thought at moments of his vow to Isabel Morton, and asked himself what had become of the passion of that hour. It had betaken itself to the common limbo of our dead passions.

He rejoiced to know that she was well and happy; he meant to write to her again on his return and reiterate the assurance of his own happiness. He mused ever and anon on the nature of his affection for Nora, and wondered what earthly name he could call it by. Assuredly he was not in love with her; you could n't fall in love with a child. But if he had not a lover's love, he had at least a lover's jealousy; it would have made him miserable to believe his scheme might miscarry. It would fail, he fondly assured himself, by no fault of hers. He was sure of her future; in that last interview at school he had guessed the answer to the riddle of her formless girlhood. If he could only be as sure of his own constancy as of her worthiness! On this point poor Roger might fairly have let his conscience rest; but to test his resolution, he deliberately courted temptation and on a dozen occasions allowed present loveliness to measure itself with absent. At the risk of a terrible increase of blushes, he bravely incurred the blandishments of various charming persons of the south. They failed signally, in every case but one, to quicken his pulses. He studied them, he noted their gifts and graces, so that he might know the range of the feminine charm. Of the utmost that women can be he wished to have personal experience. But with the sole exception I have mentioned, not a charmer of them all but shone with a radiance less magical than that dim but rounded shape which glimmered forever in the dark future, like the luminous complement of the early moon. It was at Lima that his poor little potential Nora suffered temporary eclipse. He made here the acquaintance of a young Spanish lady whose plump and full-blown innocence seemed to him divinely amiable. If ignorance

is grace, what a lamentable error to be wise! He had crossed from Havana to Rio on the same vessel with her brother, a friendly young fellow, who had made him promise to come and stay with him on his arrival at Lima. Roger, in execution of this promise, passed three weeks under his roof, in the society of the lovely *Señorita*. She caused him to reflect, with a good deal of zeal. She moved him the more because, being wholly without coquetry, she made no attempt whatever to interest him. Her charm was the charm of absolute *naïveté* and a certain tame, unseasoned sweetness,—the sweetness of an angel who is without mundane reminiscences; to say nothing of a pair of liquid hazel eyes and a coil of crinkled blue-black hair. She could barely write her name, and from the summer twilight of her mind, which seemed to ring with amorous bird-notes, twittering in a lazy Eden, she flung a scornful shadow upon Nora's prospective condition. Roger thought of Nora, by contrast, as a creature of senseless mechanism, a thing wound up with a key, creaking and droning through the barren circle of her graces. Why travel so far round about for a wife, when here was one ready made to his heart, as illiterate as an angel and as faithful as the little page of a mediæval ballad,—and with those two perpetual love-lights beneath her silly little forehead?

Day by day, at the *Señorita's* side, Roger grew better pleased with the present. It was so happy, so idle, so secure! He protested against the future. He grew impatient of the stiff little figure which he had posted in the distance, to stare at him with those monstrous pale eyes: they seemed to grow and grow as he thought of them. In other words, he was in love with Teresa. She, on her side, was delighted to be loved. She caressed him with her fond dark looks and smiled perpetual assent. Late one afternoon, at the close of a long hot day, which had left with Roger the unwholesome fancy of a perpetual *siesta*, troubled by a vague confusion of dreams, they as-

cended together to a terrace on the top of the house. The sun had just disappeared; the lovely earth below and around was drinking in the cool of night. They stood awhile in silence; at last Roger felt that he must speak of his love. He walked away to the farther end of the terrace, casting about in his mind for the fitting words. They were hard to find. His companion spoke a little English, and he a little Spanish; but there came upon him a sudden perplexing sense of the infantine rarity of her wits. He had never done her the honor to pay her a compliment, he had never really talked with her. It was not for him to talk, but for her to perceive! She turned about, leaning back against the parapet of the terrace, looking at him and smiling. She was always smiling. She had on an old faded pink morning-dress, very much open at the throat, and a ribbon round her neck, to which was suspended a little cross of turquoise. One of the braids of her hair had fallen down, and she had drawn it forward and was plaiting the end with her plump white fingers. Her nails were not fastidiously clean. He went towards her. When he next became perfectly conscious of their relative positions, he knew that he had passionately kissed her, more than once, and that she had more than suffered him. He stood holding both her hands; he was blushing; her own complexion was undisturbed, her smile barely deepened; another of her braids had come down. He was filled with a sense of pleasure in her sweetness, tempered by a vague feeling of pain in his all-too-easy conquest. There was nothing of poor Teresa but that you could kiss her! It came upon him with a sort of horror that he had never yet distinctly told her that he loved her. "Teresa," he said, almost angrily, "I love you. Do you understand?" For all answer she raised his two hands successively to her lips. Soon after this she went off with her mother to church.

The next morning, one of his friend's clerks brought him a package of letters

from his banker. One of them was a note from Nora. It ran as follows:—

DEAR ROGER: I want so much to tell you that I have just got the prize for the piano. I hope you will not think it very silly to write so far only to tell you this. But I'm so proud I want you to know it. Of the three girls who tried for it, two were seventeen. The prize is a beautiful picture called "*Mozart à Vienne*"; probably you have seen it. Miss Murray says I may hang it up in my bedroom. Now I have got to go and practise, for Miss Murray says I must practise more than ever. My dear Roger, I do hope you are enjoying your travels. I have learned lots of geography, following you on the map. Don't ever forget your loving

NORA.

After reading this letter, Roger told his host that he would have to leave him. The young Peruvian demurred, objected, and begged for a reason.

"Well," said Roger, "I find I'm in love with your sister." The words sounded on his ear as if some one else had spoken them. Teresa's light was quenched, and she had no more fascination than a smouldering lamp, smelling of oil.

"Why, my dear fellow," said his friend, "that seems to me a reason for staying. I shall be most happy to have you for a brother-in-law."

"It's impossible! I'm engaged to a young lady in my own country."

"You are in love here, you are engaged there, and you go where you are engaged! You Englishmen are strange fellows!"

"Tell Teresa that I adore her, but that I am pledged at home. I had rather not see her."

And so Roger departed from Lima, without further communion with Teresa. On his return home he received a letter from her brother, telling him of her engagement to a young merchant of Valparaiso, — an excellent match. The young lady sent him her salutations. Roger, answering his friend's

letter, begged that the Doña Teresa would accept, as a wedding-present, of the accompanying trinket, — a little brooch in turquoise. It would look very well with pink!

Roger reached home in the autumn, but left Nora at school till the beginning of the Christmas holidays. He occupied the interval in refurnishing his house, and clearing the stage for the last act of the young girl's childhood. He had always possessed a modest taste for upholstery; he now began to apply it under the guidance of a delicate idea. His idea led him to prefer, in all things, the fresh and graceful to the grave and formal, and to wage war throughout his old dwelling on the lurking mustiness of the past. He had a lively regard for elegance, balanced by a horror of wanton luxury. He fancied that a woman is the better for being well dressed and well domiciled, and that vanity, too stingily treated, is sure to avenge itself. So he took her into account. Nothing annoyed him more, however, than the fear of seeing Nora a precocious fine lady; so that while he aimed at all possible purity of effect, he stayed his hand here and there before certain admonitory relics of ancestral ugliness and virtue, embodied for the most part in hair-cloth and cotton damask. Chintz and muslin, flowers and photographs and books, gave their clear light tone to the house. Nothing could be more tenderly propitious and virginal, or better chosen to chasten alike the young girl's aspirations and remind her of her protector's tenderness.

Since his return he had designedly refused himself a glimpse of her. He wished to give her a single undivided welcome to his home and his heart. Shortly before Christmas, as he had even yet not laid by his hammer and nails, Lucinda Brown was sent to fetch her from school. If Roger had expected that Nora would return with any marked accession of beauty, he would have had to say "Amen" with an effort. She had pretty well ceased to be a child; she was still his grave, imper-

fect Nora. She had gained her full height, — a great height, which her young strong slimness rendered the more striking. Her slender throat supported a head of massive mould, bound about with dense auburn braids. Beneath a somewhat serious brow her large, fair eyes retained their collected light, as if uncertain where to fling it. Now and then the lids parted widely and showered down these gathered shafts; and if at these times a certain rare smile divided, in harmony, her childish lips, Nora was for the moment a passable beauty. But for the most part, the best charm of her face was in a modest refinement of line, which rather evaded notice than courted it. The first impression she was likely to produce was of a kind of awkward slender majesty. Roger pronounced her "stately," and for a fortnight thought her too imposing by half; but as the days went on, and the pliable innocence of early maidenhood gave a soul to this formidable grace, he began to feel that in essentials she was still the little daughter of his charity. He even began to observe in her an added consciousness of this lowly position; as if with the growth of her mind she had come to reflect upon it, and deem it rather less and less a matter of course. He meditated much as to whether he should frankly talk it over with her and allow her to feel that, for him as well, their relation could never become commonplace. This would be in a measure untender, but would it not be prudent? Ought he not, in the interest of his final purpose, to force home to her soul in her sensitive youth an impression of all that she owed him, so that when his time had come, if imagination should lead her a-wandering, gratitude would stay her steps? A dozen times over he was on the verge of making his point, of saying, "Nora, Nora, these are not vulgar alms; I expect a return. One of these days you must pay your debt. Guess my riddle! I love you less than you think, — and more! A word to the wise." But he was silenced by a saving sense

of the brutality of such a course, and by a suspicion that, after all, it was not needful. A passion of gratitude was silently gathering in the young girl's heart: that heart could be trusted to keep its engagements. A deep conciliatory purpose seemed now to pervade her life, of infinite delight to Roger as little by little it stole upon his mind, like the fragrance of a deepening spring. He had his idea: he suspected that she had hers. They were but opposite faces of the same deep need. Her musing silence, her deliberate smiles, the childish keenness of her questionings, the growing womanly cunning of her little nameless services and caresses, were all alike redolent of a pious sense of suffered beneficence, which implied perfect self-devotion as a response.

On Christmas eve they sat together alone by a blazing log-fire in Roger's little library. He had been reading aloud a chapter of his diary, to which Nora sat listening in dutiful demureness, though her thoughts evidently were nearer home than Cuba and Peru. There is no denying it was dull; he could gossip to better purpose. He felt its dulness himself, and closing it finally with good-humored petulance, declared it was fit only to throw into the fire. Upon which Nora looked up, protesting. "You must do no such thing," she said. "You must keep your journals carefully, and one of these days I shall have them bound in morocco and gilt, and ranged in a row in my own bookcase."

"That's but a polite way of burning them up," said Roger. "They will be as little read as if they were in the fire. I don't know how it is. They seemed to be very amusing when I wrote them: they're as stale as an old newspaper now. I can't write: that's the amount of it. I'm a very stupid fellow, Nora: you might as well know it first as last."

Nora's school had been of the punctilious Episcopal order, and she had learned there the pretty custom of decorating the house at Christmas-tide with garlands and crowns of evergreen and holly. She had spent the day in

decking out the chimney-piece, and now, seated on a stool under the mantel-shelf, she twisted the last little wreath, which was to complete her design. A great still snow-storm was falling without, and seemed to be blocking them in from the world. She bit off the thread with which she had been binding her twigs, held out her garland to admire its effect, and then: "I don't believe you're stupid, Roger," she said; "and if I did, I should n't much care."

"Is that philosophy, or indifference?" said the young man.

"I don't know that it's either; it's because I know you're so good."

"That's what they say about all stupid people."

Nora added another twig to her wreath and bound it up. "I'm sure," she said at last, "that when people are as good as you are, they can't be stupid. I should like some one to tell me you're stupid. I know, Roger; I know!"

The young man began to feel a little uneasy; it was no part of his plan that her good-will should spend itself too soon. "Dear me, Nora, if you think so well of me, I shall find it hard to live up to your expectations. I'm afraid I shall disappoint you. I have a little gimcrack to put in your stocking to-night; but I'm rather ashamed of it now."

"A gimcrack more or less is of small account. I've had my stocking hanging up these three years, and everything I possess is a present from you."

Roger frowned; the conversation had taken just such a turn as he had often longed to provoke, but now it was too much for him. "O, come," he said; "I have done simply my duty to my little girl."

"But, Roger," said Nora, staring with expanded eyes, "I'm not your little girl."

His frown darkened; his heart began to beat. "Don't talk nonsense!" he said.

"But, Roger, it's true. I'm no one's little girl. Do you think I've no mem-

ory? Where is my father? Where is my mother?"

"Listen to me," said Roger, sternly. "You must n't talk of such things."

"You must n't forbid me, Roger. I can't think of them without thinking of you. This is Christmas eve! Miss Murray told us that we must never let it pass without thinking of all that it means. But without Miss Murray, I have been thinking all day of things which are hard to name, — of death and life, of my parents and you, of my incredible happiness. I feel to-night like a princess in a fairy-tale. I'm a poor creature, without a friend, without a penny or a home; and yet, here I sit by a blazing fire, with money, with food, with clothes, with love. The snow outside is burying the stone-walls, and yet here I can sit and simply say, 'How pretty!' Suppose I were in it, wandering and begging, — I might have been! Would I think it pretty then? Roger, Roger, I'm no one's child!" The tremor in her voice deepened, and she broke into a sudden passion of tears. Roger took her in his arms and tried to soothe away her sobs. But she disengaged herself and went on with an almost fierce exaltation: "No, no, I won't be comforted! I have had comfort enough, I hate it. I want for an hour to be myself and feel how little that is, to be my poor, wicked father's daughter, to fancy I hear my mother's voice. I've never spoken of them before; you must let me to-night. You must tell me about my father; you know something I don't. You never refused me anything, Roger; don't refuse me this. He was n't good, like you; but now he can do no harm. You have never mentioned his name to me, but happy as we are here together, we should be poorly set to work to despise him!"

Roger yielded to the vehemence of this flood of emotion. He stood watching her with two helpless tears in his own eyes, and then he drew her gently towards him and kissed her on the forehead. She took up her work again, and he told her, with every mi-

nuttest detail he could recall, the story of his sole brief interview with Mr. Lambert. Gradually he lost the sense of effort and reluctance, and talked freely, abundantly, almost with pleasure. Nora listened with tender curiosity and with an amount of self-control which denoted the habit of constant retrospect. She asked a hundred questions as to Roger's impression of her father's appearance. Was n't he wonderfully handsome? Then taking up the tale herself, she poured out a torrent of feverish reminiscence of her childhood and unpacked her early memories with a kind of rapture of relief. Her evident joy in this frolic of confidence gave Roger a pitying sense of what her long silence must have cost her. But evidently she bore him no grudge, and his present tolerance of her rambling gossip seemed to her but another proof of his tenderness and charity. She rose at last, and stood before the fire, into which she had thrown the refuse of her greenery, watching it blaze up and turn to ashes. "So much for past!" she said, at last. "The rest is the future. The girls at school used to be always talking about what they meant to do in coming years, what they hoped, what they wished; wondering, choosing, and longing. You don't know how girls talk, Roger; you'd be surprised! I never used to say much; my future is fixed. I've nothing to choose, nothing to hope, nothing to fear. I'm to make you happy. That's simple enough. You have undertaken to bring me up, Roger; you must do your best, because now I'm here, it's for long, and you'd rather have a wise girl than a silly one." And she smiled with a kind of tentative daughterliness through the traces of her recent grief. She put her two hands on his shoulders and eyed him with arch solemnity. "You shall never repent. I shall learn everything, I shall be everything! Oh! I wish I were pretty." And she tossed back her head in impatience of her fatal plainness, with an air which forced Roger to assure her that she would do

very well as she was. "If you are satisfied," she said, "I am!" For a moment Roger felt as if she were twenty years old, as if the future had flashed down on him and a proposal of marriage was at his tongue's end.

This serious Christmas eve left its traces upon many ensuing weeks. Nora's education was resumed with a certain added solemnity. Roger was no longer obliged to condescend to the level of her intelligence, and he found reason to thank his stars that he had laid up a provision of facts. He found use for all he possessed. The day of childish "lessons" was over, and Nora sought instruction in the perusal of various classical authors, in her own and other tongues, in concert with her friend. They read aloud to each other alternately, discussed their acquisitions and digested them with perhaps equal rapidity. Roger, in former years, had had but a small literary appetite; he liked a few books and knew them well, but he felt as if to settle down to an unread author were very like starting on a journey,—a case for farewells, a packing of trunks, and buying of tickets. His curiosity, now, however, imbued and quickened with a motive, led him through a hundred untrodden paths. He found it hard sometimes to keep pace with Nora's pattering step; through the flowery lanes of poetry, in especial, she would gallop without drawing breath. Was she quicker-witted than her friend, or only more superficial? Something of one, doubtless, and something of the other. Roger was forever suspecting her of a deeper penetration than his own, and hanging his head with an odd mixture of pride and humility. Her youthful brightness, at times, made him feel irretrievably dull and antiquated. His ears would tingle, his cheeks would burn, his old hope would fade into a shadow. "It's a —" he would declare. "How can I ever have for her that charm of infallibility, that romance of omniscience, that a woman demands of her lover? She has seen me scratching my head, she has seen me counting on my fin-

gers! Before she's seventeen she'll be mortally tired of me, and by the time she's twenty I shall be fatally familiar and incurably stale. It's very well for her to talk about life-long devotion and eternal gratitude. She does n't know the meaning of words. She must grow and outgrow, that's her first necessity. She must come to woman's estate and pay the inevitable tribute. I can open the door and let in the lover. If her present sentiment *is* in its way a passion, I shall have had my turn. I can't hope to be the object of two passions. I must thank the Lord for small favors!" Then as he seemed to taste, in advance, the bitterness of disappointment, casting him about him angrily for some means of appeal: "I ought to go away and stay away for years and never write at all, instead of compounding ponderous diaries to make even my absence detestable. I ought to convert myself into a beneficent shadow, a vague tutelary name. Then I ought to come back in glory, fragrant with exotic perfumes and shod with shoes of mystery! Otherwise, I ought to clip the wings of her fancy and put her on half-rations. I ought to snub her and scold her and bully her and tell her she's deplorably plain,—treat her as Rochester treats Jane Eyre. If I were only a good old Catholic, that I might shut her up in a convent and keep her childish and stupid and contented!" Roger felt that he was too doggedly conscientious; but abuse his conscience as he would, he could not make it yield an inch; so that in the constant strife between his egotistical purpose and his generous temper, the latter kept gaining ground and Nora innocently enjoyed the spoils of victory. It was his very generosity that detained him on the spot, by her side, watching her, working for her, and performing a hundred offices which in other hands would have lost their sweet precision. Roger watched intently for the signs of that inevitable hour when a young girl begins to loosen her fingers in the grasp of a guiding hand and wander

softly in pursuit of that sinuous silver thread of experience which deflects, through meadows of perennial green, from the dull gray stream of the common lot. She had relapsed in the course of time into the careless gaiety and the light immediate joys of girlhood. If she cherished a pious purpose in her heart, she made no indecent parade of it. But her very placidity and patience somehow afflicted her friend. She was too monotonously sweet, too easily obedient. If once in a while she would only flash out into petulance or rebellion! She kept her temper so carefully: what in the world was she keeping it for? If she would only bless him for once with an angry look and tell him that he bored her, that he worried and disgusted her!

During the second year after her return from school Roger began to fancy that she half avoided his society and resented his share in her occupations. She was fonder of lonely walks, readings and reveries. She had all of a young girl's passion for novels, and she had been in the habit of satisfying it largely. For works of fiction in general Roger had no great fondness, though he professed an especial relish for Thackeray. Nora had her favorites, but "The Newcomes," as yet, was not one of them. One evening in the early spring she sat down to a twentieth perusal of the classic tale of "The Initials." Roger, as usual, asked her to read aloud. She began and proceeded through a dozen pages. Looking up, at this point, she beheld Roger asleep. She smiled softly and privately resumed her reading. At the end of an hour, Roger, having finished his nap, rather startled her by his excessive annoyance at his lapse of consciousness. He wondered whether he had snored, but the absurd fellow was ashamed to ask her. Recovering himself finally: "The fact is, Nora," he said, "all novels seem to me stupid. They are nothing to what I can fancy! I have in my heart a prettier romance than any of them."

"A romance?" said Nora, simply. "Pray let me hear it. You're quite as good a hero as this poor Mr. Hamilton. Begin!"

He stood before the fire, looking at her with almost funereal gravity. "My *dénouement* is not yet written," he said. "Wait till the story is finished; then you shall hear the whole."

As at this time Nora put on long dresses and began to arrange her hair as a young lady, it occurred to Roger that he might make some change in his own appearance and reinforce his waning attractions. He was now thirty-two; he fancied he was growing stout. Bald, corpulent, middle-aged — at this rate he would soon be shelved! He was seized with a mad desire to win back the lost graces of youth. He had a dozen interviews with his tailor, the result of which was that for a fortnight he appeared daily in a new garment. Suddenly amid this restless longing to revise and embellish himself, he determined to suppress his whiskers. This would take off five years. He appeared, therefore, one morning, in the severe simplicity of a mustache. Nora started and greeted him with a little cry of horror. "Don't you like it?" he asked.

She hung her head on one side and the other. "Well no — to be frank."

"Oh, of course to be frank! It will only take five years to grow them again. What's the trouble?"

She gave a critical frown. "It makes you look too — too fat; too much like Mr. Vose." It is sufficient to explain that Mr. Vose was the butcher, who called every day in his cart, and who recently — Roger with horror only now remembered it — had sacrificed his whiskers to a greater singleness of effect.

"I'm sorry!" said Roger. "It was for you I did it!"

"For me!" And Nora burst into a violent laugh.

"Why, my dear Nora," cried the young man with a certain angry vehemence, "don't I do everything in life for you?"

She relapsed into sudden gravity. And then, after much meditation: "Excuse my unfeeling levity," she said. "You might cut off your nose, Roger, and I should like your face as well." But this was but half comfort. "Too fat!" Her subtler sense had spoken, and Roger never encountered Mr. Vose for three months after this without wishing to attack him with one of his own cleavers.

He made now an heroic attempt to scale the frowning battlements of the future. He pretended to be making arrangements for a tour in Europe, and for having his house completely remodelled in his absence; noting the while attentively the effect upon Nora of his cunning machinations. But she gave no sign of suspicion that his future, to the uttermost day, could be anything but her future too. One evening, nevertheless, an incident occurred which fatally confounded his calculations, — an evening of perfect mid-spring, full of warm, vague odors, of growing daylight, of the sense of bursting sap and fresh-turned earth. Roger sat on the piazza, looking out on things with an opera-glass. Nora, who had been strolling in the garden, returned to the house and sat down on the steps of the portico. "Roger," she said, after a pause, "has it never struck you as very strange that we should be living together in this way?"

Roger's heart rose to his throat. But he was loath to concede anything to her imagination, lest he should concede too much. "It's not especially strange," he said.

"Surely it *is* strange," she answered. "What are you? Neither my brother, nor my father, nor my uncle, nor my cousin, — nor even, by law, my guardian."

"By law! My dear child, what do you know about law?"

"I know that if I should run away and leave you now, you could n't force me to return."

"That's fine talk! Who told you that?"

"No one; I thought of it myself."

As I grow older, I ought to think of such things."

"Upon my word! Of running away and leaving me?"

"That's but one side of the question. The other is that you can turn me out of your house this moment, and no one can force you to take me back. I ought to remember such things."

"Pray what good will it do you to remember them?"

Nora hesitated a moment. "There is always some good in not losing sight of the truth."

"The truth! you're very young to begin to talk about it."

"Not too young. I'm old for my age. I ought to be!" These last words were uttered with a little sigh which roused Roger to action.

"Since we're talking about the truth," he said, "I wonder whether you know a tithe of it."

For an instant she was silent; then rising slowly to her feet: "What do you mean?" she asked. "Is there any secret in all that you've done for me?" Suddenly she clasped her hands, and eagerly, with a smile, went on: "You said the other day you had a romance. Is it a real romance, Roger? Are you, after all, related to me, — my cousin, my brother?"

He let her stand before him, perplexed and expectant. "It's more of a romance than that."

She slid upon her knees at his feet. "Dear Roger, do tell me," she said.

He began to stroke her hair. "You think so much," he answered; "do you never think about the future, the real future, ten years hence?"

"A great deal."

"What do you think?"

She blushed a little, and then he felt that she was drawing confidence from the steady glow of his benignant eyes. "Promise not to laugh!" she said, half laughing herself. He nodded. "I think about my husband!" she proclaimed. And then, as if she had, after all, been very absurd, and to forestall his laughter: "And about your wife!" she quickly added. "I want

dreadfully to see her. Why don't you marry?"

He continued to stroke her hair in silence. At last he said sententiously: "I hope to marry one of these days."

"I wish you'd do it now," Nora went on. "If only she'd be nice! We should be sisters, and I should take care of the children."

"You're too young to understand what you say, or what I mean. Little girls should n't talk about marriage. It can mean nothing to you until you come yourself to marry — as you will, of course. You'll have to decide and choose."

"I suppose I shall. I shall refuse him."

"What do you mean?"

But without answering his question: "Were you ever in love, Roger?" she suddenly asked. "Is that your romance?"

"Almost."

"Then it's not about me, after all?"

"It's about you, Nora; but, after all, it's not a romance. It's solid, it's real, it's truth itself; as true as your silly novels are false. Nora, I care for no one, I shall never care for any one, but you!"

He spoke in tones so deep and solemn that she was impressed. "Do you mean, Roger, that you care so much for me that you'll never marry?"

He rose quickly in his chair, pressing his hand over his brow. "Ah, Nora," he cried, "you're terrible!"

Evidently she had pained him; her heart was filled with the impulse of reparation. She took his two hands in her own. "Roger," she whispered gravely, "if you don't wish it, I promise never, never, never to marry, but to be yours alone — yours alone!"

IV.

The summer passed away; Nora was turned sixteen. Deeming it time she should begin to see something of the world, Roger spent the autumn in travelling. Of his tour in Europe he

had ceased to talk ; it was indefinitely deferred. It matters little where they went ; Nora vastly enjoyed the excursion and found all spots alike delightful. For Roger, too, it was full of a certain reassuring felicity. His remoter visions were merged in the present overflow of sympathy and pride, in his happy sense of her quickened observation and in the gratified vanity of possession. Whether or no she was pretty, people certainly looked at her. He overheard them a dozen times call her "striking." *Striking!* The word seemed to him rich in meaning ; if he had seen her for the first time taking the breeze on the deck of a river steamer, he certainly would have been struck. On his return home he found among his letters the following missive :—

MY DEAR SIR: I have learned, after various fruitless researches, that you have adopted my cousin. Miss Lambert, at the time she left St. Louis, was too young to know much about her family, or even to care much ; and you, I suppose, have not investigated the subject. You, however, better than any one, can understand my desire to make her acquaintance. I hope you'll not deny me the privilege. I am the second son of a half-sister of her mother, between whom and my own mother there was always the greatest affection. It was not until some time after it happened that I heard of Mr. Lambert's melancholy death. But it is useless to recur to that painful scene ! I resolved to spare no trouble in ascertaining the fate of his daughter. I have only just succeeded, after having fairly given her up. I have thought it better to write to you than to her, but I beg you to give her my compliments. I anticipate no difficulty in satisfying you that I am not a humbug. I have no hope of being able to better her circumstances ; but, whatever they may be, blood is blood, and cousins are cousins, especially in the West. A speedy answer will oblige

Yours truly,

GEORGE FENTON.

The letter was dated in New York, from a hotel. Roger was shocked. It had been from the first a peculiar satisfaction to him that Nora began and ended so distinctly with herself. But here was a hint of indefinite continuity ! Here, at last, was an echo of her past. He immediately showed the letter to Nora. As she read it, her face flushed deep with wonder and suppressed relief. She had never heard, she confessed, of her mother's half-sister. The "great affection" between the two ladies must have been anterior to Mrs. Lambert's marriage. Roger's own provisional solution of the problem was that Mrs. Lambert had married so little to the taste of her family as to forfeit all communication with them. If he had obeyed his immediate impulse, he would have written to his mysterious petitioner that Miss Lambert was sensible of the honor implied in his request, but that never having missed his society, it seemed needless that, at this time of day, she should cultivate it. But Nora had become infected by a huge curiosity ; the dormant pulse of kinship had been quickened ; it began to throb with delicious power. This was enough for Roger. "I don't know," he said, "whether he's an honest man or a scamp, but at a venture I suppose I must invite him down." To this Nora replied that she thought his letter was "lovely" ; and Mr. Fenton received a fairly civil summons.

Whether or no he was an honest man remained to be seen ; but on the face of the matter he appeared no scamp. He was, in fact, a person difficult to classify. Roger had made up his mind that he would be outrageously rough and Western ; full of strange oaths and bearded, for aught he knew, like the pard. In aspect, however, Fenton was a pretty fellow enough, and his speech, if not especially conciliatory to ears polite, possessed a certain homely vigor in which ears polite might have found their account. He was as little as possible, certainly, of Roger's *monde* ; but he carried about him the native fragrance of another

monde, beside which the social perfume familiar to Roger's nostrils must have seemed a trifle stale and insipid. He was invested with a loose-fitting cosmopolitan Occidentalism, which seemed to say to Roger that, of the two, *he* was provincial. Whether or no Fenton was a good man, he was a good American; though I doubt that he would, after the saying, have sought his Mahomet's Paradise in Paris. Considering his years,—they numbered but twenty-five,—Fenton's precocity and maturity of tone were an amazing spectacle. You would have very soon confessed, however, that he had a true genius for his part, and that it became him better to play at manhood than at juvenility. He could never have been a ruddy-cheeked boy. He was tall and lean, with a keen dark eye, a smile humorous, but not exactly genial, a thin, drawling, almost feminine voice and a strange Southwestern accent. His voice, at first, might have given you certain presumptuous hopes as to a soft spot in his tough young hide; but after listening awhile to its colorless monotone, you would have felt, I think, that though it was an instrument of one string, that solitary chord had been tempered in brine. Fenton was furthermore flat-chested and high-shouldered, but without any look of debility. He wore a little dead black mustache, which, at first, you would have been likely to suspect unjustly of a borrowed tint. His straight black hair was always carefully combed, and a small diamond pin adorned the bosom of his shirt. His feet were small and slender, and his left hand was decorated with a neat specimen of tattooing. You would never have called him modest, yet you would hardly have called him impudent; for he had evidently lived with people among whom the ideas of modesty and impudence, in their finer shades, had no great circulation. He had nothing whatever of the manner of society, but it was surprising how gracefully a certain shrewd *bonhomie* and smart good-humor enabled him to dispense with it. He

stood with his hands in his pockets, watching punctilio taking its course, and thinking, probably, what a d—d fool she was to go so far roundabout to a point he could reach with a single shuffle of his long legs. Roger, from the first hour of his being in the house, felt pledged to dislike him. He patronized him; he made him feel like a small boy, like an old woman; he sapped the roots of the poor fellow's comfortable consciousness of being a man of the world. Fenton was a man of twenty worlds. He had knocked about and dabbled in affairs and adventures since he was ten years old; he knew the American continent as he knew the palm of his hand; he was redolent of enterprise, of "operations," of a certain fierce friction with mankind. Roger would have liked to believe that he doubted his word, that there was a chance of his not being Nora's cousin, but a youth of an ardent swindling genius who had come into possession of a parcel of facts too provokingly pertinent to be wasted. He had evidently known the late Mr. Lambert—the poor man must have had plenty of such friends; but was he, in truth, his wife's nephew? Was not this shadowy nepotism excogitated over an unpaid hotel bill? So Roger fretfully meditated, but generally with no great gain of ground. He inclined, on the whole, to believe the young man's pretensions were valid, and to reserve his mistrust for the use he might possibly make of them. Of course Fenton had not come down to spend a stupid week in the country out of pure cousinly affection. Nora was but the means; Roger's presumptive wealth and bounty were the end. "He comes to make love to his cousin, and marry her if he can. I, who have done so much, will of course do more; settle an income directly on the bride, make my will in her favor, and die at my earliest convenience! How furious he must be," Roger continued to meditate, "to find me so young and hearty! How furious he would be if he knew a little more!" This line of argument was

justified in a manner by the frank assurance which Fenton was constantly at pains to convey, that he was incapable of any other relation to a fact than a desire to turn it to pecuniary account. Roger was uneasy, yet he took a certain comfort in the belief that, thanks to his early lessons, Nora could be trusted to confine her cousin to the precinct of cousinship. In whatever he might have failed, he had certainly taught her to know a gentleman. Cousins are born, not made; but lovers may be accepted at discretion. Nora's discretion, surely, would not be wanting. I may add also that, in his desire to order all things well, Roger caught himself wondering whether, at the worst, a little precursory love-making would do any harm. The ground might be gently tickled to receive his own sowing; the petals of the young girl's nature, playfully forced apart, would leave the golden heart of the flower but the more accessible to his own vertical rays.

It was cousinship for Nora, certainly; but cousinship was much, more than Roger fancied, luckily for his peace of mind. In the utter penury of her native gifts, her tardy kinsman acquired a portentous value. She was so proud of turning out to have a cousin as well as other folks, that she lavished on the young man all the idle tenderness of her primitive instincts, the savings and sparings, such as they were, of her girlish good-will. It must be said that Fenton was not altogether unworthy of her favors. He meant no especial harm to other people, save in so far as he meant uncompromising benefit to himself. The Knight of La Mancha, on the torrid flats of Spain, never urged his gaunt steed with a grimmer pressure of the knees than that with which Fenton held himself erect on the hungry hobby of success. Shrewd as he was, he had perhaps, as well, a ray of Don Quixote's divine obliquity of vision. It is at least true that success as yet had been painfully elusive, and a part of the peril to Nora's girlish

heart lay in this melancholy grace of undeserved failure. The young man's imagination was a trifle restless; he had a generous need of keeping too many irons on the fire. It had been in a kind of fanciful despair of doing better, for the time, that he had made overtures to Roger. He had learned six months before of his cousin's situation and had felt no great sentimental need of making her acquaintance; but at last, revolving many things of a certain sort, he had come to wonder whether these good people could not be induced to play into his hands. Roger's wealth (which he largely overestimated) and Roger's obvious taste for sharing it with other people, Nora's innocence and Nora's prospects—it would surely take a great fool not to pluck the rose from so thornless a tree. He foresaw these good things melting and trickling into the shallow current of his own career. Exactly what use he meant to make of Nora he would have been at a loss to say. Plain matrimony might or might not be a prize. At any rate, it could do a clever man no harm to have a rich girl foolishly in love with him. He turned, therefore, upon his charming cousin the sunny side of his genius. He very soon began to doubt that he had ever known so delightful a person, and indeed his growing sense of her sweetness bade fair to make him bungle his naughtiness. She was altogether sweet enough to be valued for herself. She made him feel that he had never encountered a really fine girl. Nora was a young lady: how she had come to it was one of the outer mysteries; but there she was, consummate! He made no point of a man being a gentleman; in fact, when a man was a gentleman you had rather to be one yourself, which didn't pay; but for a woman to be a lady was plainly pure gain. He had a fine enough sense to detect something extremely grateful in the half-concessions, the reserve of freshness, the fugitive dignity, of gently nurtured maidenhood. Women, to him, had seemed mostly as cut flowers,

blooming awhile in the waters of occasion, but yielding no second or rarer freshness. Nora was fast overtaking herself in the exhilarating atmosphere of her cousin's gallantry. She had known so few young men that she had not learned to be fastidious, and Fenton represented to her fancy that great collective manhood of which Roger was not. He had an irresistible air of action, alertness, and purpose. Poor Roger, beside him, was most prosaically passive. She regarded her cousin with something of the thrilled attention which one bestows on the naked arrow, poised across the bow. He had, moreover, the inestimable merit of representing her own side of her situation. He very soon became sensible of this merit, and you may be sure he entertained her to the top of her bent. He gossiped by the hour about her father, and gave her very plainly to understand that poor Mr. Lambert had been more sinned against than sinning. His wrongs, his sufferings, his ambitions and adventures, formed on Fenton's lips not only a most pathetic recital, but a standing pretext for Western anecdotes, not always strictly adapted, it must be confessed, to the melting mood. Of her mother, too, he discoursed with a wholesale fecundity of praise and reminiscence. Facts, facts, facts was Nora's demand: she got them, and if here and there a fiction slipped into the basket, it passed muster with the rest.

Nora was not slow to perceive that Roger had no love for their guest, and she immediately conceded him his right of judgment. She allowed for a certain fatal and needful antagonism in their common interest in herself. Fenton's presence was a tacit infringement of Roger's prescriptive right of property. If her cousin had only never come! It might have been, though she could not bring herself to wish it. Nora felt vaguely that here was a chance for tact, for the woman's peace-making art. To keep Roger in spirits, she put on a dozen unwonted graces; she waited on him, appealed to him,

smiled at him with unwearied iteration. But the main effect of these sweet offices was to deepen her gracious radiance in her cousin's eyes. Roger's rancorous suspicion transmuted to bitterness what would otherwise have been pure delight. She was turning hypocrite; she was throwing dust in his eyes; she was plotting with that vulgar Missourian. Fenton, of course, was forced to admit that he had reckoned without his host. Roger had had the impudence not to turn out a simpleton; he was not a shepherd of the golden age; he was a dogged modern, with prosy prejudices; the wind of his favor blew as it listed. Fenton took the liberty of being extremely irritated at the other's want of ductility. "Hang the man!" he said to himself, "why can't he trust me? What is he afraid of? Why don't he take me as a friend rather than an enemy? Let him be frank, and I'll be frank. I could put him up to things! And what does he want to do with Nora, any way?" This latter question Fenton came very soon to answer, and the answer amused him not a little. It seemed to him an extremely odd use of one's time and capital, this fashioning of a wife to order. There was in it a long-winded patience, a broad arrogance of leisure, which excited his ire. Roger might surely have found *his* fit ready made! His disappointment, a certain angry impulse to rescue his cousin from this pitiful compression of circumstance, the sense finally that what he should gain he would gain from her alone, though indeed she was too confoundingly innocent to appreciate his fierce immediate ends;—these things combined to heat the young man's humor to the fever-point and to make him strike more random blows than belonged to plain prudence.

The autumn being well advanced, the warmth of the sun had become very grateful. Nora used to spend much of the morning in strolling about the dismantled garden with her cousin. Roger would stand at the window with

his honest face more nearly disfigured by a scowl than ever before. It was the old, old story, to his mind: nothing succeeds with women like just too little deference. Fenton would lounge along by Nora's side, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, his shoulders raised to his ears, and a pair of tattered slippers on his absurdly diminutive feet. Not only had Nora forgiven him this last breach of civility, but she had forthwith begun to work him a new pair of slippers. "What on earth," thought Roger, "do they find to talk about?" Their conversation, meanwhile, ran in some such strain as this:—

"My dear Nora," said the young man, "what on earth, week in and week out, do you and Mr. Lawrence find to talk about?"

"A great many things, George. We have lived long enough together to have a great many interests in common."

"It was a most extraordinary thing, his adopting you, if you don't mind my saying so. Imagine my adopting a little girl."

"You and Roger are very different men."

"We certainly are. What in the world did he expect to do with you?"

"Very much what he has done, I suppose. He has educated me, he has made me what I am."

"You're a very nice little person; but, upon my word, I don't see that he's to thank for it. A lovely girl can be neither made nor marred."

"Possibly! But I give you notice that I'm not a lovely girl. I have it in me to be, under provocation, anything but a lovely girl. I owe everything to Roger. You must say nothing against him. I won't have it. What would have become of me—" She stopped, betrayed by her glance and voice.

"Mr. Lawrence is a model of all the virtues, I admit! But, Nora, I confess I'm jealous of him. Does he expect to educate you forever? You seem to me to have already all the learning a

pretty woman needs. What does *he* know about women? What does he expect to do with you two or three years hence? Two or three years hence, you'll be—" And Fenton, breaking off, began to whistle with vehement gayety and executed with shuffling feet a momentary fandango. "Two or three years hence, when you look in the glass, remember I said so!"

"He means to go to Europe one of these days," said Nora, laughing.

"One of these days! One would think he expects to keep you forever. Not if I can help it. And why Europe, in the name of all that's patriotic? Europe be hanged! You ought to come out to your own section of the country, and see your own people. I can introduce you to the best people in St. Louis. It's a glorious place, worth a thousand of your dismal Bostons. I'll tell you what, my dear. You don't know it, but you're a regular Western girl."

A certain foolish gladness in being the creature thus denominated prompted Nora to a gush of momentary laughter, of which Roger, within the window, caught the soundless ripple. "You ought to know, George," she said, "you're Western enough yourself."

"Of course I am. I glory in it. It's the only place for a man of ideas! In the West you can do something! Round here you're all stuck fast in a Slough of Despond. For yourself, Nora, at bottom you're all right; but superficially you're just a trifle over-starched. But we'll take it out of you! It comes of living with stiff-necked—"

Nora bent for a moment her lustrous eyes on the young man, as if to recall him to order. "I beg you to understand, once for all," she said, "that I refuse to listen to disrespectful allusions to Roger."

"I'll say it again, just to make you look at me so. If I ever fall in love with you, it will be when you are scolding me. All I've got to do is to attack your papa—"

"He's not my papa. I have had

one papa; that's enough. I say it in all respect."

"If he's not your papa, what is he? He's a dog in the manger. He must be either one thing or the other. When you're very little older, you'll understand that."

"He may be whatever thing you please. I shall be but one,—his best friend."

Fenton laughed with a kind of fierce hilarity. "You're so innocent, my dear, that one does n't know where to take you. You expect, in other words, to marry him?"

Nora stopped in the path, with her eyes on her cousin. For a moment he was half confounded by their startled severity and the flush of pain in her cheek. "Marry Roger!" she said with great gravity.

"Why, he's a man, after all!"

Nora was silent a moment; and then with a certain forced levity, walking on: "I'd better wait till I'm asked."

"He'll ask you! You'll see."

"If he does, I shall be surprised."

"You'll pretend to be. Women always do."

"He has known me as a child," she continued, heedless of his sarcasm. "I shall always be a child, for him."

"He'll like that," said Fenton, with heat. "He'll like a child of twenty."

Nora, for an instant, was sunk in meditation. "As regards marriage," she said at last, with a slightly defiant emphasis, "I'll do what Roger wishes."

Fenton lost patience. "Roger be hanged!" he cried. "You're not his slave. You must choose for yourself and act for yourself. You must obey your own heart. You don't know what you're talking about. One of these days your heart will say its say. Then we'll see what becomes of Roger's wishes! If he wants to mould you to his will, he should have taken you younger—or older! Don't tell me seriously that you can ever love (don't play upon words: love, I mean, in the one sense that means anything!) such a solemn little fop as that! Don't protest, my dear girl; I must have my

say. I speak in your own interest; I speak, at any rate, from my own heart. I detest the man. I came here in all deference and honesty, and he has treated me as if I were n't fit to touch with a tongs. I'm poor, I've my way to make, I'm on the world; but I'm an honest man, for all that, and as good as he, take me altogether. Why can't he show me a moment's frankness? Why can't he take me by the hand and say, 'Come, young man, I've got capital, and you've got brains; let's pull together a stroke.' Does he think I want to steal his spoons or pick his pocket? Is that hospitality? If that's the way they understand it hereabouts, I prefer the Western article!"

This passionate outbreak, prompted in about equal measure by baffled ambition and wounded sensibility, made sad havoc with Nora's strenuous loyalty to her friend. Her sense of infinite property in her cousin—the instinct of free affection alternating more gratefully than she knew with the dim consciousness of measured dependence—had become in her heart a sort of boundless and absolute rapture. She desired neither to question nor to set a term to it: she only knew that while it lasted it was potently sweet. Roger's mistrust was certainly cruel; it was crueller still that he should obtrude it on poor George's notice. She felt, however, that two angry men were muttering over her head and her main desire was to avert an explosion. She promised herself to dismiss Fenton the next day. Of course, by the very fact of this concession, Roger lost ground in her tenderness, and George acquired the grace of the persecuted. Meanwhile, Roger's jealous irritation came to a head. On the evening following the little scene I have narrated the young couple sat by the fire in the library; Fenton on a stool at his cousin's feet holding, while Nora wound them on reels, the wools which were to be applied to the manufacture of those invidious slippers. Roger, after grimly watching their mutual amenities for

some time over the cover of a book, unable to master his fierce discomposure, departed with a tell-tale stride. They heard him afterwards walking up and down the piazza, where he was appealing from his troubled nerves to the ordered quietude of the stars.

"He hates me so," said Fenton, "that I believe if I were to go out there he'd draw a knife on me."

"O George!" cried Nora, horrified.

"It's a fact, my dear. I'm afraid you'll have to give me up. I wish I had never seen you!"

"At all events, we can write to each other."

"What's writing? I don't know how to write! I will, though! I suppose he'll open my letters. So much the worse for him!"

Nora, as she wound her spool, mused intently. "I can't believe he really grudges me our friendship. It must be something else."

Fenton, with a clinch of his fist, arrested suddenly the outflow of the skein from his hand. "It is something else," he said. "It's our possible — more than friendship!" And he grasped her two hands in his own. "Nora, choose! Between me and him!"

She stared a moment; then her eyes filled with tears. "O George," she cried, "you make me very unhappy." She must certainly tell him to go; and yet that very movement of his which had made it doubly needful made it doubly hard. "I'll talk to Roger," she said. "No one should be condemned unheard. We may all misunderstand each other."

Fenton, half an hour later, having, as he said, letters to write, went up to his own room; shortly after which, Roger returned to the library. Half an hour's communion with the starlight and the long beat of the crickets had drawn the sting from his irritation. There came to him, too, a mortifying sense of his guest having outdone him in civility. This would never do. He took refuge in imperturbable good-humor, and entered the room with a *bravado* of cool indifference. But even

before he had spoken, something in Nora's face caused this wholesome dose of resignation to stick in his throat. "Your cousin's gone?" he said.

"To his own room. He has some letters to write."

"Shall I hold your wools?" Roger asked, after a pause, with a rather awkward air of overture.

"Thank you. They are all wound."

"For whom are your slippers?" He knew, of course; but the question came.

"For George. Did n't I tell you? Are n't they pretty?" And she held up her work.

"Prettier than he deserves."

Nora gave him a rapid glance and miscounted her stitch. "You don't like poor George," she said.

"Poor George" set his wound a-throbbing again. "No. Since you ask me, I don't like poor George."

Nora was silent. At last: "Well!" she said, "you've not the same reasons as I have."

"So I'm bound to believe!" cried Roger, with a laugh. "You must have excellent reasons."

"Excellent. He's my own, you know."

"Your own — Oho!" And he laughed louder.

His tone forced Nora to blush. "My own cousin," she cried.

"Your own fiddlestick!" cried Roger.

She stopped her work. "What do you mean?" she asked gravely.

Roger himself began to blush a little. "I mean — I mean — that I don't half believe in your cousin. He does n't satisfy me. I don't like him. He's a jumble of contradictions. I have nothing but his own word. I'm not bound to take it. He tells the truth, if you like, but he tells fibs too."

"Roger, Roger," said Nora, with great softness, "do you mean that he's an impostor?"

"The word is your own. He's not honest."

She slowly rose from her little bench,

gathering her work into the skirt of her dress. "And, doubting of his honesty, you've let him take up his abode here, you've let him become dear to me?"

She was making him ten times a fool! "Why, if you liked him," he said. "When did I ever refuse you anything?"

There came upon Nora a sudden unpitied sense that then and there Roger was ridiculous. "Honest or not honest," she said with vehemence, "I *do* like him. Cousin or no cousin, he's my friend."

"Very good. But I warn you. I don't enjoy talking to you thus. But let me tell you, once for all, that your cousin, your friend, — your — whatever he is!" — He faltered an instant; Nora's eyes were fixed on him. "That he disgusts me!"

"You're extremely unjust. You've taken no trouble to know him. You've treated him from the first with small civility!"

"Good heavens! Was the trouble to be all mine? Civility! he never missed it; he does n't know what it means."

"He knows more than you think. But we must talk no more about him." She rolled together her canvas and reels; and then suddenly, with passionate inconsequence, "Poor, poor George!" she cried.

Roger watched her, rankling with that unsatisfied need, familiar alike to good men and bad when vanity is at stake, of smothering feminine right in hard manly fact. "Nora," he said, cruelly, "you disappoint me."

"You must have formed great hopes of me!" she cried.

"I confess I had."

"Say good by to them then, Roger. If this is wrong, I'm all wrong!" She spoke with a rich displeasure which transformed with admirable effect her habitual expression of docility. She had never yet come so near being beautiful. In the midst of his passionate vexation he admired her. The scene seemed for a moment a bad

dream, from which, with a start, he might awake into a declaration of love.

"Your anger gives an admirable point to your remarks. Indeed, it gives a beauty to your face. Must a woman be in the wrong to be charming?" He went on, hardly knowing what he said. But a burning blush in her cheeks recalled him to a kind of self-aborrence. "Would to God," he cried, "your abominable cousin had never come between us!"

"Between us? He's not between us. I stand as near you, Roger, as I ever did. Of course George will leave immediately."

"Of course! I'm not so sure. He will, I suppose, if he's asked."

"Of course I shall ask him."

"Nonsense. You'll not enjoy that."

"We're old friends by this time," said Nora, with terrible malice. "I sha'n't in the least mind."

Roger could have choked himself. He had brought his case to this: Fenton a martyred proscrip, and Nora a brooding victim of duty. "Do I want to turn the man out of the house?" he cried. "Do me a favor, — I demand it. Say nothing to him, let him stay as long as he pleases. I'm not afraid! I don't trust him, but I trust you. I'm curious to see how long he'll have the hardihood to stay. A fortnight hence, I shall be justified. You'll say to me, 'Roger, you were right. George is n't a gentleman.' There! I insist."

"A gentleman? Really, what are we talking about? Do you mean that he wears a false diamond in his shirt? He'll take it off if I ask him. There's a long way between wearing false diamonds —"

"And stealing real ones! I don't know. I have always fancied they go together. At all events, Nora, he's not to suspect that he has been able to make trouble between two old friends."

Nora stood for a moment in irresponsible meditation. "I think he means to go," she said. "If you want him to stay, you must ask him." And without further words she marched out of the room. Roger followed her with

his eyes. He thought of Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," who looked "devilish handsome in a passion."

Lady Castlewood, meanwhile, ascended to her own room, flung her work upon the floor, and, dropping into a chair, betook herself to weeping. It was late before she slept. She awoke with a keener consciousness of the burden of life. Her own burden certainly was small, but her strength, as yet, was untested. She had thought, in her many reveries, of a possible rupture of harmony with Roger, and prayed that it might never come by a fault of hers. The fault was hers now in that she had surely cared less for duty than for joy. Roger, indeed, had shown a pitiful smallness of view. This was a weakness; but who was she, to keep account of Roger's weaknesses? It was to a weakness of Roger's that she owed her food and raiment and shelter. It helped to quench her resentment that she felt, somehow, that, whether Roger smiled or frowned, George would still be George. He was not a gentleman: well and good; neither was she, for that matter, a lady. But a certain manful hardness like George's would not be amiss in the man one was to love. There was a discord now in that daily commonplace of happiness which had seemed to repeat the image of their mutual trust as a lucid pool reflects the cloudless blue. But if the discord should deepen and swell, it was sweet to think she might deafen her sense in that sturdy cousinship.

A simpler soul than Fenton's might have guessed at the trouble of this quiet household. Fenton read in it as well an omen of needful departure. He accepted the necessity with an acute sense of failure, — almost of injury. He had gained nothing but the bother of being loved. It was a bother, because it gave him a vague importunate sense of responsibility. It seemed to fling upon all things a gray shade of prohibition. Yet the matter had its brightness, too, if a man could but swallow his superstitions. He cared

for Nora quite enough to tell her he loved her; he had said as much, with an easy conscience, to girls for whom he cared far less. He felt gratefully enough the cool vestment of tenderness which she had spun about him, like a web of imponderous silver; but he had other uses for his time than to go masquerading through Nora's fancy. The defeat of his hope that Roger, like an ideal *oncle de comédie*, would shower blessings and bank-notes upon his union with his cousin, involved the discomfiture of a secondary project; that, namely, of borrowing five thousand dollars. The reader will smile: but such is the *naïveté* of "smart men." He would consent, now, to be put off with five hundred. In this collapse of his visions he fell a-musing upon Nora's financial value.

"Look here," he said to her, with an air of heroic effort, "I see I'm in the way. I must be off."

"I'm sorry, George," said Nora, sadly.

"So am I. I never supposed I was proud. But I reckoned without my host!" he said with a bitter laugh. "I wish I had never come. Or rather I don't. My girl of girls!"

She began to question him soothingly about his projects and prospects; and hereupon, for once, Fenton bent his mettle to simulate a pathetic incapacity. He set forth that he was discouraged; the future was a blank. It was child's play, attempting to do anything without capital.

"And you have no capital?" said Nora, anxiously.

Fenton gave a poignant smile. "Why, my dear girl, I'm a poor man!"

"How poor?"

"Poor, poor, poor. Poor as a rat"

"You don't mean that you're penniless?"

"What's the use of my telling you? You can't help me. And it would only make you unhappy."

"If you are unhappy, I want to be!"

This golden vein of sentiment might certainly be worked. Fenton took out his pocket-book, drew from it four

bank-notes of five dollars each, and ranged them with a sort of mournful playfulness in a line on his knee. "That's my fortune."

"Do you mean to say that twenty dollars is all you have in the world?"

Fenton smoothed out the creases, caressingly, in the soiled and crumpled notes. "It's a great shame to bring you down to these sordid mysteries of misery," he said. "Fortune has raised you above them."

Nora's heart began to beat. "Yes, it has. I have a little money, George. Some eighty dollars."

Eighty dollars! George suppressed a groan. "He keeps you rather low."

"Why, I have little use for money, and no chance, here in the country, to spend it. Roger is extremely generous. Every few weeks he forces money upon me. I often give it away to the poor people hereabouts. Only a fortnight ago I refused to take any more on account of my having this unspent. It's agreed between us that I may give what I please in charity, and that my charities are my own affair. If I had only known of you, George, I should have appointed you my pensioner-in-chief."

George was silent. He was wondering intently how he might arrange to become the standing recipient of her overflow. Suddenly he remembered that he ought to protest. But Nora had lightly quitted the room. Fenton repocketed his twenty dollars and awaited her reappearance. Eighty dollars was not a fortune; still it was a sum. To his great annoyance, before Nora returned, Roger presented himself. The young man felt for an instant as if he had been caught in an act of sentimental burglary, and made a movement to conciliate his detector. "I'm afraid I must bid you good by," he said.

Roger frowned and wondered whether Nora had spoken. At this moment she reappeared, flushed and out of breath with the excitement of her purpose. She had been counting over her money and held in each hand a

little fluttering package of bank-notes. On seeing Roger she stopped and blushed, exchanging with her cousin a rapid glance of inquiry. He almost glared at her, whether with warning or with menace she hardly knew. Roger stood looking at her, half amazed. Suddenly, as the meaning of her errand flashed upon him, he turned a furious crimson. He made a step forward, but cautioned himself; then, folding his arms, he silently waited. Nora, after a moment's hesitation, rolling her notes together, came up to her cousin and held out the little package. Fenton kept his hands in his pockets and devoured her with his eyes. "What's all this?" he said, brutally.

"O George!" cried Nora; and her eyes filled with tears.

Roger had divined the situation; the shabby victimization of the young girl and her kinsman's fury at the disclosure of his avidity. He was angry; but he was even more disgusted. From so vulgar a knave there was little rivalry to fear. "I'm afraid I'm rather a marplot," he said. "Don't insist, Nora. Wait till my back is turned."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Nora.

"You? O, nothing whatever!" cried Roger, with a laugh.

Fenton stood leaning against the mantel-piece, desperately sullen, with a look of vicious confusion. "It's only I who have anything to be ashamed of," he said at last, bitterly, with an effort. "My poverty!"

Roger smiled graciously, "Honest poverty is never shameful!"

Fenton gave him an insolent stare. "Honest poverty! You know a great deal about it."

"Don't appeal to poor little Nora, man, for her savings," Roger went on. "Come to me."

"You're unjust," said Nora. "He did n't appeal to me. I appealed to him. I guessed his poverty. He has only twenty dollars in the world."

"O, you poor little fool!" roared Fenton's eyes.

Roger was delighted. At a single

stroke he might redeem his incivility and reinstate himself in Nora's affections. He took out his pocket-book. "Let me help you. It was very stupid of me not to have guessed your embarrassment." And he counted out a dozen notes.

Nora stepped to her cousin's side and passed her hand through his arm. "Don't be proud," she murmured caressingly.

Roger's notes were new and crisp. Fenton looked hard at the opposite wall, but, explain it who can, he read their successive figures,—a fifty, four twenties, six tens. He could have hauled.

"Come don't be proud," repeated Roger, holding out this little bundle of wealth.

Two great passionate tears welled into the young man's eyes. The sight of Roger's sturdy sleekness, of the comfortable twinkle of patronage in his eye, was too much for him. "I sha'n't give *you* a chance to be proud," he said. "Take care! Your papers may go into the fire."

"O George!" murmured Nora; and her murmur seemed to him delicious.

He bent down his head, passed his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her on her forehead. "Good by, dearest Nora," he said.

Roger stood staring, with his proffered gift. "You decline?" he cried, almost defiantly.

"Decline" is n't the word. A man does n't decline an insult."

Was Fenton, then, to have the best of it, and was his own very generosity to be turned against him? Blindly, passionately, Roger crumpled the notes in his fist and tossed them into the

fire. In an instant they begun to blaze.

"Roger, are you mad?" cried Nora. And she made a movement to rescue the crackling paper. Fenton burst into a laugh. He caught her by the arm, clasped her round the waist, and forced her to stand and watch the brief blaze. Pressed against his side, she felt the quick beating of his heart. As the notes disappeared her eyes sought Roger's face. He looked at her stupidly, and then turning on his heel, he walked out of the room. Her cousin, still holding her, showered upon her forehead half a dozen fierce kisses. But disengaging herself: "You must leave the house!" she cried. "Something dreadful will happen."

Fenton had soon packed his valise, and Nora, meanwhile, had ordered a vehicle to carry him to the station. She waited for him in the portico. When he came out, with his bag in his hand, she offered him again her little roll of bills. But he was a wiser man than half an hour before. He took them, turned them over and selected a one-dollar note. "I'll keep this," he said, "in remembrance, and only spend it for my last dinner." She made him promise, however, that if trouble really overtook him, he would let her know, and in any case he would write. As the wagon went over the crest of an adjoining hill he stood up and waved his hat. His tall, gaunt young figure, as it rose dark against the cold November sunset, cast a cooling shadow across the fount of her virgin sympathies. Such was the outline, surely, of the conquering hero, not of the conquered. Her fancy followed him forth into the world with a tender impulse of comradeship.

H. James Jr.

ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

III.

VENICE, Sunday P. M., May 16, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: We came away. It was harder than you could imagine. Rome is a siren of sirens. It was so hot that we could scarcely breathe from ten o'clock till four, and there was nothing to eat except ices and strawberries with no flavor to them, but we clung to the very stones of that city. I went in from the beloved Albano, on Friday, the 7th, supposing that we should set out for Venice on the following Tuesday; but P—— and N—— were not ready, and we did not get off until Thursday. At first when they told me this I said, "I will go directly back to Albano. I will never stay in this ill-odored oven five days!" But I stayed, and when Wednesday came I privately hoped that some dresses, or marbles, or pictures would not come home at the last minute, so that we should be kept a day or two longer. There are still so many things in Rome that I have not seen. I feel as if I had made only a beginning, though I have been there more than four months; in those five last days, however, I made good use of the time; if I had been as industrious all winter, I should have accomplished more. Among other things I did, which had been inexplicably postponed in the winter, was the "Palace of the Cæsars." I could not tell you how many times the day had been set to go there. Once, as I wrote you, I stood at the gate, with the whole Archæological Society at my back, and could not get in. I had grown superstitious about it; but at last I really did get in, and then, O my countrymen and women, what a fall was there! I had all along anticipated seeing ruins grander than any other except the Coliseum. As I saw them from the distance they looked imposing, and

looked wild and overgrown, like the Baths of Caracalla, and as all ruins ought to look. But what do you think you see when the gate is first opened? (It is owned, you must know, by Napoleon, sold to him for \$40,000 by the king of Naples, "that very stoopid young man," as Signor L—— said, in telling me about it, "for \$40,000 this whole grand ruin; and the water privilege alone is worth more than that." So the Emperor has walled it in, and is carrying on excavations in a masterly manner, and the public only go in on Thursdays; but I went in with Signor L——, who has always the right to go anywhere on any day, so far as we can discover; and we went on a Saturday.) When the gate is opened, you see a broad walk and a sort of *café*-like building, and very much landscape garden, nice little beds, such as you might see in Brooklyn or Springfield, bushels of roses, and white thorn and box borders; if you are like me, you stand stock-still and burst out laughing, and say, "Where is the Palace of the Cæsars?" and then your archæologist leads you along, up and up, into great spaces, some of them floored with mosaic, some of them bare earth, but all cleaner and more swept and garnished and scrubbed than any old maid's parlor you ever saw; great columns set here and there, and grand bits of marble, fragments of acanthus, and legs and arms, etc., such as you see always in the ruins of Rome; but *here* they are all set by so neatly that, upon my word, you don't feel as if they were ever in any other place in their lives. Then, as I say (if you are like me), you laugh still more, in fact, you get positively irreverent; and you look round, expecting to see old women with pails and mops in every corner,

and there is nobody in sight, except workmen wheeling away things in wheelbarrows, and you think they must be carrying off the old women with pails and mops, for there does not seem to be anything else to carry off! All this time the archæologist is delivering a little lecture by your side; how this is the old audience chamber, and this was the dining-room, and this circular mosaic at the end is the place where the emperors used to sit,—and very likely *lie*, if they ever got “under the table,”—and this is the bath-room, and this is the academy where every day a poet read a poem, or a philosopher or historian an essay, before the emperor; and at last the archæologist sees that you are shaking with laughter, and, having previously found you more than sentimental enough on other occasions over other ruins, he thinks you are laughing at his English, and stops short and says, “What are you doing? what have you the matter?” And then you, that is I, sink down into a thicket of purple foxglove, and begin to sneeze violently (for rose cold happens in these days, because Italy is one great garden in blossom. Then I try to explain that I think it the funniest thing in life to see a ruin so scrubbed up and put in such horribly good order; that there is such an eminently French look about it all, that it seems to belong to the Rue St. Honoré, and to have nothing whatever to do with Rome either ancient or modern; and that I very much doubt if ever an emperor set his foot in it! Then the archæologist, being the gentlest little soul in the world, loses his temper, and says, “You are very provoking”; and that completes my nervous amusement, and all is “up” for that day. However, when I was fairly underground, walking along an old street, many feet beneath the landscape garden, and looking into stuccoed room after room, and up steep stone staircases, on one of which it seems to me quite probable that Caligula was killed, I found my usual faith and reverence reviving, and patched up a sort

of truce with my archæologist. But I shall never forget the comical effect of that first look at the palace of the Cæsars.

Among other good things of those last days in Rome was an illumination of the Venus of the Capitol: daytime too! It happened on this wise. We went to the room at just that one minute of noon, when the sun flooded in through the upper panes of the window on the right, and lit up the whole statue with a positively supernatural color. Even the *custode* exclaimed he had never, in all the years before, happened to hit that precise moment and such a sun. The face smiled, and the right arm trembled a little as the sunlight flickered over it. We stood breathless and silent, and it would not have surprised us in that instant to have heard a voice from the lips. On the left of the Venus stands a dear little girl in marble, looking like anybody's little girl in the next street, only that her gown is all one great square piece of something gathered up in what were folds in those days, but would look uncommonly bunched, I think, if we were to try them now. She is holding a little bird up in her arms, to keep it safe from a snake which stretches up behind to reach it. We wanted to wait till the sun had come to the little girl's head, but we had not time; so we ran to take one more look at the black marble Centaurs, and the Infant Hercules, and then went home.

At the last, the leaving Rome was quite picturesque. We went at night; for of the two evils, to ride all night seemed less than to get up at four A. M. and ride all day in the heat. Poor little Marianina had haunted the hotel all day; running in and out to see if I did not want something done, and finally standing in the dining-room door while we took our tea, and looking at me with the piteous eyes of a dumb animal. Every now and then she would say, “Iddio mio! Iddio mio! O signora mia!” till I could not stand it, and had fairly to pretend to be stern,

and send her off, I said to her, though, "If I were rich, Marianina, I would take you with me." "O but you *are* rich, signora mia!" she said, with the tears in her eyes. Poor soul, I think nobody has ever been very kind to her before, and this one month with me (with good wages and nothing to do!) has been the one *fiesta* of her life. Giovanni, the girls' old courier, went with us to the station, and Marianina, who had insisted on carrying my bundle and bag, appeared with a cousin to carry the bundle; so we filed up past the little garden and the soldiers and out among the fire-flies, quite a procession. Marianina knelt on the step of the car till the bell struck and the guard pulled her off; then she kissed our hands and walked slowly away, looking over her shoulder at the guard out of one eye, and at me out of the other! The guard said something to his fellow-guard about her beauty and snapped the door, and we were off, — we three women, good friends, good travellers, — off for Venice, with Rome written on our hearts!

If there be any greater misery short of rheumatic fever than to ride all night in the cars, I do not know what it is. So long as there is daylight, and one can see that there are peace and dry land and homes and human beings to the right and left, railroad riding is bearable; but the minute I am in the dark, every whistle sounds like the shriek of fiends, every jolt and jar seem to me the wrenches of a rack on which I am being torn; and when people sleep on either side of my misery, I am aggravated to that degree that I am dangerous. Each time I spend such a night, I think I will never spend another, come what will; but by the time the next occasion arrives, I buy my ticket, and go on board as docilely as the best sleeper among you. And I dare say, before I see you again, I shall have spent a month, all told, in night railroading. It seems to be considered the thing to do here.

At Foligno the cocks crew, and the passengers got out and ate, and we

could see what color the fields were. Then began a royal progress through a garden; all the way to Ancona, four hours, nothing but wheat-fields and vineyards; in the wheat-fields, scarlet poppies and purple foxglove, and bright blue something, I don't know what, but as we dashed by it looked like bachelor's-buttons flying off in the air. Under the vines, which were trained on trees, were such fields of crimson clover as you would not believe in, if I were to tell you about them. Fields of crimson peonies set close as they could stand would not be more crimson. In Ancona I found some peasant-women who had walked into town with huge loads of this clover on their heads, and were resting by the roadside. I jumped out of the carriage, and asked them for one of the flowers. O, how brown and handsome the women were, and how they laughed when I broke off *one blossom* and laid it carefully in my book! I shall slip a bit of it in this letter, and you can see for yourself what fields would look like where such clover as this flowered in spikes three inches long! We liked Ancona, but did not see so much of it as we should if we had not gone straight into our beds at nine A. M. and slept till one P. M.! It is enough to make an engineer officer's mouth water for a war, to see such hills and such fortifications. From Trajan's day till now it seems somebody or other has always been building forts there, and somebody else firing at them. No wonder. The very sight of the place is a temptation, and the build of it is as much a proof of the divine intent of war, as flesh-teeth in animals. We saw Trajan's arch, and a statue to Cavour, and a cathedral up in the air at tiptop of hills and forts and town and all, and a gay-looking theatre where *Faust* was to be played that night, and ever so many nice shops with muslin waists and straw things, which we wanted to buy, and a man peddling boiled dinner round in a big iron pot in a handcart. Yes, really boiled beef and peas and potatoes, and it smelled savorily; and a poor ragged

creature came out of a forlorn house and bought a plateful, while we were looking on. Then we bundled into a little cockle-shell of a boat, we and our five trunks, and were rowed off to the steamer, where we found an American family at dinner in the cabin, as if they had lived there all their lives,—a thin, yellow mamma, with tight hair, which savored of sewing-societies and rigid principles; a papa who was all gray, grizzled good-nature; and a miss who did French for them both: and they had been on the Nile all winter, and were just from Corfu; and were in Madeira the winter before; and, dear me, for all that, how very inexperienced and uninformed they looked!

Almost as far as we could see the shores of Ancona, we could see the bright patches of the clover-fields. They gradually faded from crimson to claret, and then at last looked like dark woods in the dim distance. I remembered Mrs. Howe's "I stake my life on the red!" Wonderful color, which makes such road for itself through space.

Think of our not getting up in time to catch the first glimpse of Venice rising from the sea! It was stupid, but we might as well own up; we did n't do it. However, it looked odd and unreal enough when we did get on deck. We were squeezing along in water that felt thick,—piles all about us, as much land as water, and not enough of either to make it seem like anything set down in geographies; and the bell-towers and domes in sight, like a gray mirage against the sky. Somehow I could not feel as I expected to. Generally you don't, I find. I felt more like Mrs. Partington than like Rogers, or any other man of them all who has touched bottom in Venetian romance. If I had opened my mouth, I am afraid I should have exclaimed, like the worthy female above named: "Laws sakes alive! What an awful freshet they must have had! And what on airth are these poor people going to do, supposin' they can get there, which seems no ways likely?" Then, when we began to be

surrounded by the dismallest black craft I ever saw, uncanny enough to have come straight from the Styx, and I was told exultantly by my companions, "There are the gondolas!" I was still more "taken down." I could n't say either that they looked unlike the photographs of them, and that was the most provoking part of it. I can't tell you how comical and melancholy they looked to me that morning,—and look still, for that matter. The body of a hearse set down low in the middle of a gigantic peaked snow-shoe, the whole black and sticky, and stamped with sepulchral designs. It is an understood thing now, that I am not to be expected to "ride in that kind of kerridge" again. Once I tried it, but I wriggled and stumbled out instantly, and told the girls if they were going with me, that hearse-top must be taken off. Rain or shine, I will take my chance with an umbrella. When this top is off, a gondola becomes the most fascinating of boats. I could glide about forever in them; and you have the feeling all the time here that the next minute the whole city may go under, and perhaps you can pick up a survivor or two. So it seems well to be on hand with your boat. I suppose I shall become accustomed to this miracle of a stone city at anchor. We are to stay a month, and I must begin to do something else besides try to look under the houses, which is all I have done yet. Even the floors seem to me to go up and down like the old "China" I came over in. If I were not an uncommonly good sailor, I should be seasick all the time; and when I am walking in what they call streets (Heaven save the mark; they are just cracks in the walls, that is all: a big soldier and I nearly got wedged trying to pass each other in one yesterday, and I had on no hoop at all), I half expect to "slump through" at every step. As for the Doge's palace, that's another blow! It may be imposing; I suppose Ruskin knows; but somehow it won't impose on me, and I can't get it to! It looks low and undignified, and the "edging" at top

is not half so good in effect as I have seen round summer-houses at home. And the windows are not in line, nor sufficiently out of line (like our dear old up-and-down windows in Rome) to be picturesque; and the colonnades look to me very shabby; and then, you see, I am, and, like Martin Luther, "I can no more"; and I suppose you will think there is no fun at all in having such an unappreciative friend in Venice, especially if she does not know enough to keep quiet about the sacred things she is too ignorant to admire. I have been up and down the Grand Canal twice, and seen more old palace fronts than I can count. They are fantastic and gorgeous, and it all looks Arabian Nights-ish; but I cannot make it look to me otherwise than overloaded and mixed. All the time I find myself recalling the stern simplicity and beauty and grandeur of arches and walls and churches in Rome, and Venice seems to me tawdry. This is at end of the second day, however; so it is premature. We have begun to read aloud the "Stones of Venice," and we are going to be praiseworthily conscientious in attention to all that Ruskin tells us is admirable; so at the end of our month I may be as enthusiastic an admirer of the city as he. But the one thing I expect to be made really happy by, and to bear away with me to keep the rest of my life, is the color of Titian. Michael Angelo is the god of shape; I think Titian must be of col-

or; and no wonder, when he fed on such sunsets. Last night, beside all else, we had a rainbow over the sunset. It broke up and floated about in pieces; and the Doge's palace looked like amber in the yellow light; and on the three great scarlet flagstuffs in St. Marks were three huge flags, which floated from the tops of the staffs to the ground, — green and red and white, so that all things seemed turning to rainbow.

We are most comfortably established at the Hotel Vittoria, *not* on the Grand Canal, thank Heaven! When at first N—— said that she did not dare to stay on the Grand Canal, because she feared too much sea air, I was quite dismayed. But now I am thankful enough to have dry land; that is, a stone floor laid on piles, on *one* side of our house. I look down from my window into one of the cracks called streets; the people look as if they were being threaded into the Scriptural needle's eye, and a hand-organ looks like a barricade. Yesterday I threw down four *soldi* to a man who was grinding at one under my window, and made signs to him to go away, for I was almost frantic with the noise of seven different bells ringing at the same time. I am in mortal terror now to think of my indiscretion, for that man, having discovered the "valley of peace and quiet" to me, I presume will become a regular pensioner on my bounty for the rest of my stay.

H. H.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

IV.

A DAY'S RAILROADING.

HAPPINESS has commonly a good appetite ; and the thought of the fortunately ended adventures of the night, the fresh morning air, and the content of their own hearts, gifted our friends, by the time the boat reached Albany, with a wholesome hunger, so that they debated with spirit the question of breakfast and the best place of breakfasting in a city which neither of them knew, save in the most fugitive and sketchy way.

They decided, at last, in view of the early departure of the train, and the probability that they would be more hurried at a hotel, to breakfast at the station, and thither they went and took places at one of the many tables within, where they seemed to have been expected only by the flies. The waitress plainly had not looked for them, and for a time found their presence so incredible that she would not acknowledge the rattling that Basil was obliged to make on his glass. Then it appeared that the cook would not believe in them, and did not send them till they were quite faint the peppery and muddy draught which impudently affected to be coffee, the oily slices of fugacious potatoes slipping about in their shallow dish and skilfully evading pursuit, the pieces of beef that simulated steak, the hot, hot, greasy biscuit, steaming evilly up into the face when opened, and then soddening into masses of condensed dyspepsia.

The wedding-journeymen looked at each other with eyes of sad amaze. They bowed themselves for a moment to the viands, and then by an equal impulse refrained. They were sufficiently young, they were happy, they were hungry : nature is great and strong, but art is greater, and before these triumphs of the cook at the Albany de-

pot appetite succumbed. By a terrible *tour de force* they swallowed the fierce and turbid liquor in their cups, and then speculated fantastically upon the character and history of the materials of that breakfast.

Presently Isabel paused, played a little with her knife, and, after a moment, looked up at her husband with an arch regard and said : " I was just thinking of a small station somewhere in the South of France where our train once stopped for breakfast. I remember the freshness and brightness of everything on the little tables,— the plates, the napkins, the gleaming half-bottles of wine. They seemed to have been preparing that breakfast for us from the beginning of time, and we were hardly seated before they served us with great cups of *café-au-lait*, and the sweetest rolls and butter ; then a delicate cutlet, with an unspeakable gravy, and potatoes — such potatoes ! Dear me, how little I ate of it ! I wish, for once, I'd had your appetite, Basil ; I do indeed."

She ended with a heartless laugh, in which, despite the tragical contrast her words had suggested, Basil finally joined. So much amusement had probably never been got before out of the misery inflicted in that place ; but their lightness did not at all commend them. The waitress had not liked it from the first, and had served them with reluctance ; and the proprietor did not like it, and kept his eye upon them as if he believed them about to escape without payment. Here, then, they had enforced a great fact of travelling, — that people who serve the public are kindly and pleasant in proportion as they serve it well. The unjust and the inefficient have always that consciousness of evil which will not let a man forgive his victim, or like him to be cheerful.

Our friends, however, did not heat themselves over the fact. There was already such heat from without, even at eight o'clock in the morning, that they chose to be as cool as possible in mind, and they placidly took their places in the train, which had been made up for departure. They had deliberately rejected the notion of a drawing-room car as affording a less varied prospect of humanity, and as being less in the spirit of ordinary American travel. Now, in reward, they found themselves quite comfortable in the common passenger-car, and disposed to view the scenery, into which they struck an hour after leaving the city, with much complacency. There was sufficient draught through the open window to make the heat tolerable, and the great brooding warmth gave to the landscape the charm which it alone can impart. It is a landscape that I greatly love for its mild beauty and tranquil picturesqueness, and it is in honor of our friends that I say they enjoyed it. There are nowhere any considerable hills, but everywhere generous slopes and pleasant hollows and the wide meadows of a grazing country, with the pretty brown Mohawk River rippling down through all, and at frequent intervals the life of the canal, now near, now far away, with the lazy boats that seem not to stir, and the horses that the train passes with a whirl, and leaves slowly stepping forward and swiftly slipping backward. There are farms that had once, or still have, the romance to them of being Dutch farms, — if there is any romance in that, — and one conjectures a Dutch thrift in their waving grass and grain. Spaces of woodland here and there dapple the slopes, and the cosy red farm-houses repose by the side of their capacious red barns. Truly, there is no ground on which to defend the idleness, and yet as the train strives furiously onward amid these scenes of fertility and abundance, I like in fancy to loiter behind it, and to saunter at will up and down the landscape. I stop at the farm-yard gates, and sit upon

the porches or thresholds, and am served with cups of buttermilk by old Dutch ladies who have done their morning's work and have leisure to be knitting or sewing; or if there are no old ladies, with decent caps upon their gray hair, then I do not complain if the drink is brought me by some red-cheeked, comely young girl, out of Washington Irving's pages, with no cap on her golden braids, who mirrors my diffidence, and takes an attitude of pretty awkwardness while she waits till I have done drinking. In the same easily contented spirit as I lounge through the barn-yard, if I find the old hens gone about their family affairs, I do not mind a meadow-lark's singing in the top of the elm-tree beside the pump. In these excursions the watch-dogs know me for a harmless person, and will not open their eyes as they lie coiled up in the sun before the gate. At all the places, I have them keep bees, and, in the garden full of worthy potherbs, such idlers in the vegetable world as hollyhocks and larkspurs and four-o'clocks, near a great bed in which the asparagus has gone to sleep for the season with a dream of delicate and vapory spray hanging over it. I walk unmolested through the farmer's tall grass, and ride with him upon the perilous seat of his voluble mowing-machine, and learn to my heart's content that his name begins with Van, and that his family has owned that farm ever since the days of the Patroon; which I dare say is not true. Then I fall asleep in a corner of the hay-field, and wake up on the tow-path of the canal beside that wonderfully lean horse, whose bones you cannot count only because they are so many. He never wakes up, but with a faltering under lip and half-shut eyes hobbles stiffly on, unconscious of his anatomical interest. The captain hospitably asks me on board, with a twist of the rudder swinging the stern of the boat up to the path, so that I can step on. She is laden with flour from the valley of the Genesee, and may have started on her voyage shortly after the canal was made. She is succinctly

manned by the captain, the driver, and the cook, a fiery-haired lady of imperfect temper; and the cabin, which I explore, is plainly furnished with a cook-stove and a flask of whiskey. Nothing but profane language is allowed on board; and so, in a life of wicked jollity and ease, we glide imperceptibly down the canal, unvexed by the far-off future of arrival.

Such, I say, are my own unambitious mental pastimes, but I am aware that less superficial spirits could not be satisfied with them, and I do not pretend that my wedding-journeymen were so. They cast an absurd poetry over the landscape; they invited themselves to be reminded of passages of European travel by it; and they placed villas and castles and palaces upon all the eligible building-sites. Ashamed of these devices, presently, Basil patriotically tried to reconstruct the Dutch and Indian past of the Mohawk Valley, but here he was foiled by the immense ignorance of his wife, who, as a true American woman, knew nothing of the history of her own country, and less than nothing of the barbarous regions beyond the borders of her native province. She proved a bewildering labyrinth of error concerning all the events which Basil mentioned; and she had never even heard of the massacres by the French and Indians at Schenectady, which he in his boyhood had known so vividly that he was scalped every night in his dreams, and woke up in the morning expecting to see marks of the tomahawk on the headboard. So, failing at last to extract any sentiment from the scenes without, they turned their faces from the window, and looked about them for amusement within the car.

It was in all respects an ordinary careful of human beings, and it was perhaps the more worthy to be studied on that account. As in literature the true artist will shun the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases,

but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at any rate, he is at such times very precious; and I never perceive him to be so much a man and a brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dullness. Then I am able to enter confidently into his life and inhabit there, to think his shallow and feeble thoughts, to be moved by his dumb, stupid desires, to be dimly illumined by his stunted inspirations, to share his foolish prejudices, to practise his obtuse selfishness. Yes, it is a very amusing world, if you do not refuse to be amused; and our friends were very willing to be entertained. They delighted in the very precise, thick-fingered old ladies who bought sweet apples of the boys come aboard with baskets, and who were so long in finding the right change, that our travellers, leaping in thought with the boys from the moving train, felt that they did so at the peril of their lives. Then they were interested in people who went out and found their friends waiting for them, or else did not find them, and wandered disconsolately up and down before the country stations, carpet-bag in hand; in women who came aboard, and were awkwardly shaken hands with or sheepishly kissed by those who hastily got seats for them, and placed their bags or their babies in their laps, and turned for a nod at the door; in young ladies who were seen to places by young men (the latter seemed not to care if the train did go off with them), and then threw up their windows and talked with girl-friends on the platform without, till the train began to move, and at last turned with gleaming eyes and moist red lips, and panted hard in the excitement of thinking about it, and could not calm themselves to the dull level of the travel around them; in the conductor, coldly and inaccessibly vigilant, as he went his rounds, reaching blindly for the tickets with one hand while he bent his head from time to time, and listened with a faint, sarcastic smile to the questions of passen-

gers who supposed they were going to get some information out of him; in the train-boy, who passed through on his many errands with prize-candies, gum-drops, pop-corn, papers and magazines, and distributed books and the police journals with a blind impartiality, or a prodigious ignorance, or a supernatural perception of character in those who received them.

A through train from East to West presents some peculiar features as well as the traits common to all railway travel; and our friends decided that this was not a very well-dressed company, and would contrast with the people on an express-train between Boston and New York to no better advantage than these would show beside the average passengers between London and Paris. And it seems true that on a westerling line, the blacking fades gradually from the boots, the hat softens and sinks, the coat loses its rigor of cut, and the whole person lounges into increasing informality of costume. I speak of the undressful sex alone: woman, wherever she is, appears in the last attainable effects of fashion, which are now all but telegraphic and universal. But most of the passengers here were men, and they were plainly of the free-and-easy West rather than the dapper East. They wore faces thoughtful with the problem of buying cheap and selling dear, and they could be known by their silence from the loquacious acquaintance-making way-travellers. In these, the mere coming aboard seemed to beget an aggressively confidential mood. Perhaps they clutched recklessly at any means of relieving their *ennui*; or they felt that they might here indulge safely in the pleasures of autobiography, so dear to all of us; or else, in view of the many possible catastrophes, they desired to leave some little memory of themselves behind. At any rate, whenever the train stopped, the wedding-journeymen caught fragments of the personal histories of their fellow-passengers which had been rehearsing to those that sat next the narrators. It was no more than fair

that these should somewhat magnify themselves, and put the best complexion on their actions and the worst upon their sufferings; that they should all appear the luckiest or the unluckiest, the healthiest or the sickest, people that ever were, and should all have made or lost the most money. There was a prevailing desire among them to make out that they came from or were going to some very large place; and our friends fancied an actual mortification in the face of a modest gentleman who got out at Penelope (or some other insignificant classical station, in the ancient Greek and Roman part of New York State), after having listened to the life of a somewhat rustic-looking person who had described himself as belonging *near* New York City.

Basil also found diversion in all the tender couples, who publicly comported themselves as if in a sylvan solitude, and, as it had been on the bank of some umbrageous stream, far from the ken of envious or unsympathetic eyes, reclined upon each other's shoulders and slept; but Isabel declared that this behavior was perfectly indecent. She granted, of course, that they were foolish, innocent people, who meant no offence, and did not feel guilty of an impropriety, but she said that this sort of thing was a national reproach. If it were merely rustic lovers, she should not care so much, but you saw people who ought to know better, well-dressed, stylish people, flaunting their devotion in the face of the world, and going to sleep on each other's shoulders on every railroad train. It was outrageous, it was scandalous, it was really infamous. Before she would allow herself to do such a thing she would—well, she hardly knew what she would not do; she would have a divorce, at any rate. She wondered that Basil could laugh at it; and he would make her hate him if he kept on.

From the seat behind their own they were now made listeners to the history of a ten weeks' typhoid fever, from the moment when the narrator noticed that

he had not felt very well for a day or two back, and all at once a kind of shiver took him, till he lay fourteen days perfectly insensible, and could eat nothing but a little pounded ice; and his wife—a small woman, too—used to lift him back and forth between the bed and sofa like a feather, and the neighbors did not know half the time whether he was dead or alive. This history, from which not the smallest particular or the least significant symptom of the case was omitted, occupied an hour in recital, and was told as it seemed for the entertainment of one who had been five minutes before it began a stranger to the historian.

At last the train came to a stand, and Isabel wailed forth in accents of desperation the words, "O, disgusting!" The monotony of the narrative in the seat behind, fatally combining with the heat of the day, had lulled her into slumbers from which she awoke at the stopping of the train, to find her head resting tenderly upon her husband's shoulder.

She confronted his merriment with eyes of mournful rebuke; but as she could not find him, by the harshest construction, in the least to blame, she was silent.

"Never mind, dear, never mind," he coaxed, "you were really not responsible. It was fatigue, destiny, the spite of fortune,—whatever you like. In the case of the others, whom you despise so justly, I dare say it is sheer, disgraceful affection. But see that ravishing placard, swinging from the roof: 'This train stops twenty minutes for dinner at Utica.' In a few minutes more we shall be at Utica. If they have anything edible there, it shall never contract *my* powers. I could dine at the Albany station, even."

In a little while they found themselves in an airy, comfortable dining-room, eating a dinner, which it seemed to them France in the flush of her prosperity need not have blushed to serve; for if it wanted a little in the last graces of art, it redeemed itself in abundance, variety, and wholesome-

ness. At the elbow of every famishing passenger stood a beneficent, coal-black glossy fairy in a white linen apron and jacket, serving him with that alacrity and kindness and grace which make the negro waiter the master, not the slave of his calling, which disenthral it of servility, and constitute him your eager host, not your menial, for the moment. From table to table passed a calming influence in the person of the proprietor, who, as he took his richly earned money, checked the rising fears of the guests by repeated proclamations that there was plenty of time, and that he would give them due warning before the train started. Those who had flocked out of the cars, to prey with beak and claw, as the vulture-like fashion is, upon everything in reach, remained to eat like Christians; and even a poor, scantily-Englished Frenchman, who wasted half his time in trying to ask how long the cars stopped and in looking at his watch, made a good dinner in spite of himself.

"O Basil, Basil!" cried Isabel, when the train was again in motion, "have we really dined once more? It seems too good to be true. Cleanliness, plenty, wholesomeness, civility! Yes, as you say, they cannot be civil where they are not just; honesty and courtesy go together; and wherever they give you outrageous things to eat, they add indigestible insults. Basil, dear, don't be jealous; I shall never meet him again; but I'm in love with that black waiter at our table. I never saw such perfect manners, such a winning and affectionate politeness. He made me feel that every mouthful I ate was a personal favor to him. What a complete gentleman! There ought never to be a white waiter. None but negroes are able to render their service a pleasure and distinction to you."

So they prattled on, doing, in their eagerness to be satisfied, a homage perhaps beyond its desert to the good dinner and the decent service of it. But here they erred in the right direc-

tion, and I find nothing more admirable in their behavior throughout a wedding journey which certainly had its trials, than their willingness to make the very best of whatever would suffer itself to be made anything at all of. They celebrated its pleasures with magnanimous excess, they passed over its griefs with a wise forbearance. That which they found the most difficult of management was the want of incident for the most part of the time; and I who write their history might also sink under it, but that I am supported by the fact that it is so typical in this respect. I even imagine that ideal reader for whom one writes as yawning over these barren details with the life-like weariness of an actual travelling companion of theirs. Their own silence often sufficed my wedded lovers, or then, when there was absolutely nothing to engage them, they fell back upon the story of their love, which they were never tired of hearing as they severally knew it. Let it not be a reproach to human nature or to me if I say that there was something in the comfort of having well dined which now touched the springs of sentiment with magical effect, and that they had never so rejoiced in these tender reminiscences.

They had planned to stop over at Rochester till the morrow, that they might arrive at Niagara by daylight, and at Utica they had suddenly resolved to make the rest of the day's journey in a drawing-room car. The change gave them an added reason for content; and they realized how much they had previously sacrificed to the idea of travelling in the most American manner, without achieving it after all, for this seemed a touch of Americanism beyond the old-fashioned car. They reclined in luxury upon the easy-cushioned, revolving chairs; they surveyed with infinite satisfaction the elegance of the flying-parlor in which they sat, or turned their contented regard through the broad plate-glass windows upon the landscape without. They said that none but Americans or enchanted princes in the Arabian Nights ever travelled in

such state; and when the stewards of the car came round successively with tropical fruits, ice-creams, and claret-punches, — they felt a heightened assurance that they were either enchanted princes — or Americans. There were more ladies and more fashion than in the other cars; and prettily dressed children played about on the carpet; but the general appearance of the passengers hardly suggested greater wealth than elsewhere; and they were plainly in that car because they were of the American race, which finds nothing too good for it that its money can buy.

V.

THE ENCHANTED CITY, AND BEYOND.

THEY knew none of the hotels in Rochester, and they had chosen a certain one in reliance upon their handbook. When they named it, there stepped forth a porter of an incredibly cordial and pleasant countenance, who took their travelling-bags, and led them to the omnibus. As they were his only passengers, the porter got inside with them, and seeing their interest in the streets through which they rode, he descanted in a strain of cheerful pride upon the city's prosperity and character, and gave the names of the people who lived in the finer houses, just as if it had been an Old-World town, and he some eager historian expecting reward for his comment upon it. He cast quite a glamour over Rochester, so that in passing a body of water, bordered by houses, and overlooked by odd balconies and galleries, and crossed in the distance by a bridge upon which other houses were built, they boldly declared, being at their wit's end for a comparison, and taken with the unlooked-for picturesqueness, that it put them in mind of Verona. Thus they reached their hotel in almost a spirit of foreign travel, and very willing to verify the pleasant porter's assurance that they would like it, for everybody liked

it; and it was with a sudden sinking of the heart that Basil beheld presiding over the register the conventional American hotel clerk. He was young, he had a neat mustache and well-brushed hair; jewelled studs sparkled in his shirt-front, and rings on his white hands; a gentle disdain of the travelling public breathed from his person in the mystical odors of Ihlang-ihlang. He did not lift his haughty head to look at the wayfarer who meekly wrote his name in the register; he did not answer him when he begged for a cool room; he turned to the board on which the keys hung, and, plucking one from it, slid it towards Basil on the marble counter, touched a bell for a call-boy, whistled a bar of Offenbach, and as he wrote the number of the room against Basil's name, said to a friend lounging near him, as if resuming a conversation, "Well, she's a mighty pooty gul, any way, Chawley!"

When I reflect that this was a type of the hotel clerk throughout the United States, that behind unnumbered registers at this moment he is snubbing travellers into the dust, and that they are suffering and perpetuating him, I am lost in wonder at the national meekness. Not that I am one to refuse the humble pie his jewelled fingers offer me. Abjectly I take my key, and creep off up stairs after the call-boy, and try to give myself the genteel air of one who has not been stepped upon. But I think homicidal things, all the same, and I rejoice that in the safety of print I can cry out against the despot, whom I have not the presence to defy. "You vulgar and cruel little soul," I say, and I imagine myself breathing the words to his teeth, "why do you treat a weary stranger with this ignominy? I am to pay well for all I get, and I shall not complain of that. But look at me, and own my humanity; confess by some civil action, by some decent phrase, that I have rights and that they shall be respected. Answer my proper questions; respond to my fair de-

mands. Do not slide my key at me; do not deny me the poor politeness of a nod as you give it in my hand. I am not your equal; few men are; but I shall not presume upon your clemency. Come, I also am human!"

Basil found that, for his sin in asking for a cool room, the clerk had given them a chamber into which the sun had been shining the whole afternoon; but when his luggage had been put in it seemed useless to protest, and like a true American, like you, like me, he shrank from asserting himself. When the sun went down it would be cool enough; and they turned their thoughts to supper, not venturing to hope that, as it proved, the handsome clerk was the sole blemish of the house.

Isabel viewed with innocent surprise the evidences of luxury afforded by all the appointments of a hotel so far west of Boston, and they both began to feel that natural ease and superiority which an inn always inspires in its guests, and which our great hotels, far from impairing, enhance in flattering degree; in fact, the clerk once forgotten, I protest, for my own part, I never am more conscious of my merits and riches in any other place. One has there the romance of being a stranger and a mystery to every one else, and lives in the alluring possibility of not being found out a most ordinary person.

They were so late in coming to the supper-room, that they found themselves alone in it. At the door they had a bow from the head-waiter, who ran before them and drew out chairs for them at a table, and signalled waiters to serve them, first laying before them with a gracious flourish the bill of fare. A force of servants flocked about them, as if to contest the honor of ordering their supper; one set upon the table a heaping vase of strawberries, another flanked it with flagons of cream, a third accompanied it with cates of varied flavor and device; a fourth obsequiously smoothed the table-cloth; a fifth, the youngest of the five, with folded arms stood by

and admired the satisfaction the rest were giving. When all these had been despatched for steak, for broiled white-fish of the lakes, — noblest and delicatest of the fish that swim, — for broiled chicken, for fried potatoes, for muffins, for whatever the lawless fancy and ravening appetites of the wayfarers could suggest, this fifth waiter remained to tempt them to further excess and vainly proposed some kind of eggs, — fried eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, omelette.

"O, you're sure, dearest, that this is n't a vision of fairy-land, which will vanish presently, and leave us empty and forlorn?" plaintively murmured Isabel, as the menial train reappeared, bearing the supper they had ordered, and set it smoking down.

Suddenly a look of apprehension dawned upon her face, and she let fall her knife and fork. "You *don't* think, Basil," she faltered, "that they *could* have found out we're a bridal party, and that they're serving us so magnificently because — because — O, I shall be miserable every moment we're here!" she concluded, desperately.

She looked, indeed, extremely wretched for a woman with so much broiled white-fish on her plate, and such a banquet array about her; and her husband made haste to reassure her. "You're still demoralized, Isabel, by our sufferings at the Albany depot, and you exaggerate the blessings we enjoy, though I should be sorry to undervalue them. I suspect it's the custom to use people well at this hotel; or if we are singled out for uncommon favor, I think I can explain the cause. It has been discovered by the register that we are from Boston, and we are merely meeting the reverence, affection, and homage which the name everywhere commands. It's our fortune to represent for the time being the intellectual and moral virtue of Boston. This supper is not a tribute to you as a bride, but as a Bostonian."

It was a cheap kind of raillery, to be sure, but it served. It kindled the local pride of Isabel to self-defence,

and in the distraction of the effort she forgot her fears; she returned with renewed appetite to the supper, and in its excellence they both let fall their dispute, — which ended, of course, in Basil's abject confession that Boston was the best place in the world, and nothing but banishment could make him live elsewhere, — and gave themselves up, as usual, to the delight of being just what and where they were. At last, the natural course brought them to the strawberries, and when the fifth waiter approached from the corner of the table at which he stood, to place the vase near them, he did not retire at once, but presently asked if they were from the West.

Isabel smiled, and Basil answered that they were from the East.

He faltered at this, as if doubtful of the result if he went further, but took heart, then, and asked, "Don't you think this is a pretty nice hotel?" — hastily adding as a concession of the probable existence of much finer things at the East — "for a *small* hotel?"

They imagined this waiter as new to his station in life, as perhaps just risen to it from some country tavern, and unable to repress his exultation in what seemed their sympathetic presence. They were charmed to have invited his guileless confidence, to have evoked possibly all the simple poetry of his soul; it was what might have happened in Italy, only there so much *naïveté* would have meant money; they looked at each other with rapture, and Basil answered warmly while the waiter flushed as at a personal compliment: "Yes, it's a nice hotel; one of the best I ever saw, East or West, in Europe or America."

Then they rose and left the room, and were bowed out by the head-waiter.

"How perfectly idyllic!" cried Isabel. "Is this Rochester, New York, or is it some vale of Arcady? Let's go out and see."

They walked out into the moonlit city, up and down streets that seemed

very stately and fine, amidst a glitter of shop-window lights; and then, less of their own motion than of mere error, they quitted the business quarter, and found themselves in a quiet avenue of handsome residences,—the Beacon Street of Rochester, whatever it was called. They said it was a night and a place for lovers, for none but lovers, for lovers newly plighted, and they made believe to bemoan themselves that, hold each other dear as they would, the exaltation, the thrill, the glory of their younger love was gone. Some of the houses had garden spaces about them, from which stole, like breaths of sweetest and saddest regret, the perfume of midsummer flowers,—the despair of the rose for the bud. As they passed a certain house, a song fluttered out of the open window and ceased, the piano warbled at the final rush of fingers over its chords, and they saw *her* with her fingers resting lightly on the keys, and her graceful head lifted to look into his; they saw *him* with his arm still stretched across to the leaves of music he had been turning, and his face lowered to meet her gaze.

"Ah, Basil, I wish it was we, there!"

"And if they knew that we, on our wedding journey, stood outside, would not they wish it was they, here?"

"I suppose so, dearest, and yet, once-upon-a-time was sweet. Pass on; and let us see what charm we shall find next in this enchanted city."

"Yes, it is an enchanted city to us," mused Basil, aloud, as they wandered on, "and all strange cities are enchanted. What is Rochester to the Rochesterese? A place of a hundred thousand people, as we read in our guide, an immense flour interest, a great railroad *entrepot*, an unrivalled nursery trade, a university, two commercial colleges, three collegiate institutes, eight or ten newspapers, and a free library. I dare say any respectable resident would laugh at us sentimentalizing over his city. But Rochester is for us, who don't know it at all, a city of any time or country, moonlit,

filled with lovers hovering over pianofortes, of a palatial hotel with pastoral waiters and porters,—a city of handsome streets wrapt in beautiful quiet and dreaming of the golden age. The only definite association with it in our minds is the tragically romantic thought that here Sam Patch met his fate."

"And who in the world was Sam Patch?"

"Isabel, your ignorance of all that an American woman should be proud of distresses me. Have you really, then, never heard of the man who invented the saying, 'Some things can be done as well as others,' and proved it by jumping over Niagara Falls twice? Spurred on by this belief, he attempted the leap of the Genesee Falls. The leap was easy enough, but the coming up again was another matter. He failed in that. It was the one thing that could not be done as well as others."

"Dreadful!" said Isabel, with the cheerfullest satisfaction. "But what has all that to do with Rochester?"

"Now, my dear! You don't mean to say you did n't know that the Genesee Falls were at Rochester? Upon my word, I'm ashamed. Why, we're within ten minutes' walk of them now."

"Then walk to them at once!" cried Isabel, wholly unabashed, and in fact unable to see what she had to be ashamed of. "Actually, I believe you would have allowed me to leave Rochester without telling me the falls were here, if you had n't happened to think of Sam Patch."

Saying this, she persuaded herself that a chief object of their journey had been to visit the scene of Sam Patch's fatal exploit, and she drew Basil with a nervous swiftness in the direction of the railroad station, beyond which he said were the falls. Presently, after threading their way among a multitude of locomotives, with and without trains attached, that backed and advanced, or stood still, hissing impatiently on every side, they passed through the station to a broad planking above the river on

the other side, and thence, after encounter of more locomotives, they found, by dint of much asking, a street winding up the hillside to the left, and leading to the German Bierhaus that gives access to the best view of the cataract.

The Americans have characteristically bordered the river with manufactures, making every drop work its passage to the brink; while the Germans have as characteristically made use of the beauty left over, and have built a Bierhaus where they may regale both soul and sense in the presence of the cataract. Our travellers might, in another mood and place, have thought it droll to arrive at that sublime spectacle through a Bierhaus, but in this enchanted city it seemed to have a peculiar fitness.

A narrow corridor gave into a wide festival space occupied by many tables, each of which was surrounded by a group of clamorous Germans of either sex and every age, with tall beakers of beaded lager before them, and slim flasks of Rhenish; overhead flamed the gas in globes of varicolored glass; the walls were painted like those of such haunts in the fatherland; and the wedding-journeymen were fain to linger on their way, to dwell upon that scene of honest enjoyment, to inhale the mingling odors of beer and of pipes, and of the pungent cheeses in which the children of the fatherland delight. Amidst the inspiring clash of plates and glasses, the rattle of knives and forks, and the hoarse rush of gutturals, they could catch the words *Franzosen*, *Kaiser*, *König*, and *Schlacht*, and they knew that festive company to be exulting in the first German triumphs of the war, which were then the day's news; they saw fists shaken at noses in fierce exchange of joy, arms tossed abroad in wild congratulation, and health-pouring goblets of beer lifted in air. Then they stepped into the moonlight again, and heard only the solemn organ stops of the cataract. Through garden-ground they were led by the little maid, their guide, to a small pavilion that stood on the edge

of the precipitous shore, and commanded a perfect view of the falls. As they entered this pavilion, a youth and maiden, clearly lovers, passed out, and they were left alone with that sublime presence. Something of definiteness was to be desired in the spectacle, but there was ample compensation in the mystery with which the broad effulgence and the dense unluminous shadows of the moonshine invested it. The light touched all the tops of the rapids, that seemed to writhe away from the brink of the cataract, and then desperately breaking and perishing to fall, the white disembodied ghosts of rapids, down to the bottom of the vast and deep ravine through which the river rushed away. Now the waters seemed to mass themselves a hundred feet high in a wall of snowy compactness, now to disperse into their multitudinous particles and hang like some vaporous cloud from the cliff. Every moment renewed the vision of beauty in some rare and fantastic shape; and its loveliness isolated it, in spite of the great town on the other shore, the station with its bridge and its trains, the mills that supplied their feeble little needs from the cataract's strength.

At last Basil pointed out the table-rock in the middle of the fall, from which Sam Patch had made his fatal leap; but Isabel refused to admit that tragical figure to the honors of her emotions. "I don't care for him!" she said fiercely. "Patch! What a name to be linked in our thoughts with this superb cataract."

"Well, Isabel, I think you are very unjust. It's as good a name as Leander, to my thinking, and it was immortalized in support of a great idea,—the feasibility of all things; while Leander's has come down to us as that of the weak victim of a passion. We shall never have a poetry of our own till we get over this absurd reluctance from facts, till we make the ideal embrace and include the real, till we consent to face the music in our simple common names, and put Smith

into a lyric and Jones into a tragedy. The Germans are braver than we, and in them you find facts and dreams continually blended and confronted. Here is a fortunate illustration: The people we met coming out of this pavilion were lovers, and they had been here sentimentalizing on this superb cataract, as you call it, with which my heroic Patch is not worthy to be named. No doubt they had been quoting Uhland or some other of their romantic poets, perhaps singing some of their tender German love-songs, the tenderest, unearthliest love songs in the world. At the same time they did not disdain the matter-of-fact corporeity in which their sentiment was enshrined; they fed it heartily and abundantly with the banquet whose relics we see here."

On a table before them stood a pair of beer-glasses, in the bottoms of which lurked scarce the foam of the generous liquor lately brimming them; some shreds of sausage, some rinds of Swiss cheese, bits of cold ham, crusts of bread, and the ashes of a pipe.

Isabel shuddered at the spectacle, but made no comment, and Basil went on: "Do you suppose *they* scorned the idea of Sam Patch as they gazed upon the falls? On the contrary, I've no doubt that he recalled to her the ballad which a poet of their language made about him. It used to go the rounds of the German newspapers, and I translated it, a long while ago, when I thought that I too was in Arkadien geboren.

"In the Bierhausgarten I linger
By the Falls of the Genesee:
From the Table-Rock in the middle
Leaps a figure bold and free.

"Aloof in the air it rises
O'er the rush, the plunge, the death;
On the thronging banks of the river
There is neither pulse nor breath.

"Forever it hovers and poises
Aloof in the moonlit air;
As light as mist from the rapids,
As heavy as nightmare.

"In anguish I cry to the people,
The long-since vanished hosts:
I see them stretch forth in answer,
The helpless hands of ghosts."

I once met the poet who wrote this. He drank too much beer."

"I don't see that he got in the name of Sam Patch, after all," said Isabel.

"O yes, he did; but I had to yield to our taste, and where he said, 'Springt der Sam Patsch kühn und frei,' I made it 'Leaps a figure bold and free.'"

As they passed through the house on their way out, they saw the youth and maiden they had met at the pavilion door. They were seated at a table; two glasses of beer towered before them; on their plates were odorous crumbs of Limburger cheese. They both wore a pensive air.

The next morning the illusion that had wrapt the whole earth was gone with the moonlight. By nine o'clock, when the wedding-journeymen resumed their way toward Niagara, the heat had already set in with the effect of ordinary midsummer's heat at high noon. The car into which they got had come the past night from Albany, and had an air of almost conscious shabbiness, griminess, and over-use. The seats were covered with cinders, which also crackled under foot. Dust was on everything, especially the persons of the crumpled and weary passengers of overnight. Those who came aboard at Rochester failed to lighten the spiritual gloom, and presently sank into the common bodily wretchedness. The train was somewhat belated, and as it drew nearer Buffalo they knew the conductor to have abandoned himself to that blackest of the arts, making time. The long irregular jolt of the ordinary progress was reduced to an incessant shudder and a quick lateral motion. The air within the cars was deadly; if a window was raised, a storm of dust and cinders blew in and quick gusts caught away the breath. So they sat with closed windows, sweltering and stifling, and all the faces on which a lively horror was not painted were dull and damp with apathetic misery.

The incidents were in harmony with

the abject physical tone of the company. There was a quarrel between a thin, shrill-voiced, highly dressed, much-bedizened Jewess, on the one side, and a fat, greedy old woman, half asleep, and a boy with large pink transparent ears that stood out from his head like the handles of a jar, on the other side, about a seat which the Hebrew wanted, and which the others had kept filled with packages on the pretence that it was engaged. It was a loud and fierce quarrel enough, but it won no sort of favor; and when the Jewess had given a final opinion that the greedy old woman was no lady, and the boy, who disputed in an ironical temper, replied, "Highly complimentary, I *must* say," there was no sign of relief or other acknowledgment in any of the spectators, that there had been a quarrel.

There was a little more interest taken in the misfortune of an old purblind German and his son, who were found by the conductor to be a few hundred miles out of the direct course to their destination, and were with some trouble and the aid of an Americanized fellow-countryman made aware of the fact. The old man then fell back in the prevailing apathy, and the child naturally cared nothing. By and by came the unsparing train-boy on his rounds, bestrewing the passengers successively with papers, magazines, fine-cut tobacco, and packages of candy. He gave the old man a package of candy, and passed on. The German took it as the bounty of the American people, oddly manifested in a situation where he could have had little other proof of their care. He opened it and was sharing it with his son when the train-boy came back, and metallicly, like a part of the machinery, demanded, "Ten cents!" The German stared helplessly, and the boy repeated, "Ten cents! ten cents!" with tiresome patience, while all the passengers smiled. When it had passed through the alien's head that he was to pay for this national gift and he took with his tremulous fingers from the recesses of his pocket-book a

ten cent-note and handed it to his tormentor, some of the people laughed. Among the rest, Basil and Isabel laughed, and then looked at each other with eyes of mutual reproach.

"Well, upon my word, my dear," he said, "I think we've fallen pretty low. I've never felt such a poor, shabby ruffian before. Good heavens! To think of our immortal souls being moved to mirth by such a thing as this, —so stupid, so barren of all reason of laughter. And then the cruelty of it! What ferocious imbeciles we are! Whom have I married? A woman with neither heart nor brain!"

"O Basil, dear, pay him back the money, —do."

"I can't. That's the worst of it. He's money enough, and might justly take offence. What breaks my heart is that we could have the depravity to smile at the mistake of a friendless stranger, who supposed he had at last met with an act of pure kindness. It's a thing to weep over. Look at all these grinning wretches! What a fiendish effect their smiles have, through their cinders and sweat! O, it's the terrible weather; the despotism of the dust and heat; the wickedness of the infernal air. What a squalid and loathsome company!"

At Buffalo, where they arrived late, they found themselves with several hours' time on their hands before the train started for Niagara, and in the first moments of tedium, Isabel forgot herself into saying, "Don't you think we'd have done better to go directly from Rochester to the Falls, instead of coming this way?"

"Why certainly. I did n't propose coming this way."

"I know it, dear. I was only asking," said Isabel, meekly, "but I should think you'd have generosity enough to take a little of the blame, when I wanted to come out of a romantic feeling for you."

This romantic feeling referred to the fact that, many years before, when Basil made his first visit to Niagara, he had

approached from the west by way of Buffalo; and Isabel, who tenderly begrudged his having existed before she knew him, and longed to ally herself retrospectively with his past, was resolved to draw near the great cataract by no other route.

She fetched a little sigh which might mean the weather or his hard-heartedness. The sigh touched him, and he suggested a carriage-ride through the city; she assented with eagerness, for it was what she had been thinking of. She had never seen a lakeside city before, and she was taken by surprise. "If ever we leave Boston," she said, "we will not live at Rochester, as I thought last night; we'll come to Buffalo." She found that the place had all the picturesqueness of a seaport, without the ugliness that attends the rising and falling tides. A delicious freshness breathed from the lake, which lying so smooth, faded into the sky at last, with no line between sharper than that which divides drowsing from dreaming. But the color was the most

charming thing, that delicate blue of the lake, without the depth of the sea-blue, but infinitely softer and lovelier. The nearer expanses rippled with dainty waves, silver and lucent; the further levels made, with the sun-dimmed summer sky, a vague horizon of turquoise and amethyst, lit by the white sails of ships, and stained by the smoke of steamers.

"Take me away now," said Isabel, when her eyes had feasted upon all this, "and don't let me see another thing till I get to Niagara. Nothing less sublime is worthy the eyes that have beheld such beauty."

However, on the way to Niagara she consented to glimpses of the river which carries the waters of the lake for their mighty plunge, and which shows itself very nobly from time to time as you draw toward the cataract, with wooded or cultivated islands, and rich farms along its low shores, and at last flashes upon the eye the shining white of the rapids,—a hint, no more, of the splendor and awfulness to be revealed.

W. D. Howells.

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

(1797.)

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,
They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay.
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down
Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!
Run for your shallops, gather your men,
Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday
The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,
Filled with the children in happy play.
Parted its moorings and drifted clear.

Drifted clear beyond reach or call,—
Thirteen children there were in all,—
All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
Said his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or Heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high.
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore.
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief, —
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page,
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before,
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

Bret Harte.

OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

IX.

BEFORE we begin this morning to read a few more of Dickens's letters, let me dispose of the question, often asked me by correspondents, and lately renewed in many epistles, "*Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?*" Persons addressing to the writer of these papers such inquiries must be profoundly ignorant of the works of the great author, whom they endeavor by implication to place among the "Unbelievers." If anywhere, out of the Bible, God's goodness and mercy are solemnly commended to the world's attention, it is in the pages of Dickens. I had supposed that these solemn

words of his which have been so extensively copied both in Europe and America, from his last will and testament, dated the 12th of May, 1869, would forever remain an emphatic testimony to his Christian faith: —

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."

I wish it were in my power to bring to the knowledge of all who doubt the Christian character of Charles Dickens certain other memorable words of his, written years ago with reference to

Christmas. They are not as familiar as many beautiful things from the same pen on the same subject, for the paper, which enshrines them, has not as yet been collected among his authorized works. Listen to these loving words in which the Christian writer has embodied the life of his Saviour:—

"Hark! the Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree? Known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard,—'Forgive them, for they know not what they do!'"

The writer of these pages begs to say here most respectfully and emphatically, that he will not feel himself bound in future to reply to any inquiries, from however well-meaning correspondents, as to whether Charles Dickens was an "Unbeliever," or a "Unitarian," or an "Episcopalian," or whether "he ever went to church in his life," or "used improper language," or "drank enough to hurt him." He

was human, very human, but he was no scoffer or doubter. His religion was of the heart, and his faith beyond questioning. He taught the world, said Dean Stanley over his new-made grave in Westminster Abbey, great lessons of "the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness," and by his fruits he shall be known of all men.

Let me commend to the attention of my numerous nameless correspondents, who have attempted to soil the moral character of Dickens, the following little incident, related to me by himself, during a summer-evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few months before he died. I will try to tell the story, if possible, as simply and naturally as he told it to me.

"I chanced to be travelling some years ago," he said, "in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Beside myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the 'Times,' when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing 'Bleak House,' then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author's name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but

when he attacked the author's private character, and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling-bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which if they had been true would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard, touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence. 'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question; but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories, one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do; and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and coolly taking out one, I

presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my *truthful* companion; but, if I were to live a hundred years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution, 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid Lying as you would eternal perdition.'"

I never ceased to wonder at Dickens's indomitable cheerfulness, even when he was suffering from ill health, and could not sleep more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four. He made it a point never to inflict on another what he might be painfully enduring himself, and I have seen him, with what must have been a great effort, arrange a merry meeting for some friends, when I knew that almost any one else under similar circumstances would have sought relief in bed.

One evening at a little dinner given by himself to half a dozen friends in Boston, he came out very strong. His influenza lifted a little, as he said afterwards, and he took advantage of the lull. Only his own pen could possibly give an idea of that hilarious night, and I will merely attempt a brief reference to it. As soon as we were seated at the table, I read in his lustrous eye, and heard in his jovial voice, that all solemn forms were to be dis-

pensed with on that occasion, and that merriment might be confidently expected. To the end of the feast there was no let up to his magnificent cheerfulness and humor. J—B—, ex-minister plenipotentiary as he was, went in for nonsense, and he, I am sure, will not soon forget how undignified we all were, and what screams of laughter went up from his own uncontrollable throat. Among other tomfooleries, we had an imitation of scenes at an English hustings, Dickens bringing on his candidate (his friend D—), and I opposing him with mine (the ex-minister). Of course there was nothing spoken in the speeches worth remembering, but it was Dickens's *manner* that carried off the whole thing. D— necessarily now wears his hair so widely parted in the middle, that only two little capillary scraps are left, just over his ears, to show what kind of thatch once covered his jolly cranium. Dickens pretended that *his* candidate was superior to the other, *because* he had no hair; and that mine, being profusely supplied with that article, was in consequence disqualified in a marked degree for an election. His speech, for volubility and nonsense, was nearly fatal to us all. We roared and writhed in agonies of laughter, and the candidates themselves were literally choking and crying with the humor of the thing. But the fun culminated when I tried to get a hearing in. behalf of my man, and Dickens drowned all my attempts to be heard with imitative jeers of a boisterous election mob. He seemed to have as many voices that night as the human throat is capable of, and the repeated interrupting shouts, among others, of a pretended husky old man bawling out at intervals, "Three cheers for the bald 'un!" "Down with the hairy aristocracy!" "Up with the little shiny chap on top!" and other similar outbursts I can never forget. At last, in sheer exhaustion, we all gave in, and agreed to break up and thus save our lives, if it were not already too late to make the attempt.

The extent and variety of Dickens's tones were wonderful. Once he described to me in an inimitable way a scene he witnessed many years ago at a London theatre, and I am certain no professional ventriloquist could have reproduced it better. I could never persuade him to repeat the description in presence of others; but he did it for me several times during our walks into the country, where he was, of course, unobserved. His recital of the incident was irresistibly droll, and no words of mine can give the *situation* even, as he gave it. He said he was once sitting in the pit of a London theatre, when two men came in and took places directly in front of him. Both were evidently strangers from the country, and not very familiar with the stage. One of them was stone deaf, and relied entirely upon his friend to keep him informed of the dialogue and story of the play as it went on, by having bawled into his ear, word for word, as near as possible what the actors and actresses were saying. The man who could hear became intensely interested in the play, and kept close watch of the stage. The deaf man also shared in the progressive action of the drama, and rated his friend soundly, in a loud voice, if a stitch in the story of the play were inadvertently dropped. Dickens gave the two voices of these two spectators with his best comic and dramatic power. Notwithstanding the roars of the audience, for the scene in the pit grew immensely funny to them as it went on, the deaf man and his friend were too much interested in the main business of the evening to observe that they were noticed. One bawled louder, and the other, with his elevated ear-trumpet, listened more intently than ever. At length the scene culminated in a most unexpected manner. "Now," screamed the hearing man to the deaf one, "they are going to elope!" "*Who* is going to elope?" asked the deaf man, in a loud, vehement tone. "Why, them two, the young man in the red coat and the girl in a white gown, that's a talking together now, and just going off the

stage!" "Well, then, you must have missed telling me something they've said before," roared the other in an enraged and stentorian voice; "for there was nothing in their conduct all the evening, as you have been representing it to me, that would warrant them in such a proceeding!" At which the audience could not bear it any longer, and screamed their delight till the curtain fell.

Dickens was always planning something to interest and amuse his friends, and when in America he taught us several games arranged by himself, which we played again and again, he taking part as our instructor. While he was travelling from point to point he was cogitating fresh charades to be acted when we should again meet. It was at Baltimore that he first conceived the idea of a walking-match, which should take place on his return to Boston, and he drew up a set of humorous "articles," which he sent to me with this injunction, "Keep them in a place of profound safety, for attested execution, until my arrival in Boston." He went into this matter of the walking-match with as much earnest directness as if he were planning a new novel. The articles, as prepared by himself, are thus drawn up:—

"Articles of agreement entered into at Baltimore, in the United States of America, this third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, between ———, British subject, *alias* the Man of Ross, and ———, American citizen, *alias* the Boston Bantam.

"Whereas, some Bounce having arisen between the above men in reference to feats of pedestrianism and agility, they have agreed to settle their differences and prove who is the better man, by means of a walking-match for two hats a side and the glory of their respective countries; and whereas they agree that the said match shall come off, whatsoever the weather, on the Mill Dam Road outside Boston, on Saturday, the 29th day of this present

month; and whereas, they agree that the personal attendants on themselves during the whole walk, and also the umpires and starters and declarers of victory in the match shall be ——— of Boston, known in sporting circles as Massachusetts Jemmy, and Charles Dickens of Falstaff's Gad's Hill, whose surprising performances (without the least variation) on that truly national instrument, the American catarrh, have won for him the well-merited title of the Gad's Hill Gasper:—

"1. The men are to be started, on the day appointed, by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

"2. Jemmy and The Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch, for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match's coming off they are to station themselves in the middle of the road, at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

"3. No jostling or fouling allowed.

"4. All cautions or orders issued to the men by the umpires, starters, and declarers of victory to be considered final and admitting of no appeal.

"5. A sporting narrative of the match to be written by The Gasper within one week after its coming off, and the same to be duly printed (at the expense of the subscribers to these articles) on a broadside. The said broadside to be framed and glazed, and one copy of the same to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to these articles.

"6. The men to show on the evening of the day of walking, at six o'clock precisely, at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by The Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachu-

setts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following guests to honor the said dinner with their presence; that is to say [here follow the names of a few of his friends, whom he wished to be invited].

"Now, lastly. In token of their accepting the trusts and offices by these articles conferred upon them, these articles are solemnly and formally signed by Massachusetts Jemmy and by the Gad's Hill Gasper, as well as by the men themselves.

"Signed by the Man of Ross, otherwise ————.

"Signed by the Boston Bantam, otherwise ————.

"Signed by Massachusetts Jemmy, otherwise ————.

"Signed by the Gad's Hill Gasper, otherwise Charles Dickens.

"Witness to the signatures, ————."

When he returned to Boston from Baltimore he proposed that I should accompany him over the walking-ground "at the rate of not less than four miles an hour, for one hour and a half." I shall not soon forget the tremendous pace at which he travelled that day. I have seen a great many walkers, but never one with whom I found it such hard work to keep up. Of course his object was to stretch out the space as far as possible for our friends to travel on the appointed day. With watch in hand, Dickens strode on over the Mill Dam toward Newton Centre. When we reached the turning-point, and had established the extreme limit, we both felt that we had given the men who were to walk in the match excellent good measure. All along the road people had stared at us, wondering, I suppose, why two men on such a blustering day should be pegging away in the middle of the road as if life depended on the speed they were getting over the ground. We had walked together many a mile before this, but never at such a rate as on this day. I had

never seen his full power tested before, and I could not but feel great admiration for his walking pluck. We were both greatly heated, and, seeing a little shop by the roadside, we went in for refreshments. A few sickly looking oranges were all we could obtain to quench our thirst, and we seized those and sat down on the shop door-steps, tired and panting. After a few minutes' rest we started again and walked back to town. Thirteen miles' stretch on a brisk winter day did neither of us any harm, and Dickens was in great spirits over the match that was so soon to come off. We agreed to walk over the ground again on the appointed day, keeping company with our respective men. Here is the account that Dickens himself drew up, of that day's achievement, for the broadside.

"THE SPORTING NARRATIVE.

"THE MEN.

"The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer) is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff. He comes of a thorough game breed, and has a clear though modest crow. He pulls down the scale at ten stone and a half and add a pound or two. His previous performances in the pedestrian line have not been numerous. He once achieved a neat little match against time in two left boots at Philadelphia; but this must be considered as a pedestrian eccentricity, and cannot be accepted by the rigid chronicler as high art. The old mower with the scythe and hour-glass has not yet laid his mauley heavily on the Bantam's frontispiece, but he has had a grip at the Bantam's top feathers, and in plucking out a handful was very near making him like the great Napoleon Bonaparte (with the exception of the victualling department), when the ancient one found himself too much occupied to carry out the idea, and gave it up. The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* Allourpraiseswhyshouldlords, etc.) is a thought and a half too fleshy, and, if he accidentally sat down

upon his baby, would do it to the tune of fourteen stone. This popular codger is of the rubicund and jovial sort, and has long been known as a piscatorial pedestrian on the banks of the Wye. But Izaak Walton had n't pace,—look at his book and you'll find it slow,—and when that article comes in question, the fishing-rod may prove to some of his disciples a rod in pickle. Howbeit, the Man of Ross is a lively amble, and has a smart stride of his own.

"THE TRAINING.

"If vigorous attention to diet could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of The Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

"THE COURSE.

"Six miles and a half, good measure, from the first tree on the Mill Dam Road, lies the little village (with no refreshments in it but five oranges and a bottle of blacking) of Newton Centre. Here Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper had established the turning-point. The road comprehended every variety of inconvenience to test the mettle of the men, and nearly the whole of it was covered with snow.

"THE START

was effected beautifully. The men taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from The Gasper the warning, "Are you ready?" and then the signal, "One, two, three. Go!" They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

"THE RACE.

"In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind, before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from

right to left, the Bantam slightly led. But the Man responded to the challenge, and soon breasted him. For the first three miles each led by a yard or so alternately; but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by The Gasper the men were side by side; and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both through a heavy snow-wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called, the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles The Gasper put on a tremendous spirit to leave the men behind and establish himself as the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterwards declared that he received a mental knock-downer on taking his station and facing about, to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the town, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly blacksmith in full work. The forcing-pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first-rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a very few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out and came in seven minutes later.

"REMARKS.

"The difficulties under which this plucky match was walked can only be appreciated by those who were on the

ground. To the excessive rigor of the icy blast and the depth and state of the snow must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all, in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere, was not easy; but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong; hard labor. That both competitors were game to the backbone, doing what they did under such conditions, was evident to all; but to his gameness the courageous Bantam added unexpected endurance and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up. The knowing eye could not fail to detect considerable disparity between the lads; Chanticleer being, as Mrs. Cratchit said of Tiny Tim, "very light to carry," and Roscius promising fair to attain the rotundity of the Anonymous Cove in the Epigram:—

'And when he walks the streets the paviers cry,
"God bless you, sir!"—and lay their rammers by.'"

The dinner at the Parker House, after the fatigues of the day, was a brilliant success. The Great International Walking-Match was over; America had won, and England was nowhere. The victor and the vanquished were the heroes of the occasion, for both had shown great powers of endurance and done their work in capital time. We had no set speeches at the table, for we had voted eloquence a bore before we sat down. David Copperfield, Hyperion, Hosea Biglow, the Autocrat, and the Bad Boy were present, and there was no need of set speeches. The ladies present, being all daughters of America, smiled upon the champion, and we had a great, good time. The banquet provided by Dickens was profusely decorated with flowers, arranged by himself. The master of the feast was in his best mood, albeit his country had lost; and we all declared, when we bade him good

night, that none of us had ever enjoyed a festival more.

Soon after this Dickens started on his reading travels again, and I received frequent letters from him from various parts of the country. On the 8th of March, 1868, he writes from a Western city:—

Sunday, 8th March, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: We came here yesterday most comfortably in a "drawing-room car," of which (Rule Britannia!) we bought exclusive possession. — is rather a depressing feather in the eagle's wing, when considered on a Sunday and in a thaw. Its hotel is likewise a dreary institution. But I have an impression that we must be in the wrong one, and buoy myself up with a devout belief in the other, over the way. The awakening to consciousness this morning on a lop-sided bedstead facing nowhere, in a room holding nothing but sour dust, was more terrible than the being afraid to go to bed last night. To keep ourselves up we played whist (double dummy) until neither of us could bear to speak to the other any more. We had previously supped on a tough old nightmare named buffalo.

What do you think of a "Fowl de poulet"? or a "Paettie de Shay"? or "Celary"? or "Murange with cream"? Because all these delicacies are in the printed bill of fare! If Mrs. Fields would like the recipe, how to make a "Paettie de Shay," telegraph instantly, and the recipe shall be purchased. We asked the Irish waiter what this dish was, and he said it was "the Frinch name the steward giv' to oyster pattie." It is usually washed down, I believe, with "Movseaux," or "Table Madeira," or "Abasinthe," or "Curraco," all of which drinks are on the wine list. I mean to drink my love to — after dinner in Movseaux. Your rugged nature shall be pledged in Abasinthe.

Ever affectionately,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dolby's regard, and he is out of spirits.

On the 19th of March he writes from Albany:—

ALBANY, 19th March, 1868.

MY DEAR —: I should have answered your kind and welcome note before now, but that we have been in difficulties. After creeping through water for miles upon miles, our train gave it up as a bad job between Rochester and this place, and stranded us, early on Tuesday afternoon, at Utica. There we remained all night, and at six o'clock yesterday morning were ordered up to get ready for starting again. Then we were countermanded. Then we were once more told to get ready. Then we were told to stay where we were. At last we got off at eight o'clock, and after paddling through the flood until half past three, got landed here,—to the great relief of our minds as well as bodies, for the tickets were all sold out for last night. We had all sorts of adventures by the way, among which two of the most notable were:—

1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night, until relief should arrive.

2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep that had been in the water I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock as they were tumbled out of their dens and picked themselves up and made off, leaping wildly (many with broken legs) over a great mound of thawing snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner.

As there is no question that our friendship began in some previous state of existence many ages ago, I am now going to make bold to mention

a discovery we have made concerning Springfield. We find that by remaining there next Saturday and Sunday, instead of coming on to Boston, we shall save several hours' travel, and much wear and tear of our baggage and camp-followers. Ticknor reports the Springfield hotel excellent. Now will you and Fields come and pass Sunday with us there? It will be delightful, if you can. If you cannot, will you defer our Boston dinner until the following Sunday? Send me a hopeful word to Springfield (Massasoit House) in reply, please.

Lowell's delightful note enclosed with thanks. Do make a trial for Springfield. We saw Professor White at Syracuse, and went out for a ride with him. Queer quarters at Utica, and nothing particular to eat; but the people so very anxious to please, that it was better than the best cuisine. I made a jug of punch (in the bedroom pitcher), and we drank our love to you and Fields. Dolby had more than his share, under pretence of devoted enthusiasm.

My dear —,

Ever affectionately yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

His readings everywhere were crowned with enthusiastic success, and if his strength had been equal to his will, he could have stayed in America another year and occupied every night of it with his wonderful impersonations. I regretted extremely that he felt obliged to give up visiting the West. Invitations which greatly pleased him came day after day from the principal cities and towns, but his friends soon discovered that his health would not allow him to extend his travels beyond Washington.

He sailed for home on the 19th of April, 1868, and we shook hands with him on the deck of the *Russia* as the good ship turned her prow toward England. He was in great spirits at the thought of so soon again seeing Gad's Hill, and the prospect of a rest after all his toilsome days and nights

in America. While at sea he wrote the following letter to me:—

ABOARD THE RUSSIA, BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL,
Sunday, 26th April, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: In order that you may have the earliest intelligence of me, I begin this note to-day in my small cabin, purposing (if it should prove practicable) to post it at Queens-town for the return steamer.

We are already past the Banks of Newfoundland, although our course was seventy miles to the south, with the view of avoiding ice seen by Judkins in the Scotia on his passage out to New York. The Russia is a magnificent ship, and has dashed along bravely. We had made more than thirteen hundred and odd miles at noon to-day. The wind, after being a little capricious, rather threatens at the present time to turn against us, but our run is already eighty miles ahead of the Russia's last run in this direction,—a very fast one. . . . To all whom it may concern, report the Russia in the highest terms. She rolls more easily than the other Cunard Screws, is kept in perfect order, and is most carefully looked after in all departments. We have had nothing approaching to heavy weather; still, one can speak to the trim of the ship. Her captain, a gentleman; bright, polite, good-natured, and vigilant. . . .

As to me, I am greatly better, I hope. I have got on my right boot to-day for the first time; the "true American" seems to be turning faithless at last; and I made a Gad's Hill breakfast this morning, as a further advance on having otherwise eaten and drunk all day ever Wednesday.

You will see Anthony Trollope, I dare say. What was my amazement to see him with these eyes come aboard in the mail tender just before we started! He had come out in the Scotia just in time to dash off again in said tender to shake hands with me, knowing me to be aboard here. It was most heartily done. He is on a special mission of convention with the United States post-office.

We have been picturing your movements, and have duly checked off your journey home, and have talked about you continually. But I have thought about you both, even much, much more. You will never know how I love you both; or what you have been to me in America, and will always be to me everywhere; or how fervently I thank you.

All the working of the ship seems to be done on my forehead. It is scrubbed and holystoned (my head—not the deck) at three every morning. It is scraped and swabbed all day. Eight pairs of heavy boots are now clattering on it, getting the ship under sail again. Legions of ropes'-ends are flopped upon it as I write, and I must leave off with Dolby's love.

Thursday, 30th.

Soon after I left off as above we had a gale of wind, which blew all night. For a few hours on the evening side of midnight there was no getting from this cabin of mine to the saloon, or *vice versa*, so heavily did the sea break over the decks. The ship, however, made nothing of it, and we were all right again by Monday afternoon. Except for a few hours yesterday (when we had a very light head wind), the weather has been constantly favorable, and we are now bowling away at a great rate, with a fresh breeze filling all our sails. We expect to be at Queens-town between midnight and three in the morning.

I hope, my dear Fields, you may find this legible, but I rather doubt it; for there is motion enough on the ship to render writing to a landsman, however accustomed to pen and ink, rather a difficult achievement. Besides which, I slide away gracefully from the paper, whenever I want to be particularly expressive. . . .

—, sitting opposite to me at breakfast, always has the following items: A large dish of porridge, into which he casts slices of butter and a quantity of sugar. Two cups of tea. A steak. Irish stew. Chutnee, and marmalade. Another deputation of two has solicited

a reading to-night. Illustrious novelist has unconditionally and absolutely declined.

More love, and more to that, from your ever affectionate friend,

C. D.

His first letter from home gave us all great pleasure, for it announced his complete recovery from the severe influenza that had fastened itself upon him so many months before. Among his earliest notes I find these paragraphs:—

"I have found it so extremely difficult to write about America (though never so briefly) without appearing to blow trumpets on the one hand, or to be inconsistent with my avowed determination *not* to write about it on the other, that I have taken the simple course enclosed. The number will be published on the 6th of June. It appears to me to be the most modest and manly course, and to derive some graceful significance from its title. . . .

"Thank my dear — from me for her delightful letter received on the 16th. I will write to her very soon, and tell her about the dogs. I would write by this post, but that Wills's absence (in Sussex, and getting no better there as yet) so overwhelms me with business that I can scarcely get through it.

"Miss me? Ah my dear fellow, but how do I miss *you*! We talk about you both at Gad's Hill every day of our lives. And I never see the place looking very pretty indeed, or hear the birds sing all day long and the nightingales all night, without restlessly wishing that you were both there.

"With best love, and truest and most enduring regard, ever, my dear Fields,

"Your most affectionate,

"C. D."

" . . . I hope you will receive by Saturday's Cunard a case containing:

"1. A trifling supply of the pen-knibs that suited your hand.

"2. A do. of unfailing medicine for cockroaches.

"3. Mrs. Gamp, for —.

"The case is addressed to you at Bleecker Street, New York. If it should be delayed for the knibs (or nibs) promised to-morrow, and should be too late for the Cunard packet, it will in that case come by the next following Inman steamer.

"Everything here looks lovely, and I find it (you will be surprised to hear) really a pretty place! I have seen No Thoroughfare twice. Excellent things in it; but it drags, to my thinking. It is, however, a great success in the country, and is now getting up with great force in Paris. Fechter is ill, and was ordered off to Brighton yesterday. Wills is ill too, and banished into Sussex for perfect rest. Otherwise, thank God, I find everything well and thriving. You and my dear Mrs. F — are constantly in my mind. Procter greatly better. . . ."

On the 25th of May he sent off the following from Gad's Hill:—

MY DEAR —: As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. When I came down first, I came to Gravesend, five miles off. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled, — a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited; weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. M —'s little dog too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation on being called down and asked by M —, "Who is this?"

and tore round and round me, like the dog in the Faust outlines. You must know that all the farmers turned out on the road in their market-chaises to say, "Welcome home, sir!" that all the houses along the road were dressed with flags; and that our servants, to cut out the rest, had dressed this house so, that every brick of it was hidden. They had asked M——'s permission to "ring the alarm-bell (!) when master drove up"; but M——, having some slight idea that that compliment might awaken master's sense of the ludicrous, had recommended bell abstinence. But on Sunday, the village choir (which includes the bell-ringers) made amends. After some unusually brief pious reflection in the crowns of their hats at the end of the sermon, the ringers bolted out and rang like mad until I got home. (There had been a conspiracy among the villagers to take the horse out, if I had come to our own station, and draw me here. M—— and G—— had got wind of it and warned me.)

Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss Chalet (where I write), and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in, at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious.

Dolby (who sends a world of messages) found his wife much better than he expected, and the children (wonderful to relate!) perfect. The little girl winds up her prayers every night, with a special commendation to Heaven of me and the pony, — as if I must mount him to get there! I dine with Dolby (I was going to write "him," but found

it would look as if I were going to dine with the pony) at Greenwich this very day, and if your ears do not burn from six to nine this evening, then the Atlantic is a non-conductor. We are already settling — think of this! — the details of my farewell course of readings. I am brown beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did for me! My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me, for the first time since my return, last Saturday. "Good Lord!" he said, recoiling. "Seven years younger!"

It is time I should explain the otherwise inexplicable enclosure. Will you tell Fields, with my love, (I suppose he has n't used *all* the pens yet?) that I think there is in Tremont Street a set of my books, sent out by Chapman, not arrived when I departed. Such set of the immortal works of our illustrious, etc., is designed for the gentleman to whom the enclosure is addressed. If T., F., & Co. will kindly forward the set (carriage paid) with the enclosure to ——'s address, I will invoke new blessings on their heads, and will get Dolby's little daughter to mention them nightly.

"No Thoroughfare" is very shortly coming out in Paris, where it is now in active rehearsal. It is still playing here, but without Fechter, who has been very ill. The doctor's dismissal of him to Paris, however, and his getting better there, enables him to get up the play there. He and Wilkie missed so many pieces of stage effect here, that, unless I am quite satisfied with his report, I shall go over and try my stage-managerial hand at the Vaudeville Theatre. I particularly want the drugging and attempted robbing in the bedroom scene at the Swiss inn to be done to the sound of a waterfall rising and falling with the wind. Although in the very opening of that scene they speak of the waterfall and listen to it, nobody thought of its mysterious music. I could make it, with a

good stage carpenter, in an hour. Is it not a curious thing that they want to make me a governor of the Foundling Hospital, because, since the Christmas number, they have had such an amazing access of visitors and money?

My dear love to Fields once again. Same to you and him from M—— and G——. I cannot tell you both how I miss you, or how overjoyed I should be to see you here.

Ever, my dear ——,

Your most affectionate friend,

C. D.

Excellent accounts of his health and spirits continued to come from Gad's Hill, and his letters were full of plans for the future. On the 7th of July he writes from Gad's Hill as usual:—

GAD'S HILL PLACE, Tuesday, 7th July, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I have delayed writing to you (and ——, to whom my love) until I should have seen Longfellow. When he was in London the first time he came and went without reporting himself, and left me in a state of unspeakable discomfiture. Indeed, I should not have believed in his having been here at all, if Mrs. Procter had not told me of his calling to see Procter. However, on his return he wrote to me from the Langham Hotel, and I went up to town to see him, and to make an appointment for his coming here. He, the girls, and —— came down last Saturday night, and stayed until Monday forenoon. I showed them all of the neighboring country that could be shown in so short a time, and they finished off with a tour of inspection of the kitchens, pantry, wine-cellar, pickles, sauces, servants' sitting-room, general household stores, and even the Cellar Book, of this illustrious establishment. Foster and Kent (the latter wrote certain verses to Longfellow, which have been published in the "Times," and which I sent to D——) came down for a day, and I hope we all had a really "good time." I turned out a couple of postilions in the old red jacket of the old

red royal Dover road, for our ride; and it was like a holiday ride in England fifty years ago. Of course we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old cathedral, and the old castle, and the house for the six poor travellers who, "not being rogues or proctors, shall have lodging, entertainment, and four pence each."

Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from the Queen downward. He is everywhere received and courted, and finds (as I told him he would, when we talked of it in Boston) the workingmen at least as well acquainted with his books as the classes socially above them. . . .

Last Thursday I attended, as sponsor, the christening of Dolby's son and heir, — a most jolly baby, who held on tight by the rector's left whisker while the service was performed. What time, too, his little sister, connecting me with the pony, trotted up and down the centre aisle, noisily driving herself as that celebrated animal, so that it went very hard with the sponsorial dignity.

—— is not yet recovered from that concussion of the brain, and I have all his work to do. This may account for my not being able to devise a Christmas number, but I seem to have left my invention in America. In case you should find it, please send it over. I am going up to town to-day to dine with Longfellow. And now, my dear Fields, you know all about me and mine.

You are enjoying your holiday? and are still thinking sometimes of our Boston days, as I do? and are maturing schemes for coming here next summer? A satisfactory reply to the last question is particularly entreated.

I am delighted to find you both so well pleased with the Blind Book scheme. I said nothing of it to you when we were together, though I had made up my mind, because I wanted to come upon you with that little burst from a distance. It seemed something like meeting again when I remitted the money and thought of your talking of it.

The dryness of the weather is amazing. All the ponds and surface wells about here are waterless, and the poor people suffer greatly. The people of this village have only one spring to resort to, and it is a couple of miles from many cottages. I do not let the great dogs swim in the canal, because the people have to drink of it. But when they get into the Medway, it is hard to get them out again. The other day Bumble (the son, Newfoundland

dog) got into difficulties among some floating timber, and became frightened. Don (the father) was standing by me, shaking off the wet and looking on carelessly, when all of a sudden he perceived something amiss, and went in with a bound and brought Bumble out by the ear. The scientific way in which he towed him along was charming.

Ever your loving

C. D.

THE ROMANCE OF MADROÑO HOLLOW.

THE latch on the garden gate of the Folinsbee Ranch clicked twice. The gate itself was so much in shadow that lovely night, that "old man Folinsbee," sitting on his porch, could distinguish nothing but a tall white hat and beside it a few fluttering ribbons, under the pines that marked the entrance. Whether because of this fact, or that he considered a sufficient time had elapsed since the clicking of the latch for more positive disclosure, I do not know; but after a few moments' hesitation he quietly laid aside his pipe and walked slowly down the winding path toward the gate. At the Ceanothus hedge he stopped and listened.

There was not much to hear. The hat was saying to the ribbons that it was a fine night, and remarking generally upon the clear outline of the Sierras against the blue-black sky. The ribbons, it so appeared, had admired this all the way home, and asked the hat if it had ever seen anything half so lovely as the moonlight on the summit? The hat never had; it recalled some lovely nights in the South in Alabama ("in the South in Ahlabahm" was the way the old man heard it), but then there were other things that made this night seem so pleasant. The ribbons could not pos-

sibly conceive what the hat could be thinking about. At this point there was a pause, of which Mr. Folinsbee availed himself to walk very grimly and crouchingly down the gravel-walk toward the gate. Then the hat was lifted, and disappeared in the shadow, and Mr. Folinsbee confronted only the half-foolish, half-mischievous, but wholly pretty face of his daughter.

It was afterward known to Madroño Hollow that sharp words passed between "Miss Jo" and the old man, and that the latter coupled the names of one Culpepper Starbottle and his uncle, Colonel Starbottle, with certain uncomplimentary epithets, and that Miss Jo retaliated sharply. "Her father's blood before her father's face boiled up and proved her truly of his race," quoted the blacksmith, who leaned toward the noble verse of Byron. "She saw the old man's bluff and raised him," was the director comment of the college-bred Masters.

Meanwhile the subject of these animadversions proceeded slowly along the road to a point where the Folinsbee mansion came in view, — a long, narrow, white building, unpretentious, yet superior to its neighbors, and bearing some evidences of taste and refinement in the vines that clambered over its porch, in its French windows,

and the white muslin curtains that kept out the fierce California sun by day, and were now touched with silver in the gracious moonlight. Culpepper leaned against the low fence, and gazed long and earnestly at the building. Then the moonlight vanished ghost-like from one of the windows, a material glow took its place, and a girlish figure, holding a candle, drew the white curtains together. To Culpepper it was a vestal virgin standing before a hallowed shrine; to the prosaic observer, I fear it was only a fair-haired young woman, whose wicked black eyes still shone with unfilial warmth. Howbeit, when the figure had disappeared he stepped out briskly into the moonlight of the high road. Here he took off his distinguishing hat to wipe his forehead, and the moon shone full upon his face.

It was not an unprepossessing one, albeit a trifle too thin and lank and bilious to be altogether pleasant. The cheekbones were prominent, and the black eyes sunken in their orbits. Straight black hair fell slantwise off a high but narrow forehead, and swept part of a hollow cheek. A long black mustache followed the perpendicular curves of his mouth. It was on the whole a serious, even Quixotic face, but at times it was relieved by a rare smile of such tender and even pathetic sweetness, that Miss Jo is reported to have said that, if it would only last through the ceremony, she would have married its possessor on the spot. "I once told him so," added that shameless young woman; "but the man instantly fell into a settled melancholy, and has n't smiled since."

A half-mile below the Folinsbee Ranch the white road dipped and was crossed by a trail that ran through Madroño Hollow. Perhaps because it was a near cut-off to the settlement, perhaps from some less practical reason, Culpepper took this trail, and in a few moments stood among the rarely beautiful trees that gave their name to the valley. Even in that uncertain light the weird beauty of these harlequin

masqueraders was apparent; their red trunks — a blush in the moonlight, a deep blood-stain in the shadow — stood out against the silvery green foliage. It was as if Nature in some gracious moment had here caught and crystallized the gypsy memories of the transplanted Spaniard, to cheer him in his lonely exile.

As Culpepper entered the grove he heard loud voices. As he turned toward a clump of trees, a figure so bizarre and characteristic that it might have been a resident Daphne, — a figure overdressed in crimson silk and lace, with bare brown arms and shoulders, and a wreath of honeysuckle, — stepped out of the shadow. It was followed by a man. Culpepper started. To come to the point briefly, he recognized in the man the features of his respected uncle, Colonel Starbottle; in the female, a lady who may be briefly described as one possessing absolutely no claim to an introduction to the polite reader. To hurry over equally unpleasant details, both were evidently under the influence of liquor.

From the excited conversation that ensued, Culpepper gathered that some insult had been put upon the lady at a public ball which she had attended that evening; that, the Colonel, her escort, had failed to resent it with the sanguinary completeness that she desired. I regret that, even in a liberal age, I may not record the exact and even picturesque language in which this was conveyed to her hearers. Enough that at the close of a fiery peroration, with feminine inconsistency she flew at the gallant Colonel, and would have visited her delayed vengeance upon his luckless head, but for the prompt interference of Culpepper. Thwarted in this, she threw herself upon the ground, and then into unpicturesque hysterics. There was a fine moral lesson, not only in this grotesque performance of a sex which cannot afford to be grotesque, but in the ludicrous concern with which it inspired the two men. Culpepper, to whom woman was more or less angelic, was pained and sympathetic;

the Colonel, to whom she was more or less improper, was exceedingly terrified and embarrassed. Howbeit the storm was soon over, and after Mistress Dolores had returned a little dagger to its sheath (her garter), she quietly took herself out of Madroño Hollow, and happily out of these pages forever. The two men, left to themselves, conversed in low tones. Dawn stole upon them before they separated: the Colonel quite sobered and in full possession of his usual jaunty self-assertion; Culpepper with a baleful glow in his hollow cheek, and in his dark eyes a rising fire.

The next morning the general ear of Madroño Hollow was filled with rumors of the Colonel's mishap. It was asserted that he had been invited to withdraw his female companion from the floor of the Assembly Ball at the Independence Hotel, and that failing to do this both were expelled. It is to be regretted that in 1854 public opinion was divided in regard to the propriety of this step, and that there was some discussion as to the comparative virtue of the ladies who were not expelled, but it was generally conceded that the real *casus belli* was political. "Is this a dashed Puritan meeting?" had asked the Colonel, savagely. "It's no Pike County shindig," had responded the floor manager, cheerfully. "You're a Yank!" had screamed the Colonel, profanely qualifying the noun. "Get! you border ruffian," was the reply. Such at least was the substance of the reports. As, at that sincere epoch, expressions like the above were usually followed by prompt action, a fracas was confidently looked for.

Nothing, however, occurred. Colonel Starbottle made his appearance next day upon the streets with somewhat of his usual pomposity, a little restrained by the presence of his nephew, who accompanied him, and who, as a universal favorite, also exercised some restraint upon the curious and impertinent. But Culpepper's face wore a look of anxiety quite at variance with his

usual grave repose. "The Don don't seem to take the old man's set-back kindly," observed the sympathizing blacksmith. "P'r'aps he was sweet on Dolores himself," suggested the sceptical expressman.

It was a bright morning, a week after this occurrence, that Miss Jo Folinsbee stepped from her garden into the road. This time the latch did not click as she cautiously closed the gate behind her. After a moment's irresolution, which would have been awkward but that it was charmingly employed, after the manner of her sex, in adjusting a bow under a dimpled but rather prominent chin, and in pulling down the fingers of a neatly fitting glove, she tripped toward the settlement. Small wonder that a passing teamster drove his six mules into the wayside ditch and imperilled his load, to keep the dust from her spotless garments; small wonder that the "Lightning Express" withheld its speed and flash to let her pass, and that the expressman, who had never been known to exchange more than rapid monosyllables with his fellow-man, gazed after her with breathless admiration. For she was certainly attractive. In a country where the ornamental sex followed the example of youthful Nature, and were prone to overdress and glaring efflorescence, Miss Jo's simple and tasteful raiment added much to the physical charm of, if it did not actually suggest a sentiment to, her presence. It is said that Euchre-deck Billy, working in the gulch at the crossing, never saw Miss Folinsbee pass but that he always remarked apologetically to his partner, that "he believed he *must* write a letter home." Even Bill Masters, who saw her in Paris presented to the favorable criticism of that most fastidious man, the late Emperor, said that she was stunning, but a big discount on what she was at Madroño Hollow.

It was still early morning, but the sun, with California extravagance, had already begun to beat hotly on the little chip hat and blue ribbons, and

Miss Jo was obliged to seek the shade of a by-path. Here she received the timid advances of a vagabond yellow dog graciously, until, emboldened by his success, he insisted upon accompanying her, and, becoming slobberingly demonstrative, threatened her spotless skirt with his dusty paws, when she drove him from her with some slight acerbity, and a stone which haply fell within fifty feet of its destined mark. Having thus proved her ability to defend herself, with characteristic inconsistency she took a small panic, and, gathering her white skirts in one hand, and holding the brim of her hat over her eyes with the other, she ran swiftly at least a hundred yards before she stopped. Then she began picking some ferns and a few wild-flowers still spared to the withered fields, and then a sudden distrust of her small ankles seized her, and she inspected them narrowly for those burrs and bugs and snakes which are supposed to lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she plucked some golden heads of wild oats, and with a sudden inspiration placed them in her black hair, and then came quite unconsciously upon the trail leading to Madroño Hollow.

Here she hesitated. Before her ran the little trail, vanishing at last into the bosky depths below. The sun was very hot. She must be very far from home. Why should she not rest awhile under the shade of a madroño?

She answered these questions by going there at once. After thoroughly exploring the grove, and satisfying herself that it contained no other living human creature, she sat down under one of the largest trees, with a satisfactory little sigh. Miss Jo loved the madroño. It was a cleanly tree; no dust ever lay upon its varnished leaves; its immaculate shade never was known to harbor grub or insect.

She looked up at the rosy arms interlocked and arched above her head. She looked down at the delicate ferns and cryptogams at her feet. Something glittered at the root of the tree. She picked it up; it was a bracelet. She

examined it carefully for cipher or inscription; there was none. She could not resist a natural desire to clasp it on her arm, and to survey it from that advantageous view-point. This absorbed her attention for some moments; and when she looked up again she beheld at a little distance Culpepper Starbottle.

He was standing where he had halted, with instinctive delicacy, on first discovering her. Indeed, he had even deliberated whether he ought not to go away without disturbing her. But some fascination held him to the spot. Wonderful power of humanity! Far beyond jutted an outlying spur of the Sierra, vast, compact, and silent. Scarcely a hundred yards away a league-long chasm dropped its sheer walls of granite a thousand feet. On every side rose up the serried ranks of pine-trees, in whose close-set files centuries of storm and change had wrought no breach. Yet all this seemed to Culpepper to have been planned by an all-wise Providence as the natural background to the figure of a pretty girl in a yellow dress.

Although Miss Jo had confidently expected to meet Culpepper somewhere in her ramble, now that he came upon her suddenly, she felt disappointed and embarrassed. His manner, too, was more than usually grave and serious, and more than ever seemed to jar upon that audacious levity which was this giddy girl's power and security in a society where all feeling was dangerous. As he approached her she rose to her feet, but almost before she knew it he had taken her hand and drawn her to a seat beside him. This was not what Miss Jo had expected, but nothing is so difficult to predicate as the exact preliminaries of a declaration of love.

What did Culpepper say? Nothing, I fear, that will add anything to the wisdom of the reader; nothing, I fear, that Miss Jo had not heard substantially from other lips before. But there was a certain conviction, fire-speed, and fury in the manner that was de-

liciously novel to the young lady. It was certainly something to be courted in the nineteenth century with all the passion and extravagance of the sixteenth; it was something to hear, amid the slang of a frontier society, the language of knight-errantry poured into her ear by this lantern-jawed, dark-browed descendant of the Cavaliers.

I do not know that there was anything more in it. The facts, however, go to show that at a certain point Miss Jo dropped her glove, and that in recovering it Culpepper possessed himself, first of her hand and then her lips. When they stood up to go Culpepper had his arm around her waist, and her black hair, with its sheaf of golden oats, rested against the breast-pocket of his coat. But even then I do not think her fancy was entirely captive. She took a certain satisfaction in this demonstration of Culpepper's splendid height, and mentally compared it with a former flame, one Lieutenant McMirk, an active, but under-sized Hector, who subsequently fell a victim to the incautiously composed and monotonous beverages of a frontier garrison. Nor was she so much preoccupied but that her quick eyes, even while absorbing Culpepper's glances, were yet able to detect, at a distance, the figure of a man approaching. In an instant she slipped out of Culpepper's arm, and, whipping her hands behind her, said, "There 's that horrid man!"

Culpepper looked up and beheld his respected uncle panting and blowing over the hill. His brow contracted as he turned to Miss Jo: "You don't like my uncle!"

"I hate him!" Miss Jo was recovering her ready tongue.

Culpepper blushed. He would have liked to enter upon some details of the Colonel's pedigree and exploits, but there was not time. He only smiled sadly. The smile melted Miss Jo. She held out her hand quickly, and said with even more than her usual effrontery, "Don't let that man get you into any trouble. Take care of yourself,

dear, and don't let anything happen to you."

Miss Jo intended this speech to be pathetic; the tenure of life among her lovers had hitherto been very uncertain. Culpepper turned toward her, but she had already vanished in the thicket.

The Colonel came up panting. "I've looked all over town for you, and be dashed to you, sir. Who was that with you?"

"A lady." (Culpepper never lied, but he was discreet.)

"D—m 'em all! Look yar, Culp, I've spotted the man who gave the order to put me off the floor" ("flo" was what the Colonel said) "the other night!"

"Who was it?" asked Culpepper, listlessly.

"Jack Folinsbee."

"Who?"

"Why, the son of that dashed nigger-worshipping, psalm-singing Puritan Yankee. What 's the matter, now! Look yar, Culp, you ain't goin' back on your blood, ar' ye? You ain't goin' back on your word? Ye ain't going down at the feet of this trash, like a whipped hound?"

Culpepper was silent. He was very white. Presently he looked up and said quietly, "No."

Culpepper Starbottle had challenged Jack Folinsbee, and the challenge was accepted. The cause alleged was the expelling of Culpepper's uncle from the floor of the Assembly Hall by the order of Folinsbee. This much Madroño Hollow knew and could swear to; but there were other strange rumors afloat, of which the blacksmith was an able expounder. "You see, gentlemen," he said to the crowd gathered around his anvil, "I ain't got no theory of this affair, I only give a few facts as have come to my knowledge. Culpepper and Jack meets quite accidental like in Bob's saloon. Jack goes up to Culpepper and says, 'A word with you.' Culpepper bows and steps aside in this way, Jack standing about

here." (The blacksmith demonstrates the position of the parties with two old horseshoes on the anvil.) "Jack pulls a bracelet from his pocket and says, 'Do you know that bracelet?' Culpepper says, 'I do not,' quite cool-like and easy. Jack says, 'You gave it to my sister.' Culpepper says, still cool as you please, 'I did not.' Jack says, 'You lie, G—d d—mn you,' and draws his derring. Culpepper jumps forward about here" (reference is made to the diagram) "and Jack fires. Nobody hit. It's a mighty cur'o's thing, gentlemen," continued the blacksmith, dropping suddenly into the abstract, and leaning meditatively on his anvil, — "it's a mighty cur'o's thing that nobody gets hit so often. You and me empties our revolvers sociably at each other over a little game, and the room full and nobody gets hit! That's what gets me."

"Never mind, Thompson," chimed in Bill Masters, "there's another and a better world where we shall know all that and—become better shots. Go on with your story."

"Well, some grabs Culpepper and some grabs Jack, and so separates them. Then Jack tells 'em as how he had seen his sister wear a bracelet which he knew was one that had been given to Dolores by Colonel Starbottle. That Miss Jo would n't say where she got it, but owned up to having seen Culpepper that day. Then the most cur'o's thing of it yet, what does Culpepper do but rise up and takes all back that he said, and allows that he *did* give her the bracelet. Now my opinion, gentlemen, is that he lied; it ain't like that man to give a gal that he respects anything off of that piece, Dolores. But it's all the same now, and there's but one thing to be done."

The way this one thing was done belongs to the record of Madroño Hollow. The morning was bright and clear; the air was slightly chill, but that was from the mist which arose along the banks of the river. As early as six o'clock the designated ground—a little opening in the madroño grove—was

occupied by Culpepper Starbottle, Colonel Starbottle, his second, and the surgeon. The Colonel was exalted and excited, albeit in a rather imposing, dignified way, and pointed out to the surgeon the excellence of the ground, which at that hour was wholly shaded from the sun, whose steady stare is more or less discomposing to your duellist. The surgeon threw himself on the grass and smoked his cigar. Culpepper, quiet and thoughtful, leaned against a tree and gazed up the river. There was a strange suggestion of a picnic about the group, which was heightened when the Colonel drew a bottle from his coat-tails, and, taking a preliminary draught, offered it to the others. "Cocktails, sir," he explained with dignified precision. "A gentleman, sir, should never go out without 'em. Keeps off the morning chill. I remember going out in '53 with Hank Boompirater. Good ged, sir, the man had to put on his overcoat, and was shot in it. Fact."

But the noise of wheels drowned the Colonel's reminiscences, and a rapidly driven buggy, containing Jack Folinsbee, Calhoun Bungstarter, his second, and Bill Masters, drew up on the ground. Jack Folinsbee leaped out gayly. "I had the jolliest work to get away without the governor's hearing," he began, addressing the group before him with the greatest volubility. Calhoun Bungstarter touched his arm, and the young man blushed. It was his first duel.

"If you are ready, gentlemen," said Mr. Bungstarter, "we had better proceed to business. I believe it is understood that no apology will be offered or accepted. We may as well settle preliminaries at once, or I fear we shall be interrupted. There is a rumor in town that the Vigilance Committee are seeking our friends the Starbottles, and I believe, as their fellow-countryman, I have the honor to be included in their warrant."

At this probability of interruption, that gravity which had hitherto been wanting fell upon the group. The pre-

liminaries were soon arranged and the principals placed in position. Then there was a silence.

To a spectator from the hill, impressed with the picnic suggestion, what might have been the popping of two champagne cocks broke the stillness.

Culpepper had fired in the air. Colonel Starbottle uttered a low curse. Jack Folinsbee sulkily demanded another shot.

Again the parties stood opposed to each other. Again the word was given, and what seemed to be the simultaneous report of both pistols rose upon the air. But after an interval of a few seconds all were surprised to see Culpepper slowly raise his unexploded weapon and fire it harmlessly above his head. Then throwing the pistol upon the ground, he walked to a tree and leaned silently against it.

Jack Folinsbee flew into a paroxysm of fury. Colonel Starbottle raved and swore. Mr. Bungstarter was properly shocked at their conduct. "Really, gentlemen, if Mr. Culpepper Starbottle declines another shot, I do not see how we can proceed."

But the Colonel's blood was up, and Jack Folinsbee was equally implacable. A hurried consultation ensued, which ended by Colonel Starbottle taking his nephew's place as principal, Bill Masters acting as second, *vice* Mr. Bung-

starter, who declined all further connection with the affair.

Two distinct reports rang through the Hollow. Jack Folinsbee dropped his smoking pistol, took a step forward, and then dropped heavily upon his face.

In a moment the surgeon was at his side. The confusion was heightened by the trampling of hoofs, and the voice of the blacksmith bidding them flee for their lives before the coming storm. A moment more, and the ground was cleared, and the surgeon, looking up, beheld only the white face of Culpepper bending over him.

"Can you save him?"

"I cannot say. Hold up his head a moment, while I run to the buggy."

Culpepper passed his arm tenderly around the neck of the insensible man. Presently the surgeon returned with some stimulants.

"There, that will do, Mr. Starbottle, thank you. Now my advice is to get away from here while you can. I'll look after Folinsbee. Do you hear?"

Culpepper's arm was still round the neck of his late foe, but his head had drooped and fallen on the wounded man's shoulder. The surgeon looked down, and catching sight of his face, stooped and lifted him gently in his arms. He opened his coat and waistcoat. There was blood upon his shirt, and a bullet-hole in his breast. He had been shot unto death at the first fire.

Bret Harte.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Pink and White Tyranny. A Society Novel.

By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MRS. STOWE fairly warns her readers at the outset that her story is but a sermon in disguise; and no one has a right to complain if it falls below her other novels in the proper interest of a fiction. Of course one may doubt if a little more lifelikeness in some of the people doing duty for firstly,

fifthly, and fourteenthly, and the other heads, might not have helped the effect of the discourse; and for our own part, we feel that the declared moral is rather forced out of it than naturally evolved; but Mrs. Stowe could not make a dull or meaningless sermon, and this, even as a story, can be read with profit tempered in high degree by pleasure.

The story is simply that of a commonish young lady, very pretty and very stylish,

with little heart and little brain, who marries good, kind, earnest, loving John Seymour, the only son of a rich old New England family, and the head of a large New England manufacturing house. He takes Lillie home from whatever city she lives in to the family mansion in the quiet town where the Seymours have always lived; and what remains is the history of how Lillie, who has never loved him, and has a soul only for the delights of Newport in summer and New York in winter, transforms his house into a French palace in the Pompadour taste, forces into the retirement of a small cottage his sister Grace, with whom he has always lived in a tender, almost romantic friendship, horrifies all his old friends to whom she introduces her own fast, vulgar set, skirts the ruinous brink of an intrigue, tries to shun maternity by excesses that wreck her health, pleads with her husband to retrieve his financial failure by tricks with which the history of many successful bankruptcies has familiarized her, and dies at last with some light of conscience breaking in upon her little heathenish soul. She is throughout as unlovely a person as it has been our fortune to know in a novel; and the reader is never tempted to share her husband's weak fondness for her. On the contrary, he feels, — or if the reader is a woman, all the more intensely, no doubt, *she* feels, that she would have very soon put an end to Lillie's selfish disorders, and reduced her to some sense of her entire worthlessness. John does not, and perhaps Mrs. Stowe is right, and Americans do abominably indulge and spoil their wives; but it does not appear to us, for all this, that the chief moral of the story is that there should not be any greater freedom of divorce, or else men will put away such wives as Lillie, and let them go wherever their bad instincts lead them.

Much weightier lessons than this enforce themselves in "Pink and White Tryanny," which we should commend more for the good purpose characteristic of it all, than for its strength of exegesis or for the dramatic impersonation of its ideas. Many of the characters are overcharged with the peculiar qualities they are intended to present to our admiration or abhorrence, and this, as we have hinted, weakens the ethical effect; but enough of truth and force remain to make the book a most useful one to the Lillies and the Follingsbees and Ferrolas, — if they will read it. Yes, even the Seymours and the Fergusons, who will prob-

ably read it, may be benefited by it; for they owe it to society, as rich, well-educated people, to keep on living simply and sanely in the tradition of their ancestry. They may be a thought dull, if they must; they may be as exclusive as they like, if only they will impress the fact that the highest social position implies virtue, sobriety, and culture.

The pictures in the book are rather dull. On one page Mr. Carryl Etheridge is represented with a mustache only. Ten minutes afterwards he appears in the next illustration with a goatee. The artist has made him look twenty years older, but still we feel it is too sudden for the additional beard.

At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies.
By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With Illustrations. London and New York.

WE find something curiously unluminous and unshapely in this mass of details. Personal experiences and adventures, observations, statistics, history, tropical vegetation, and tropical men, occur and recur haphazard throughout, and the reader is often quite abandoned to his fate amongst them. The formlessness of Mr. Kingsley's novels is order and symmetry beside the formlessness of his book of travel, if one may so call it. One turns from it with the impression that the author could have told nearly all that is worth knowing of the West Indies, if he had been willing to tell less than he knew, and that a few general ideas clearly presented would outvalue the greater part of his instances, which, also, if they were properly ordered and subordinated, would be valuable. Yet, for all this, the book is very entertaining, and one can hardly open it without coming upon some glowing picture of tropical life, or some novel fact concerning a state of things of which we are almost wholly ignorant. Of course, you happen likewise upon Kingsleyan affectation, and the Kingsleyan wrongheadedness and aimlessness; but the feeling seems for the most part good and wise.

The author spent the greater number of his seven weeks in the West Indies on the island of Trinidad, and his book is mainly a study of men and nature there. The nature is pretty much that of the tropics everywhere; but humanity offers some new and experimental phases. It seems as if all possible problems for the association of differ-

ent races, the reconciliation of different creeds, the assimilation of different civilizations, which we are perhaps one day to solve on a vaster scale, were already presented there. The politically dominant English, and their social equals, the Spaniards and Frenchmen, who ruled the land before them, form the upper classes, where the lower classes are negroes and colored people of various admixture, Hindoo Coolies, Chinese laborers, and such remnants of the aboriginal population as still linger in the mountain districts. The English are Protestants of all sects; the Spanish and French, and very many of the negroes, are Catholics; the Hindoos retain their own religion, and the Chinamen theirs. The question before the government is how to mould all these various materials into a harmonious nationality. Mr. Kingsley, while not shutting his eyes to the worst, likes to look upon the best side of the motley picture. He is inclined to think that the Church of Rome, with its confessional, and its imposing ritual, is quite as good as the Church of England for the negroes, who in one respect at least — an aggressive sort of independence — are like the Irish, whom we have to reconcile to equality with us. He tells us that their women are physically and mentally more on a level with the men than those of any other race. On the other hand, the Hindoo women are singularly inferior in all respects to their husbands. But the Coolies are better parents than the negroes, and it is probable that the future industry in the islands will rest with them and the Chinamen. The government throws all possible safeguards around these immigrants, and offers them many inducements to make the land to which they have come their permanent home. At the end of eight years they are entitled to a return passage, or to ten acres of land each, and many of the Coolies accept the latter. Their women, especially those of the Hindoos, adopt the bonnet and the hoop-skirt of our civilization, with the advancing fortunes of their husbands, and the children are educated in the English schools. Still, we do not understand from Mr. Kingsley that to any great degree they have been converted to Christianity.

The negro, in a climate where it costs little or nothing to live, will only work enough to sustain life; but the Hindoo and the Chinaman are more ambitious, and, Mr. Kingsley thinks, may be induced to engage in the small farming or gardening

which he declares the true method of cultivation in the West Indies. He says nothing, so far as we remember, of the Chinaman's final habit of going home, alive or dead; and we are quite confident that he records no such cruelties and injustice as are practised upon them in California. In fact, all classes, races, and religions seem as yet to live in perfect peace, if not perfect friendship, though we learn nothing of ill-feeling amongst them. As Trinidad is a crown colony, the ignorant and helpless classes are not vexed with the problem of self-government, which no doubt accounts for much of their tranquillity.

Our author invites immigration to the West Indies of such young English people as cannot support gentility upon their means at home, and assures them of prosperity and elegance in the tropics. The small degree to which the resources of the country are developed amazes him, and he believes it a most advantageous field for enterprise and intelligent industry. He has great hope for the future of these islands, and he makes you feel that his hope is reasonable.

The Story of my Life. By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

"My life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident," says our poet, as he begins to tell it, and truly it seems the *Mährchen* that he calls it. In 1805 he was born of the lowliest parentage (his father was a shoemaker and his mother a peasant) in Odense, Denmark, and in 1867 he was, with all public ceremony, made a citizen of his native place, which was illuminated in his honor and held a great festival for him, — "just as it did for the king and queen," said the poor old woman who had known him as a babe, and who now wept over him in her pride and joy. If in many ways Andersen was favored by fortune, he was sharply persecuted in others. It was his fate to have influential and affectionate patrons from the moment when, a simple-hearted boy, he set out from Odense for the capital, and to be persecuted by the harshest criticism from the beginning of his literary efforts. Kings and nobles were his friends, but they could not protect him against the newspapers, and he was known and loved throughout Europe before his genius was fairly acknowledged by the reviewers of his

own country. At last the cumulative effect of his foreign repute, and the sort of personal affection with which a generation born since he began to write regarded the poet in gratitude for the pleasure his stories had given its youth, created a criticism all in his interest, and called out public honors, of which the greatest was the festival at Odense. This, indeed, Andersen considers the crowning glory of his life; and in the chapters which he adds to his autobiography, for the complete American edition of his works, he dwells proudly and gratefully upon it.

"The Story of my Life" formerly ended with the record of the year 1855, but it is here brought down to 1867, and the whole is now for the first time translated into English. It might be better translated, for it has the faults which mar nearly all the versions of Andersen's books since the Howitts ceased to make them; it seems done by one not native to English, and it not only abounds in Danish idioms, but has here and there grotesque infelicities of expression that seem due to the translator's ignorance of English. Much of the flavor of the original must be lost in this awkward process, and we suspect that the author's meaning suffers at times. The book is exceedingly entertaining, as autobiography always is, and the author makes us thoroughly acquainted with his character as well as his fortunes. We do not think that for the sake of the tender regard we all have for him, we could have desired to know him quite so well, and yet the truth about men of genius is no doubt the best after all, as it is about everything else. Andersen's character, tried by our Anglo-Saxon standard, is not what we should call a manly one; though here there may be some fault in our standard, which we ought not to apply too freely to the emotional people of Continental Europe. An American or an Englishman of Andersen's character we should have no scruple in describing as a sentimental snob. He is everywhere bursting into tears of grief or joy; he regards himself with wonder and awe on account of the personal friendship borne him by the great; he basks in the condescension of nobles, and hugs himself upon the favor of kings. He is not altogether to blame for this, for royalty and aristocracy stood by him when the reviews and the theatres would none of him. But he must always have been difficult to manage by those who could not pat-

ronize him, and the reader feels that for much of his suffering at the hands of critics and people he had himself to thank. When we have said all this, however, we feel that we have done him a tacit injustice, and we must acknowledge that, in spite of his obsequiousness, there is a sturdy sympathy with the people of his own origin, and a hatred of aristocratic pretension, of which there can be no more doubt than of his genius or his vanity. He affects you very often as a man grown conscious of his own simplicity of nature, and resolved to make the most of it; his *naïveté* appears studied, his emotions premeditated, only his humor and his idealism seem at all times unstrained. You weary of his meek diligence in recording the honors and the compliments paid him, and wish that he had either more modesty or not so much.

The earlier and the latter parts of his book are the most entertaining, especially the former; and the first pages are exquisitely humorous and tender in their description of his child-life before the death of his romantic, ambitious father, and while they all dwelt together in their poor home at Odense. Nothing can be more amusing or more touching than the description of the bed in which the poet was born, and which his father had ingeniously fashioned out of the catafalque of a deceased nobleman, leaving the funeral trappings of black velvet still on it.

The book is useful in making known the literary world of Denmark, with its surprising treasures of poetry and drama, and its not at all surprising jealousies and enmities. This is done in a more fragmentary way, of course, than could have been wished, but Andersen is essentially sketchy, and what he cannot indicate by a few touches must remain obscure. It is right to say, however, that upon his own griefs from the Copenhagen literati he dwells very fully, and presents a very finished picture of the sufferings a tender-hearted, vain, weak man of genius endures at the hands of a sarcastic and critical public. Andersen's lamentations are not very respectable, but on the other hand it is not creditable to the Danes that his recognition was in a manner forced upon them by outside pressure.

More Happy Thoughts, etc., etc. By F. C. BURNAND. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. BURNAND has already made himself a very pretty reputation as one of the light-

est sort of humorists, in his book called "Happy Thoughts," and he naturally follows up his good fortune with something more of the same kind. Something more in quantity is very apt to be something less in quality, and it may surprise the admirers of his first book to find this quite as good. It is quite as good, and very amusing. It is even more than amusing, and shows a fine feeling for human nature as one finds it through one's self in one's friends. The book opens with a little about the Happy Thinker's married life, then some adventures in his efforts to get his work on Typical Developments published in London, and for the rest is made up of sketches of Englishmen and other invalids, native and foreign, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Most of the sketches are decidedly caricatured, and none of them are so neat as the little episode with Miss Millar at the Royal Academy. The manner of all and the flavor of a great deal of the book can be given in some passages of this best part of it:—

".... I see two ladies whom I know. Miss Millar and her Mamma.

"*Happy Thought.*—Offer Mamma a seat, and walk with Miss Millar. Opportunity for artistic conversation. Clever girl, Miss Millar, and pretty. 'Do I like pictures?' Yes, I do, I answer, with a reservation of 'Some, — not all.' 'Have I been here before?' I've not. Pause. Say, 'It's very warm, though.' (Why 'though'? Consider this.) Miss Millar, looking at a picture, wants to know 'Whose that is?' I say, off-hand (one really ought to know an artist's style without referring to the Catalogue), 'Millais.' I add, 'I think.' I refer to Catalogue. It is n't. We both say, 'Very like him, though.'

"Miss Millar observes there are some pretty faces on the walls.

"*Happy Thought.*—To say, 'Not so pretty as those off it.' I don't say this at once, because it does n't appear to me at the moment well arranged as a compliment; and, as it would sound flat a few minutes afterwards, I don't say it at all. Stupid of me. Reserve it. It will come in again for somebody else, or for when Miss Millar gives me another opportunity.

"*Portrait of a Lady.*—The opportunity, I think. Don't I admire that? 'Not so much as —' If I say, 'As you,' it's too coarse, and, in fact, not wrapped up enough. She asks—'As what?' I refer to Catalogue, and reply, at a venture, 'As Storey's

Sister.' Miss Millar wants to know who she is? I explain—a picture of 'Sister,' by G. A. Storey.

".... As we are squeezing through the door, we come upon Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Meeting for the third time, I don't know what to do.

"*Happy Thought.*—Safest thing to smile and take off my hat. Miss Millar acknowledges it gravely. Pity people can't be hearty. She might have twinkled up and nodded.

"Meet Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Awkward. Don't know whether to bow, or smile, or nod, or what this time. I say, as we pass, 'Not gone yet?' I don't think she likes it. I did n't say it as I should like to have said it, or as I would have said it, if I had the opportunity over again. I daresay it sounded rude.

"*Happy Thought.*—'We met: 't was in a crowd.' Old song.

"I say this so as to give a pleasant turn to the apology and the introduction. I don't think Miss Millar is a good-tempered girl. Somebody is nudging me in the back, and somebody else is wedging me in on either side. As she is almost swept away from me by one current, and I from her by another, I say, hurriedly, 'Miss Millar, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Dilbury,—an Academician.' She tries to stop: I turn, and lay hold of some one who ought to be Dilbury, in order to bring him forward. It is n't Dilbury at all, but some one else,—a perfect stranger, who is very angry, and wants to kick or hit, I don't know which (but he can't, on account of the crowd), and I am carried on, begging Miss Millar's pardon and his pardon, and remonstrating with a stout, bald-headed man in front, who *will* get in the way."

Calvinism: an Address delivered at St. Andrew's, March 17, 1871. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Scribner & Co.

ALL who know Mr. Froude as an historian know the limited nature of his sympathies, his incapacity to discern any universal ends in history, and his disposition to make himself an out-and-out partisan, in every controversy, of one side or the other. This characteristic limitation of his appears in the discussion by which he inaugurates his Rectorship of St. Andrew's University. He takes for his theme Calvinism, not with any

view to commend it as a theologic system, but because it conveniently symbolizes a tendency of the mind, which he prizes very highly in all its historic manifestations, to revolt against established religions, when these religions have lapsed into mere ritualism, and so become a cloak to all manner of hypocrisy in the heart and life of their votaries. He thinks, evidently, that we are just now in an historic crisis verging upon revolution. That is to say, Mr. Froude himself feels a lively instinct of revolt against the two main religious and scientific tendencies of his era, — the tendency of religion to disown all moral substance, and sink into mere picturesque form, and the tendency of science to degrade God out of human proportions, and imprison him in the brute mechanism of nature. And how can he better fulfil his rectoral duty than by giving voice to this fervent instinct of his own soul, and warning his youthful hearers against the perpetually recurring vice of history, which consists in giving human frivolity and corruption the prestige of religion, and exalting men's ignorance and conceit to the dignity of science? Accordingly, Mr. Froude sets out upon a very rapid run through history, to show his hearers what he finds there of menace and encouragement to our own time, namely, the antagonism of two forces, each hotly contending with the other for the mastery of human life: one negative, or ritualistic, disposing us to rely for acceptance with God upon an instituted priesthood and other apparatus of worship, and to be content with the formal righteousness thus conveyed; the other positive, or Calvinistic, disposing us to approach God without any ceremonial mediation, or in our proper persons, and to be content with nothing short of a real or substantial righteousness, identical with our own virtuous life or unblemished morality. And the counsel he gives his pupils is, of course, to side with the positive or manlier tendency, and lend all their personal force to the impoverishment of superstition.

The sons of John Knox, if any survive among the students of St. Andrew's, must have been amused at their new rector's attempt to interpret Calvinism into a symbol of human dignity, or make it an historic voucher of man's moral or personal worth. Nothing was ever so dear to the heart of John Calvin, nothing has ever been so faithfully maintained by his intellectual descendants, as the dogma of man's natural deprav-

ity, or moral worthlessness, and his consequent utter dependence upon a righteousness foreign to himself, yet graciously imputed to him as his own, on condition of his renouncing all faith in himself, and believing only in Christ. In a word, Calvinism, if it mean anything, means, notoriously, that man is hopefully related to God, not by anything in himself, but exclusively by a fund of merit stored up in his attorney, or vicar, Jesus Christ, who consents to a putative identification with the sinner in the divine sight, in order that the sinner, in gratefully accepting such identification, may forego his proper hideousness in that sight, and so become invested with Christ's righteousness.

But the wrong which Mr. Froude's hasty generalization does to Calvinism as an intellectual symbol is after all much less serious than the wrong he does the religious instinct of mankind, in associating as he does the religious destiny of the race with our moral life, or the interests of civilization. What religion in its purest (or Christian) form has always imported is the ultimate apotheosis of man, or the eventual divinization of human nature. But as human nature is a moral, not a physical quantity, as it claims only a conscious, not a material reality, only a subjective, not an objective truth, this great prophecy and promise of religion can only become realized in so far as our human life or consciousness becomes spiritualized; that is, enlarged out of individual into race proportions, or converted from isolated personal dimensions into unitary social form and order. And Mr. Froude, in ignoring this truth, and identifying religion with the interests of the merely moral or personal consciousness, obscures its spiritual lustre, and betrays it afresh to misconception. Religion, spiritually regarded, has at heart the broadest, most abject interests of human nature itself, and never ducks consequently to any of the subservient *persons* of that nature, however eminent, but cheerfully tramples Socrates and Xantippe, Confucius and Caligula, Calvin and Brigham Young, into the equal dust of its disregard. The only name eternally dear to it, because spiritually identified with it, is that of the only man in history whose character aspires to mythologic proportions, in that he alone of men *laid down his life in spontaneous homage to the enemies of his proper race and person*; these enemies being *human nature itself*, or uni-

versal man. How idle, therefore, to conceive of religion as concerned with any dogmatic symbols, or as legitimating any of the frivolous controversies which men continue to wage between reason and authority! Its aims are transcendently practical; and no one can spiritually ally himself with it who is not ready to renounce all the honors and emoluments of the world, and wed himself exclusively to the interests of universal justice.

A Terrible Temptation. By CHARLES READE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

MR. READE opens for us a question which we have been in the habit of thinking closed. We had often been told that the vast enlargement of the reading public by the addition of women had purified literature, and we had come to believe it. Such novelists as Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray were contrasted with Smollett and Fielding, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter as far at least as concerned the company to which they introduced us; and there was rejoicing at the reformation of Bulwer in his later novels, which were found much purer and loftier in aim than his earlier ones. Perhaps we were somewhat deceived and self-deceived in all this. The characters in Dickens's romances have been by no means exemplary in calling, yet his books were declared over and over again such as could be read aloud in mixed companies, and partaken of by ladies and young persons, not only without injury, but with benefit. Thackeray, so far from being considered immoral, has been held up as a moralist. Yet Dickens makes us weep for a thief's mistress, and Thackeray amuses us with the adventurousness, to call it no worse, of Becky Sharp. In fact, if we look over the fiction of our own time, shall we really find it improved as regards the morals of the persons figuring in it? We do not speak of the lady novelists on both sides of the Atlantic, and the long train of bigamists, murderesses, adulteresses, and dubiousities whom they have brought into being, but of the best writers of the sex which has, on the whole, kept clearest of these contaminating presences.

The fact being as it is, then, why should such large numbers of people have been shocked at the appearance of *La Somerset* in polite fiction? Why should "A Terri-

ble Temptation" be thought less adapted for the family circle than "Oliver Twist" or "Vanity Fair"? Is it something in Mr. Reade's tone or manner? Certainly no one can be less insinuating than he, and it cannot be said that he "makes vice attractive," which is supposed to be the aim of wicked novelists. On the contrary, we should say that Rhoda Somerset is as disagreeable a person, both before and after her conversion, as one could well meet; and her half-sister, though more interesting, is not a bit more charming. What, then, is the trouble? Is it a certain rudeness in handling facts from which there is, by the consent of civilization, a general shrinking? Is it a robust indifference to the feeling with which most people regard topics relating to the most intimate affairs of life? Must the warmest admirer of the book acknowledge that it is really wanting in delicacy, while he utterly denies that it is immoral? Would he or would he not have it placed amongst the *fruit defendu* in the bookcase of which papa keeps the key, while all other novels of our generation are scattered broadcast about the house? Does it appeal more than any recent work of any great English writer to the native reluctance and doubt good people have about letting young people read everything?

Concerning its literary character we have no misgiving. It seems to us one of the best of the author's works, and it requires no greater allowance for his caprices and eccentricities than faultier books. Of course, we are rather tired of the insane-hospital business, and of the boat-race business, and the universal knowledge of the author upon all topics, from horsemanship and millinery up; and of course we feel that the introduction of Mr. Rolfe is something rather to be suffered than enjoyed. That author's apparatus and manoeuvres are in droll disproportion to the effects he produces, and his habit of keeping so many scrap-books and indexing them so thoroughly, and then indexing their indexes, however surprising in itself, is of no great use in the story, and it is all injurious, we should say, to the artistic conceptions of Mr. Reade; while the knowingness and conceit of the former gentleman interfere sadly with our enjoyment of the genius of the latter. He is a very minor personage, however, amongst the people of the book, of whom the most important are the women. Perhaps the men seem all a little feeble because of the greater

strength with which the characters of the other sex are portrayed. We get no very deep sense of either of the Bassetts, though Richard Bassett is the better of the two, and neither is unnatural.

The story, as we suppose nearly all our readers know already, turns upon Lady Bassett's terrible temptation to pass off another's child as her own, and thus rescue her husband from the despondency and danger of insanity into which he has fallen. Before her marriage she was loved by both the cousins, by Sir Charles, the rich Bassett, who wins her, and by Richard, the poor Bassett, who loses her. They hate each other as much as they love her, because of the entail which was barred in favor of Sir Charles's father at the expense of Richard's. A sister of Rhoda Somerset's takes service with Lady Bassett, and Richard, in his constant desire to possess himself of some fact injurious to his enemy, tampers with her. It is this woman's child and his which Lady Bassett passes off upon Sir Charles, neither Richard nor herself knowing his share of the parentage. The boy turns out bad, and makes all the misery that could be expected for Lady Bassett and her husband, and the matter grows worse and worse when her ladyship comes to have children of her own. We will not give a sketch of the whole plot. From what we have said it can be conjectured how a profounder psychologist than Mr. Reade would have used the matter of this terrible temptation. One imagines, for instance, what effects Auerbach or Hawthorne would have produced with it. But Mr. Reade chooses rather to regard its external aspects. He makes us see rather the havoc wrought in Lady Bassett's health than the agony of her soul, and he delights in tracing the complication in which it involves all these friends and foes. No doubt this is well, and he chose wisely for himself. Perhaps he is even truer to life than the deeper poet would have been.

Lady Bassett has the feline and secretive characteristics which Mr. Reade likes to find coexisting with the most angelic unselfishness in women. She sins not for herself, but for her husband in her deceit, and she is always sublimely generous. Of course she is charming, but she does not compare as a creation with Reginald's real mother, Mary Wells. She is the most triumphant figure in the book. She has

never had any conscience, and has always managed to turn her falseness to the best account. When she discovers her state, it is she who suggests to Lady Bassett the idea of passing off Reginald upon Sir Charles as his son; and when the child is born, she becomes its nurse and remains the boy's fast friend and ally in his wickedness and unruliness. It is impossible to hint all the slyness and duplicity of such a nature, and the reader must turn to the book for a full conception of it. We must make it understood, however, that Mary Wells never has any serious purpose of evil nor any sense of sinning. Her half-sister, Rhoda Somerset, whose elaborate presentation in the early chapters of the book is not quite justified by her share in the action afterwards, marries and becomes a devoted wife and a very aggressive Christian. She goes about preaching and converting sinners; and when time brings Mary Wells's iniquities to her knowledge, she tries the effect of her exhortations upon that tough soul. We must not present the result in any words less satisfying and delicious than Mr. Reade's own: "La Marsh set herself to convert Mary, and often exhorted her to penitence. She bore this pretty well for some time, being overawed by old reminiscences of sisterly superiority, but at last her vanity rebelled. 'Repent! and repent!' cried she. 'Why you be like a cuckoo, all in one song. One would think I'd been and robbed a church. 'Tis all very well for you to repent, as led a fastish life at starting; but I never done nothing as I'm ashamed on.'"

Mr. Reade moralizes upon the facts or people of his story very little; and it is no doubt this which has done him injury with a large class of readers who cannot understand the difference between the artistic reluctance to enforce a lesson that ought to teach itself, and callousness to the sins described. We wish for his own sake he had moralized still less, and spared us the wisdom which he derives from it all: "You men and women who judge this Bella Bassett be firm, and do not let her amiable qualities or her good intentions blind you in a plain matter of right and wrong; be charitable and ask yourselves how often in your lives you have seen yourselves or any other human being resist a terrible temptation. My experience is that we resist other people's temptations nobly and succumb to our own."

